

AUGUST 1991/£2/\$4.95

# Sight and Sound

Every new  
film and  
video  
reviewed  
inside

## African-American cinema

**Spike Lee and after:**  
The new directors  
The money business  
The furious styles

# Films with attitude

## Plus

**Julien's soul rebels**  
**Kubrick's 'Spartacus'**  
**Koller's migrants**  
**Brando's career**

Spike Lee photographed by Karen Kuehn





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# Sight and Sound



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Cover photograph by  
Karen Kuehn/Matrix/Katz

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• At 11.15: Graveyard Shift + The Stepfather

**SUN 21** The Miracle 3.35 + The Field 5.20  
• Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer 7.40, 9.25

**MON 22** Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer 5.35, 9.25 + Blue Velvet 7.10

**TUE 23** Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer 5.35, 9.25 + Blue Velvet 7.10

**WED 24** Blue Velvet 3.25, 7.10 + Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer 5.35, 9.25

**THUR 25** The King of Comedy 3.00, 6.55 + Misery 5.00, 9.00

**FRI 26** La Gloire De Mon Pere 2.10, 4.30, 6.50, 9.05

**SAT 27** La Gloire De Mon Pere 2.10, 4.30, 6.50, 9.05 • At 11.15: Once Upon A Time In The West + Django

**SUN 28** My Life As A Dog 2.55 + Life Is Sweet 4.45 • La Gloire De Mon Pere 6.50, 9.05

**MON 29** La Gloire De Mon Pere 4.50, 9.10 + Mr and Mrs Bridge 6.50

**TUE 30** La Gloire De Mon Pere 4.50, 9.10 + Mr and Mrs Bridge 6.50

**WED 31** Mr and Mrs Bridge 2.15, 6.50 + La Gloire De Mon Pere 4.50, 9.10

**A U G U S T**

**THUR 1** The Doors 4.25, 8.35 + The Trip 6.55

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**SAT 3** Thelma And Louise 3.20, 6.00, 8.40  
• At 11.15: The Doors + The Trip + Withnail And I + Apocalypse Now

**SUN 4** C'Est La Vie 2.00 + The Company Of Strangers 3.55 • Thelma And Louise 6.00, 8.40

**MON 5** Thelma And Louise 4.25, 8.40 + Blue Steel 6.45

**TUE 6** Thelma And Louise 4.25, 8.40 + Blue Steel 6.45

**WED 7** Blue Steel 2.35, 6.45 + Thelma And Louise 4.25, 8.40

**THUR 8** LA Story 5.40, 9.10 + Sibling

Rivalry 7.25

**FRI 9** Thelma And Louise 3.20, 6.00, 8.40, 11.15

**SAT 10** Thelma And Louise 3.20, 6.00, 8.40  
• At 11.15: LA Story + Dr Strangelove

**SUN 11** The Draughtsman's Contract 1.40 + Rosencrantz And Guildenstern Are Dead 3.40 • Thelma And Louise 6.00, 8.40

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**SAT 24** Young Soul Rebels 2.35, 4.45, 6.55, 9.05 • At 11.15: Godfather III + Miller's Crossing

**SUN 25** Shoot The Piano Player 3.10 + Jules Et Jim 4.45 • Young Soul Rebels 6.55, 9.05

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**TUE 27** Young Soul Rebels 4.45, 6.55, 9.05

**WED 28** Young Soul Rebels 2.35, 4.45, 6.55, 9.05

**THUR 29** Young Soul Rebels 2.35, 4.45, 6.55, 9.05

**FRI 30** Journey Of Hope 2.20, 4.40, 6.55, 9.10

**SAT 31** Journey Of Hope 2.20, 4.40, 6.55, 9.10 • At 11.15: Betty Blue + The Big Blue

**S E P T E M B E R**

**SUN 1** Andrei Rublev 3.15 • Journey Of Hope 6.55, 9.10

**MON 2** Journey Of Hope 5.00, 9.00 + Ay Carmela! 7.00

**TUE 3** Journey Of Hope 5.00, 9.00 + Ay Carmela! 7.00

**WED 4** Ay Carmela! 3.05, 7.00 + Journey Of Hope 5.00, 9.00

**THUR 5** Brazil 2.30, 6.45 + Riff-Raff 5.00, 9.20

**FRI 6** Alice 2.35, 4.45, 6.55, 9.05

**SAT 7** Alice 2.35, 4.45, 6.55, 9.05 • At 11.15: Mud Honey + The Amazing Mr Teas + Myra Breckinridge + Lorna

**SUN 8** The Manchurian Candidate 2.35 + Guilty By Suspicion 4.50 • Alice 6.55, 9.05

**MON 9** Alice 4.45, 6.55, 9.05

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**WED 11** Alice 2.35, 4.45, 6.55, 9.05

**THUR 12** The Sheltering Sky 2.50, 5.40, 8.30

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# Imagined communities

## Contributors

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Regionalism as an idea has much to commend it – it reminds us that there are lives and communities beyond the thrall of the metropolis. And now there are policies to help sustain those lives. Who does not welcome the initiative by which the European Regional Development Fund will find 50 per cent of the capital costs for the projected Tate Gallery of the West, to be sited in St Ives? Or the readiness of that Fund and the European Social Fund to make money available to develop aspects of film and television culture in the regions?

### Tired clichés

But all these excellent initiatives do not banish the suspicion that too much discussion of place and regionalism works within definitions that celebrate 'roots' too unselfconsciously and construct place in terms of a settled, homogenous community.

Certainly this traditional definition of the relationship of place and community seems to structure a number of contemporary endeavours. It can be found in the assumptions of a current Channel 4 series, *A Literary Island*, which examines the connections between regions and their writers (John Fowles and Dorset, for example). And it's there, too, as Peter Goodwin's article shows, in the channel 3 franchise bid submissions – although in the light of the tired clichés of so many bidders, cynics may say that regionalism (rather than patriotism) appears to be the last refuge of the scoundrel.

A powerful representation of place and community is also there in Maurice Pagnol-derived films such as Yves Robert's *La Gloire de mon père*, which celebrate a settled and 'ageless' Provence. Telling the most simple of stories – of a Marseilles boy whose father is a schoolteacher and their family summer

holidays in rural Provence – Robert's film has become an extraordinary success, outgrossing even *Cyrano de Bergerac* at the French box office.

It's hard not to feel that the rapturous welcome with which *La Gloire de mon père* has been greeted in France is not only for its quiet rural landscapes, but for a representation of a Marseilles which never existed, a Marseilles without North Africans and other 'immigrants', a Marseilles where the faces are as uniformly white as the spotless linen suits and dresses that never crease. Regionalism, whether in franchise bids or Pagnol films, can, in short, be a retreat into an imagined, settled and comforting past where people know their place and live among their own. That this bears next to no relation to history is not what is at stake; what does matter is its ability to operate powerfully within the present.

### No going back

Other and more challenging representations of place and community do exist. They are touched on in Mark Kermode's brief piece on *Journey of Hope* and other 'migrant' films, in which people are driven from the peripheries of Europe to the metropolitan centres. And they are also at the core of *Young Soul Rebels*, discussed elsewhere in this issue. In such films there is no common perception of a place by the different groups that occupy it; no identity automatically conferred by sharing the same physical space. In the light of such films and of recent history, it should be clear that there is no return to either Coronation Street or Pagnol's Provence.

If a new attentiveness to locality and region is to be fruitful, then it must recognise that geography in itself bestows no common identity. If policies, franchise bids and films don't recognise this, they need interest no one.

## JERRY ON LINE #1

Peter Lydon – James Sillavan ©



'Jerry, the black love story in the east LA ghetto? I love it. It's brave, it's edgy, it's angry; just needs a little lightening up. Squeeze in a rags to riches angle – they could end up in Beverly Hills with a white maid. Get one of those English dames over...'



# The lonely crowd

John Powers

*Robin Hood, The Rocketeer, Hudson Hawk, Don't Tell Mom the Babysitter's Dead* – summer is the season when I, like many film critics, turn to books for consolation and soul food. I found scant refreshment in Don DeLillo's novel *Mao II*, which begins with a Moonie mass wedding at Yankee Stadium and finds its key metaphors in the Tiananmen Square massacre, Khomeini's funeral and television footage of soccer fans being crushed to death. A bleak valedictory to the quirky individualism of literary culture – usurped by the almighty Image – DeLillo's novel assumes the truth of its melodramatic tag-line: "the future belongs to crowds".

It certainly doesn't belong to critics, as Kevin Costner's latest movie makes clear. Sick of that star's sanctimonious self-promotion, which actually led him to vaunt his own "boyish enthusiasm" as he accepted the Oscar, reviewers treated *Robin Hood* as Madonna treated Costner in *In Bed with Madonna*'s most notorious sequence – they stuck their fingers down their throats and gagged. Calling the movie "garbled", "overblown", "laughable", "inert", even "jejune" (you can almost hear the Theatres ruffling in search of that last adjective), they derided its star for turning the picture into a monument to his own ego. (I refuse to believe rumours that Costner will soon be starring in a \$200 million adaptation of *Ozymandias*.) Naturally, none of the critics' harsh words has slowed the movie's dazzling performance at the box office.

Costner has obviously hit on a formula for success in the new decade. Both *Robin Hood* and *Dances with Wolves* preserve the simple-minded formulas of Reagan era cinema (triumphant individualism, unmistakable distinctions between good and evil, a hectoring manipulation of feelings that allows only one response). Yet they invest them with the most fashionable 'progressive' notions of the early 90s (ecological sanity, celebration of victimised Native Americans, robbing from the rich to give to the poor, New Age notions of personal growth).

## Standing on air

Although I remain sceptical about Costner's sincerity (he privately makes campaign contributions to right wing politicians), I must concede that his movies are perfectly suited to the Bush years. Benevolently retrograde, they offer Reaganism with a human face – which, to judge from the frequency with which they are bared, looks remarkably like Costner's twinkling buttocks.

*Robin Hood*, it should be added, is every bit as fuddled as our ex-President. This is one reason why every critic I know is depressed by its huge popularity: the movie serves up big-budget film-making at



Newly printed: Orson Welles and Joseph Cotten in 'Citizen Kane' (1941)

its most slipshod, but the audience doesn't seem to care or even notice.

Now there's nothing new about critics harrumphing about public taste. But over the last fifteen years, American movie criticism has carried disenchantment to a level far beyond Leavis, Adorno and Edmund Wilson, that generation of cultural elitists who were appalled by what they termed "mass culture" or "the culture industry". Today's American movie critics are in love with pop culture; the trouble is, we're appalled by what's popular. And this leaves us standing on air. Even as we rehearse variations on our elitist predecessors' arguments – grouching about the lack of moral seriousness and well-crafted scripts – we can take no solace in their embattled elitism, for we revere mass culture's rejection of minority art, its power to create huge, temporary communities out of isolated individuals.

For months, almost every critic I talked to was burning to see *The Naked Gun 2½: The Smell of Fear*, and not simply because we like dumb jokes (though we do, we do). We were eager for this goofy sequel because it promised the rare chance to take genuine pleasure in something that the larger audience was enjoying alongside us. Laughing at Leslie Nielsen's daft crime-busting antics, we could feel that for once we were part of the happy, future-inherit-

ing crowd, not just lonely, idiosyncratic voices from the far ends of the earth scolding Hollywood for no longer making movies like *Citizen Kane*.

## Posthumous genius

Speaking of which, this morning I received a postcard from an old friend who lives deep in the labyrinths of Buenos Aires: "As you are well aware, I have never been a devotee of *Citizen Kane*. Yes, yes, yes, it's a 'classic' (whatever that means). Yes, yes, yes, it made every Tom, Dick and Marty want to become a film director. But I myself was never moved by its fancy-pants camera tricks and braying *norteamericano* cockiness. It seemed to me the greatest resumé film ever made.

"Then last week in London (the reasons needn't concern you, though I did visit Chesterton's grave), I was shown *Kane* in his shimmering new print. My heart beats with tiger joy as I tell you this: the re-released version is an infinitely greater work than the film the young Mr Welles made in 1941. Call it alchemy if you must (I know such ideas are very modish in Southern California), but during the fifty years the negative has been sitting in the vault, *Kane* has deepened and grown richer, like a fine cognac ageing in the cask of history.

"Consider: the stylistic techniques that were mere schoolboy showing-off in the 40s are paragons of classical restraint in our days when cinema aspires to the condition of advertisements for running shoes. Consider: what was disagreeably cheap and personal five decades ago – viz, the snide attack on Mr William Randolph Hearst – now resonates like a well-struck gong in a media culture increasingly inundated by tales of Lady Di's bowel movements. Consider: half a century ago, the Rosebud motif was nothing more than a shallow psychological contrivance, a gimmick unredeemed by the dubious, even tawdry revelation that it was really an 'inside' (interior?) joke about Miss Marion Davies' private parts. Today the Rosebud theme expresses nothing less than the instinctive audacity of posthumous genius, its very gimcrack quality filleting not only Herr Freud but your American psychologists' jejune [Roget, 210.5 J.P.] notions of 'the child within'. Consider...

"But no, enough is enough. The 1991 *Citizen Kane*'s study of corruption, dwindling empire and your great, melancholy land's mysterious longing for the receding past moves me to large, rolling tears as it never did in the days when the young, hubristic, still almost-svelte Orson filmed it, blissfully unconscious of the tragedy he was recording. See the new version, my friend, and bear trembling witness to the inexhaustible genius of time. Peeking its head out of the can after fifty years in the dark, *Citizen Kane* – the true *Citizen Kane* – has today become the masterpiece it never was. Back to Hamlet, Pierre Menard".

The re-released version of 'Citizen Kane' is an infinitely greater work than the film the young Mr Welles made in 1941



# Thrilling rituals

Michael Eaton

For George Orwell, crime novels provided evidence of the common man's sexual inadequacy and vicarious need for sado-masochistic gratification in a totalitarian age. For G. K. Chesterton, detective stories were a metaphor for the Day of Judgment, evidencing a spiritual desire to triumph over the essential badness of our original nature. For Jung, our fascination with the criminal mind, in both fact and fiction, is because it provides a location for evil, fixing it firmly out there, away from ourselves. And for the orthodox Freudians, the classic mystery yarn is little more than a continual re-symbolisation of (what else?) the primal scene – Oedipus is, of course, not only the first investigator, but also the first guilty party (always, conventionally, the least likely person).

## Mind over matter

I have spent the best part of the last year struggling to write a thriller and the best part of the past few months helping to organise Britain's first ever film festival dedicated to the cinematic genre ('Shots in the Dark', Nottingham's crime and mystery festival). And I have come to the conclusion that the reason there is an insatiable appetite for thrillers, in both books and films, is because the consumption of what egg-heads used to dismiss as literary pap is, for those of us who are not sports fans, the nearest we come in this secular society to a ritual experience. The structure of the thriller narrative exactly corresponds to that of a rite of passage.

In rites of passage individuals move from one social status to another: from childhood to adulthood; from being single to being married. Even when the change of state is apparently biological, like the movement from being alive to being dead, it cannot be accepted as having taken place by a social group until the appropriate ritual has been performed. These rituals are a necessary attempt to structure the chaos of physical time, to assert the supremacy of mind over matter.

Of course in the thriller, what is usually at stake is knowledge. The tale involves a movement from ignorance to intelligence – a movement which also inevitably involves danger. The writers of these stories are, at base, choreographers of knowledge. When the first sheet of paper is wound into the battered old Remington, the writer is the only person who already knows the whole of the tale; the trick lies in the dance steps that will lead the reader to the final page. The pact these shamanic figures make with their audience is: you don't know what's happening, but by the end, trust me, you will.

The *reductio ad absurdum* of this primary human drive to know is the 'who dun it' of the misnamed Golden Age. Raymond Chandler caricatured it as: "how some-



After the fall: Charles Laughton in the supreme thriller, 'The Big Clock'

body stabbed Mrs Pottington Postlethwaite III with the solid platinum poniard... in the presence of fifteen ill-assorted guests". This form has never translated well to the cinema: part of the reason that more recent films such as *Presumed Innocent* and *Sea of Love* are ultimately unsatisfying is because there are so few characters in the frame that the viewer would have to be a half-wit not to guess the guilty party.

Much more interesting are those stories which deal with the implications of ignorance and knowledge upon the central character. There is the 'now I know, what am I supposed to do about it?' variety, like *Chinatown* or *The Big Clock/No Way Out*, and the 'I only need to care who dun it because the rest of the world thinks it was me', like almost any Hitchcock. The possession of knowledge is dangerous – you can never return to blissful ignorance.

Because a change in social status is always a risky business, rites of passage are times of incredible tension. For a time the protagonists of such journeys have abandoned the state they used to occupy but have not yet arrived at the state they've set out for. With no given social status, they become as unrecognisable and unstable as the never-never land they temporarily occupy. In this state, the normal patterns of social behaviour and authority are turned on their head. Following the

The writer is the only person who knows the whole of the tale; the trick lies in the dance steps that will lead to the final page

regular road map will only get you more lost; you're off the highway and the only place to park up is the Bates Motel.

This is the exhilaratingly dangerous space in which rituals take place, and it is also the place where good stories come from. Anthropologists have labelled this space the 'liminal zone'.

## Clammy palms

Hitchcock was not so much the master of suspense as the master of liminality. When Roger Thornhill is mistaken for Kaplan, he cannot simply say "sorry, you got the wrong guy" and return to his office on Madison Avenue; when Marion Crane steals her boss' money she's off on the night road to Hades; when Scottie sets off on the trail of Madeleine he's on a vertiginous one-way trip to liminality.

One enduring ingredient of the investigative genre (like the private eye story since Sherlock Holmes) has been its ability to lead us through all the labyrinthine passages of a complex and unreadable society, and to return us safe on the other side. In a movie like *Chinatown*, the very geographical space of the title becomes a metaphor for the liminal space that Jake Gittes must traverse on our behalf – a space whose codes he never ultimately comes to decipher.

So all good thrillers take place in the liminal, but perhaps the reason why Hitchcock's best films are so delirious is that at a certain point on the terrifying journey through a land where regular rules don't apply, his characters suddenly start to feel at home there. Marion doesn't have to get ripped to shreds simply because she's a pretty young woman with no clothes on, but because she has decided to do the decent thing and give back the money. She wants to leave the liminal zone just when we're beginning to enjoy the view and the quaint characters she meets. She is punished for wanting to act like a responsible, ethical person.

Suddenly the reality we've left is exposed for the safely tedious place it is and we realise that the state we're aiming for will only bring with it another set of tiresome socially sanctioned obligations. We like it here under the seat, we like these clammy palms, we don't ever want this movie to end.

## In the liminal zone

So the reason I love thrillers so much is that they give me a taste, however phoney, of a species need which has been banished from contemporary culture. Modern urban life still has its quotient of fear, but when we are unlucky enough to stumble upon danger it tends to be sudden, brutal, beyond our control, and, above all, unstructured. What I want is an adventure in the liminal zone. Now if I can only figure out how to write one... "Forget it, Jake... it's Chinatown".



# The colour of money

Peter Biskind

As various people never tire of asserting – by way of answering the question: how racist is the industry? – Hollywood is neither white nor black; it's green. Well, this is true up to a point, and it does in part explain the sudden recent flood of films made by African-American directors – thirteen this year by *Variety's* count, twenty according to the *Los Angeles Times*.

The simple fact is that African-American films are making money. Spike Lee paved the way for the new black visibility with a series of modestly grossing films that looked better and better when their microbudgets were taken into account. *She's Gotta Have It* grossed \$8 million against a budget of \$175,000; *Do the Right Thing* grossed \$28 million against a budget of \$6.5 million. *Jungle Fever*, Lee's latest, got a rave review from the *New York Times* and a *Newsweek* cover story. On the weekend it opened, it averaged a respectable \$8,385 per screen.

To Hollywood, these numbers speak loud and clear: there is a black audience willing to support black movies. A survey conducted last year by the accounting firm of Deloitte & Touche and Impact Resources confirmed what many had suspected: blacks go to the movies more than whites. Sixty per cent of those surveyed attended a movie during a given month, versus 51.2 per cent of whites. Target Market Research estimated that in 1987 black families spent \$1.2 billion, almost 25 per cent of a total of \$5.1 billion, on entertainment – a category which includes sports and music as well as movies. This is an especially impressive figure when it is recalled that blacks constitute only 12 per cent of the US population.

## Dirty word

As little as five years ago, figures like these would have cut little ice. In the grip of the blockbuster mentality, the black audience was regarded as too small to bother with. But Spike Lee, along with 'Black Packers' – Eddie Murphy pals, Robert Townsend (*Hollywood Shuffle*) and Keenan Ivory Wayans (*I'm Gonna Get You Sucka*), as well as actor Morgan Freeman – changed all that. So did the films directed by Afro-Americans that followed in their wake. *House Party*, directed by the Hudlin brothers (Reginald and Warrington), grossed \$26.3 million, mostly by appealing to black teenagers. As of July, Mario Van Peebles' *New Jack City* grossed \$44 million on a budget of \$8.5 million.

The production companies who are making these films are managing to make money and do the right thing at the same time, a heaven-sent opportunity for industry liberals – and there are a lot of them – who have been under fire for years for being consenting partners in institutional racism. But like most Hollywood films,



**Tracy Camila Johns in Spike Lee's 'She's Gotta Have It', produced on a budget of under \$1 million**

Executives are increasingly worried that the African-American audience is not big enough to support black films at the profit margin to which they have become accustomed

black or white, the budgets are creeping up. Lee's *Jungle Fever* cost \$14 million. And lately he has been struggling with Warner Bros over the budget of *Malcolm X*. (At last report, Lee wanted \$30 million; Warners was up to \$22 million.)

Executives are increasingly worried that the African-American audience is not big enough to support black films at the profit margin to which they have become accustomed. Hence the 'cross over' to the white audience is perceived as more important. This is especially true in the light of several films that did not do as well as expected with either audience.

Bill Duke's genre piece, *Rage in Harlem*, cost about \$8 million. Albeit marred by a lustreless performance from Gregory Hines, it is a good film, featuring a wonderful match-up between Forest Whitaker and Robin Givens, as well as a scene-stealing villain, played by Badja Djola. Nevertheless, it did disappointing business and failed to cross over, drawing an audience that was 80 to 85 per cent black. Robert Townsend's *The Five Heartbeats* did only \$7.7 million (it cost \$10 million). The studios are wondering whether black audiences will support serious films. And African-American film-makers should be worrying about whether they are here to stay or are a fad that may end as quickly as it began.

"I think this is a very crucial time", Lee said in *Playboy*. "Every film studio, if you're black and even look like you're a director, they're signing you". But when *The Wiz* and *Ragtime* flopped, continued Lee, "That was it. They said, 'Black people don't support these films. Let's stop making black films'. The blame was never put on Sidney Lumet, or the score, or the casting of Diana Ross. The blame was put solely on 'black people who failed to support this film'. Whereas, if a white film doesn't work, it would be the director or whoever".

'Crossover' is a dirty word with many black directors. They are concerned that as their budgets go up, they'll be pressured to play down the tougher, more abrasive, quintessentially black elements of their films in the interests of attracting white audiences. Lee has publicly attacked crossover artists like Michael Jackson, Whoopi Goldberg and Eddie Murphy.

Many of the new films, like Warners' *New Jack City* and Columbia's *Boyz n the Hood*, are targeting black audiences. But *New Jack City* crossed over, and Columbia hopes *Boyz*, which cost \$6 million, will too. Marketing departments are working overtime to sell these films to white audiences as well. Miramax, which is distributing *Rage in Harlem*, reportedly plans to redo the advertising campaign by dropping the guns and downplaying the violence. New Line, which produced *Hangin' with the Homeboys*, opened it in two New York cinemas: both on the lily-white East Side.

Exhibitors have historically been less than enthusiastic about showing black

movies. When *New Jack City* opened in Los Angeles, the press made much of a riot outside the cinema, and a subsequent shooting at a cinema in Brooklyn. The violence was laid at the feet of the movie, and a number of exhibitors dropped it.

Complains Van Peebles: "We're all clumped together. They see us all as on the same cinematic basketball team. I'm only here because Eddie [Murphy] did well, because Spike did well, because the Hudlins did well. You had three people shot in cinemas showing *The Godfather* but no one will go to Martin Scorsese and say, 'You can't do *Goodfellas*'. Adds Lee: "Black artists aren't allowed the same diversity that white people have. It's just like one monolithic black group".

## Self-fulfilling prophecy

Now that blacks have broken through in the production area, the battleground is marketing. Warrington Hudlin says that "the conventional wisdom assumes films made by blacks have a ceiling on their potential gross. That becomes a self-fulfilling prophecy". He adds that the distributor of *House Party* initially thought the film might do \$12 million, and on that basis planned to open it in 300 cinemas. "They would talk about how Spike's movies would be in so many cinemas, and that was a ceiling for us. But *House Party* made more than twice that". "The point is", adds Reginald Hudlin, "these movies are hugely successful, and they need to be not on 850 screens, but 1,500 screens".

Not everyone agrees. Says Lee: "I don't think any film I've done should have been in 2,000 outlets. It would have been a disservice to the film. To get 2,000 screens, you have to be like *Batman*". But most would agree with Van Peebles: "The problem is the idea of the 'ceiling' because it's a black film. I think they ought to go on a movie-per-movie basis".

The other battleground is in the executive suites. Says Van Peebles: "We don't have any black heads of studios that can greenlight movies. Black agents, maybe five. Black managers, maybe six. It's very important that we understand the golden rule is who has the gold makes the rule".

So how far have blacks actually come in Hollywood? Said Lee: "We've arrived? That's not the case at all. Not one person outside of Eddie Murphy, not one African-American in Hollywood who can greenlight a picture". But Charles Lane, who directed *Sidewalk Stories* and now *Personal Identity*, is more optimistic: "I equate this with the breaking down of the Berlin Wall; there's no going back".

Many would agree with Warrington Hudlin, that time is on the side of multiculturalism. Says Hudlin: "In twenty years, people of colour [are not going to be] minorities anymore, and if this industry is going to remain financially viable, they have to programme for the new majority".



# Italian light fantastic

Christopher Wagstaff

Can we learn to love the 'telefoni bianchi' (white telephone) comedies of the 30s and early 40s? The Pesaro film festival has been asking this question for some time, with retrospectives of the films of Mario Camerini and Alessandro Blasetti, and of the period between the coming of sound and the Armistice in 1943. At this time, with the support of the Fascist regime, Italian film production rose from a meagre dozen films a year to over a hundred.

At Pesaro this year, the main programme covered independent and experimental American film in the 80s as well as a survey of Italian silent cinema up to the First World War, which drew heavily on material held in our own National Film Archive. Alongside this, the Special Event was 'Risate di regime' (Laughing with the Regime), a presentation of forty comedies made in Italy between 1932 and 1944.

The Italian critical position on these films is summed up by the term 'telefoni bianchi': they are light, fantastic comedies of manners, frequently drawn from Austro-Hungarian plays or remakes of German films. Against a background of palatial apartments or art deco salons, hotels and department stores, the rich and frivolous hop from Bugatti to sleeping-car to cruise liner, protected (or not, as the case may be) from the riff-raff by butlers and chambermaids.

Petit-bourgeois heroes and heroines are drawn into this world by the pleasure and freedom it offers, but are ultimately swept back into their own world by the lack of true satisfaction it provides. Stay in your place, for only there can you really be happy is the message. It is Fascist cinema: escapist, consolatory and anaesthetic.

To read the films this way is to see them as moral fables in which the ending, which restores social order, counts more than the orgy of disorder that is unleashed by the comic plot. Only a cinema that represents social, political and economic reality, and that expresses the energies that such an order represses, can be 'art' - neo-realism will come to the rescue as Italy is liberated from dictatorship.

## Laughter machines

The Cinema Moderno has rarely had such large audiences, and the auditorium rang with laughter. Comedies are machines that work on the viewer, not (or not necessarily) vehicles for the writers, actors and directors. Here, the mechanism (which we can call *commedia brillante*) starts from a well-established order and proceeds through errors, deception and subversion to a crisis. The viewer undergoes a kind of anguish as the characters suffer from their mistakes. As time runs out, all is swiftly put back to rights.

A development of this mechanism devotes more attention to the process of



From fantasies to thieves: De Sica and Camerini's 'Darò un milione' (1935)

Against a background of palatial palaces and art deco salons, the rich and frivolous hop from Bugatti to sleeping-car to cruise liner

straightening out the disruptive entanglements. In the *commedia sentimentale*, the viewer's pleasure is derived partly from the pathos that comes from seeing the characters' virtue, dignity and happiness restored. It is only a step or two further to the tear-jerker: what in Britain we call melodrama. In the *commedia brillante* the morality of people's behaviour is unimportant; what matters is not getting caught. In the *commedia sentimentale* and melodrama, it is virtue that is at stake.

With the Cinderella fable and the *Taming of the Shrew* theme as constants, the Italian comedies shown at Pesaro progressed from the Austro-Hungarian *brillante* model in the early 30s to the *sentimentale* and melodrama model in the early 40s. It is interesting to analyse Vittorio De Sica's post-war neo-realist *Bicycle Thieves* in this light: a starting point set as a norm, mistakes and misfortunes, peripeties structured as gags (the chase in the church, the clairvoyant), the compounding of the problem, and the reassertion of moral values. Neo-realism, in this interpretation,

could be regarded as a further repression, in the name of virtue and order, of the pleasure offered by the *brillante*, and a quite logical step towards the full-blown melodramas of Raffaello Matarazzo (for example, *Catene*, 1949).

## Rascals and ingenues

In all the films of the period, it is De Sica who stands out. As an actor, he can be a neutral screen on to which an ingenue can project her fantasies, and yet with enough magnetism to motivate those fantasies, as in *Teresa Venerdì*, an adaptation of a Hungarian original which he himself directed in 1941. Or he can play the role of the manic jealous lover ferociously getting his own back, as in *Gli uomini che mascalzoni* (*Men Are Such Rascals*), directed by Mario Camerini in 1932. And indeed, the team of De Sica and Camerini, joined by the writer Cesare Zavattini, can even extract wholehearted enthusiasm at Pesaro with a film like *Darò un milione* (*I'll Give a Million*, 1935), in which middle-class complacency and greed are delightfully satirised.

## Festivals brief

● **48th Venice Biennale** (3-14 September 1991) will feature a major retrospective of US movies before the Hays Code, which is a follow-up to last year's programme of Soviet cinema 1929-34. On October 23-24 there will be a conference about both retrospectives.

● **10th Pordenone Silent Film Festival** (12-19 October 1991). This year sees a Cecil B. DeMille retrospective, full of rarities such as all his elder brother William's surviving films. Other delights include *Carmen* (1915), accompanied by the Ljubljana Camerata Labacensis, who perform

the original score; a tribute to the American silent clown Lloyd Hamilton; and David Robinson's 'Masterpieces of Animation' exhibition.

● **32nd Festival dei Popoli** (29 November-7 December 1991). Florence's long-running festival of ethnographic and social documentary films will include 'The Screen of Sounds', a melodious look at film music; a retrospective of the documentary work of a major feature film director; and a celebration of the 500th anniversary of Christopher Columbus' tongue-twistingly titled 'Persistence of

autochthonous cultures in America'.

● This year saw the birth of the **Viareggio Mystery Festival** (22-29 June). 'Noir in Festival' is a new spin-off from the Cattolica **MystFest**, whose future is itself something of a mystery. Viareggio director Giorgio Gosetti hopes to incarnate the imaginative spirit of MystFest by continuing to run literary events alongside movies and debates. Among invited guests to the first festival was *Psycho* writer Robert Bloch, and diverse retrospectives ranged from 'The Eye of Hitchcock' to 'Mickey Mouse Detective'.



# Flipper Purify and Furious Styles

Style and purification are the two strategies apparent in recent African-American cinema, argues Armond White, as he looks at the new wave of films from 'Jungle Fever' to 'Boyz N the Hood'



Spike Lee and  
'Jungle Fever':  
stimulating the  
senses for a  
political agenda



John Singleton  
and 'Boyz N  
the Hood':  
translating  
hiphop culture  
to the screen

So far American movie critics don't have a name for the new films (mostly debuts) by African-American directors that have sprouted in their midst. There is the catch-all term 'black film', which manages to be confusing, anachronistic and insulting all at once. 'Black' could easily be a reference to a visual style or sensibility, like *film noir*. As an ethnic designation, 'black' is politically less appropriate than the preferred 'African-American'; it separates – or stigmatises – work by or about people of colour. Except for fine, rigorous efforts by such scholars as Richard Dyer, no one has attempted to define 'white' in cinema, which makes the term 'black film' an obvious, if unconscious, reflex of the racist thinking that US film culture repeats from the larger society. The term does nothing but reinforce the rigid critical atmosphere that so many decades of white-only Hollywood production and film theory have created.

It may be more helpful in characterising these movies to draw on terms used in the films themselves. After all, they include some compelling names: Flipper Purify, Spike Lee's protagonist in *Jungle Fever*, or Furious Styles, a major character in John Singleton's *Boyz N the Hood*. Taken by themselves, these names are not clues to the characters' African-American identities, though they do tell a lot about the sensibilities of the artists who thought them up. Mainstream movie-making opportunities have opened up to young black film artists at a moment when the most vital popular art in the US is hiphop music and its attendant fashion and video culture. These movies extend hiphop's manipulation of artistic strategies, which celebrate cultural purity and are involved in the creation of a politically aware, ethnocentric generation that is interested in furiously styled dress and behaviour.

It may even be possible to divide the new films into two camps – either Flipper Purify or Furious Styles. The Furious Styles side would include Singleton; Joseph Vasquez (*Hangin' with the Homeboys*); Bill Duke (*A Rage in Harlem*); and Mario Van Peebles (*New Jack City*). The Flipper Purify side would have Lee; Robert Townsend (*The Five Heartbeats*); Matty Rich (*Straight Out of Brooklyn*); Topper Crew (*Talkin' Dirty After Dark*). Character names like Furious Styles and Flipper Purify are self-conscious ploys that make it possible to appreciate the entire new wave of films by African-American directors as a distinct cultural development. They are a way of letting the film art define itself from the inside, just like 'blues', 'jazz', 'bebop', 'soul' and 'hiphop'.

Whatever the value of these insider labels, they have to be an improvement on the current level of critical analysis. In the US, critics have mostly understood the filmic expressions of black directors as something different from – and lesser than – the cultural practice of white directors. The subject matter is defined as social 'problems' (*Jungle Fever's* details about interracial sex); the films are categorised as social 'protest' (*Straight Out of Brooklyn's* exposé of urban poverty). These were the same terms

that novelist James Baldwin railed against in the early 60s as the critical establishment's condescending way of limiting the artistic resonance of what was then called 'Negro literature'. The reason the film industry has ignored or wasted film-makers such as Spencer Williams, Norman O. Bland, Bill Gunn and Wendell B. Harris is that their art didn't fit the view that African-Americans are a permanent underclass without any self-sustaining culture or heritage.

From the inept way reviewers failed to note the Brechtian aspects of Lee's work or to chart the narrative shift – from documentary *mise-en-scène* to Eisensteinian montage – in Rich's *Straight Out of Brooklyn*, it's clear these films are not thought of as art. Critics have missed their furious styles and moralising tropes. Popular press reviewers rarely notice form anyway; they look past it, through it, to subject and story. In the cases of films by blacks, critics hunt for the sociological residue. But it is as a distinct cultural development that *Jungle Fever*, *Straight Out of Brooklyn*, *Boyz N the Hood* and *Chameleon Street* are most fascinating.

### Jungle Fever

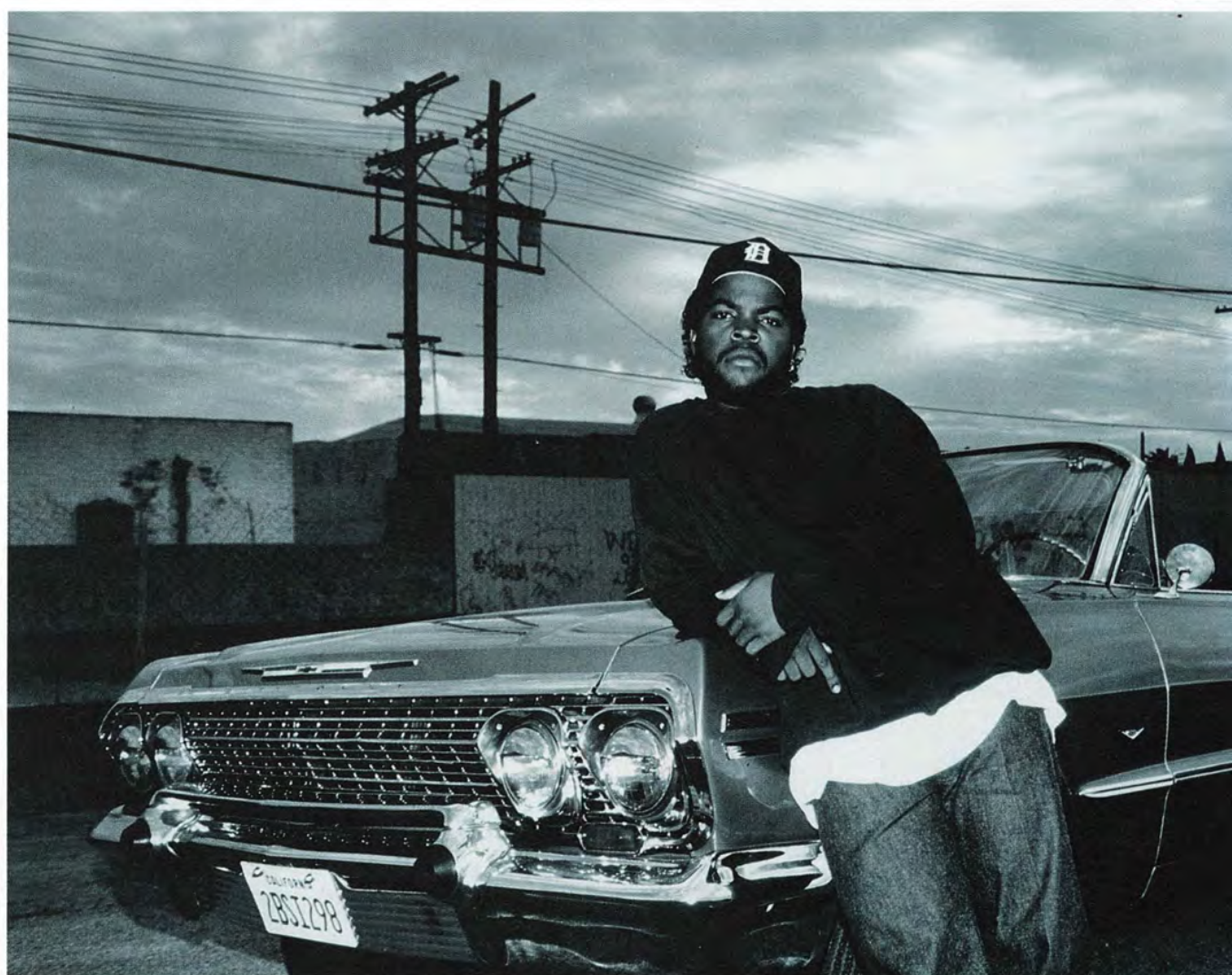
*Jungle Fever* tells the story of a romance between a middle-class black architect (Wesley Snipes) and his working-class white secretary (Annabella Sciorra). In addition, Lee mixes in a treatise on black women's feelings of entitlement (featuring Lonette McKee), contributes a subplot of old-fashioned gospel zealotry (featuring Ruby Dee and Ossie Davis) and weaves through the whole a cautionary tale on the horrors of crack and drug abuse (highlighted by Samuel L. Jackson's performance).

The impulse behind the film was the racially-based killing of a black teenager in an Italian-American neighbourhood of New York in 1989 (the film opens with a dedication to the slain youth, Yusuf Hawkins). Lee's method in making the film is to preserve the moral outrage this historical event inspired through a compilation of anecdotes on the related themes of race hatred and race mixing. For Lee, political consciousness is not just an imperative; it has a definite agenda. *Jungle Fever* plays this agenda out through the moral of its romance: that black and white lovers must, in the end, stick to their own kind.

Lee's previous film, *Do the Right Thing*, was just as self-conscious and full of artifice as *Jungle Fever*, but its messages were genuinely ambiguous, encompassing a wider range of human responses. It was profound, rather than dogmatic like *Jungle Fever*, in which Lee trafficks in aesthetic complications while promoting what seems to be a private sense of racial integrity. Lee surpasses his peers – both black and white – in his use of the camera, his multiple storylines and the music tracks that counterpoint the dialogue. Probably no director since Robert Altman has sought to stimulate moviegoers' senses so aggressively, but Lee does it with a specific political purpose. In opposing a national cinema whose tradition says style must serve story, Lee spearheads a move- ▶



**Black teens  
see life in  
terms of  
survival;  
white teens  
see it in  
terms of fun**



**'Boyz N the Hood':  
Brandi (Nia Long)  
comforts anguished  
'nice boy' Tre, left.  
Above: the surly  
Dough Boy, played  
by rap musician  
Ice Cube**

◀ ment where narrative must be shaped into agit-prop or melodrama to meet the imperatives of Afrocentricity. He's catering to the social and spiritual needs of African-Americans.

### **Boyz N the Hood**

Furious Styles is the name of the role model/father figure in John Singleton's *Boyz N the Hood*. The name tells you what drives Singleton's art: a sense of commitment and an interest in technical display. He turns the typical coming-of-age drama into an expression of the contemporary social pressures affecting young black American males, while also showing what sparks their imaginative lives. To realise how unusual this is for modern Hollywood, one need only contrast *Boyz N the Hood* with the 80s Brat Pack films: in the former, black teens see life in terms of survival; in the latter, white teens see it in terms of fun.

Singleton is the most successful of the new directors at translating the swing and heat of hip-hop culture into cinematic language. Set in

the culture of gang war and hard core rap of strife-ridden South Central Los Angeles, *Boyz N the Hood* follows four males from their pre-teen years to post-adolescence. One of the stars is Ice Cube (a former member of the rap group, Niggers With Attitude), whose manner, both folksy and surly, is a key to the film's matter of fact view of suffering. Singleton turns the sexual confession of lead character Tre (Cuba Gooding Jr), a 'nice boy', into a leering, hyped-up fantasy; the scene of older boys intimidating younger boys becomes a primal male myth, both intense and pathetic.

Not much in *Boyz N the Hood* seems freshly observed or imaginatively conceived; its different scenes evoke Hollywood conventions of filming night-time street fights and daytime domestic fights. Nor is it a one-of-a-kind cultural satire like the 1987 Run-DMC film *Tougher than Leather* (directed by record producer Rick Rubin). Here, macho fantasy was parodied by pushing the tawdry extremes of 70s Blaxploitation films such as *Shaft*, *Three the Hard Way* and

*Dolemite* to the point of revealing the absurdity in the conditions of ghetto living. Without *Tougher than Leather's* astute consideration of the relationship of pop art and real experience, Furious Styles films like Singleton's and Mario Van Peebles' are in danger of turning black American life into a set of Hollywood clichés.

### **Straight Out of Brooklyn**

Matty Rich's *Straight Out of Brooklyn* makes myth out of *Evening News* pathologies. Set in the Red Hook section of Brooklyn inside the housing projects' miasma of drugs, crime and violence, the story centres on young Dennis (Lawrence Gilliard Jr), sick of his impoverishment and tired of watching his weary father (George T. Odom) beating his mother (Ann D. Sanders). To lift himself out of this misery, he plans with two homeboys, Kevin (Mark Malone) and Larry (played by Rich himself), to rob a local drug dealer and use the money to escape.

Rich exemplifies the hip-hop era through an uncanny blend of polemics and art. In his





**'Jungle Fever':** Spike Lee's overtly nationalist message that whites and blacks should stick to their own kind is played out through the eventual failure of the love affair between ambitious black architect Flipper Purify (Wesley Snipes), below, and his white Italian-American secretary (Annabella Sciorra), left



vision, African-American living is purified to the essentials of poverty and death statistics. Rich's 'slappy' sound recording, out-of-focus compositions, cluttered blocking that has the actors' backs to the camera, and a restaurant scene in which the sounds of eating garble the dialogue, are intentionally presented as if rough-hewn, natural. But in *Straight Out of Brooklyn* Rich's vision is not raw observation; it's decidedly cooked. It's a meal prepared with condescension.

*Straight Out of Brooklyn* will appeal to those people who objected to *The Color Purple* because the lifestyle shown seemed too clean, too rich for Southern blacks. Rich's movie brandishes poverty as the only black truth, his idea of ghetto interior decor more like a junkie flophouse than the earnestly pieced-together living space of a struggling family. White critics should not fool themselves that this film's lack of beauty reveals a sociological essence.

Rich isn't skilled enough yet to convey more fully the pleasures and terrors of experience. A

typical scene, in which the lower-class hero and his girlfriend ponder life against the skyline of the big city, turns into a grim (and inevitable) statement of the director's credo. Dennis complains to Shirley (Reana E. Drummond). "They [built New York] by steppin' on the black man, steppin' on the black family!" The trouble with this heartfelt expression of feeling is that it's merely sincere.

It isn't until the end of the movie that the twenty-year-old film-maker gives any sign that he knows what he's doing. This climactic sequence shows the simultaneous deaths – in a hospital and on the streets – of the lead character's parents. These events are edited together with a quick, calibrated rhythm that suggests the remorselessness of fate. However, the control is all Rich's. The final manipulation of his characters' lives is the one place in this film that Rich doesn't try to get away with 'realism', and the moment works for precisely that reason. It's an unexpectedly efficient and poignant close to a film that has steadily ground down

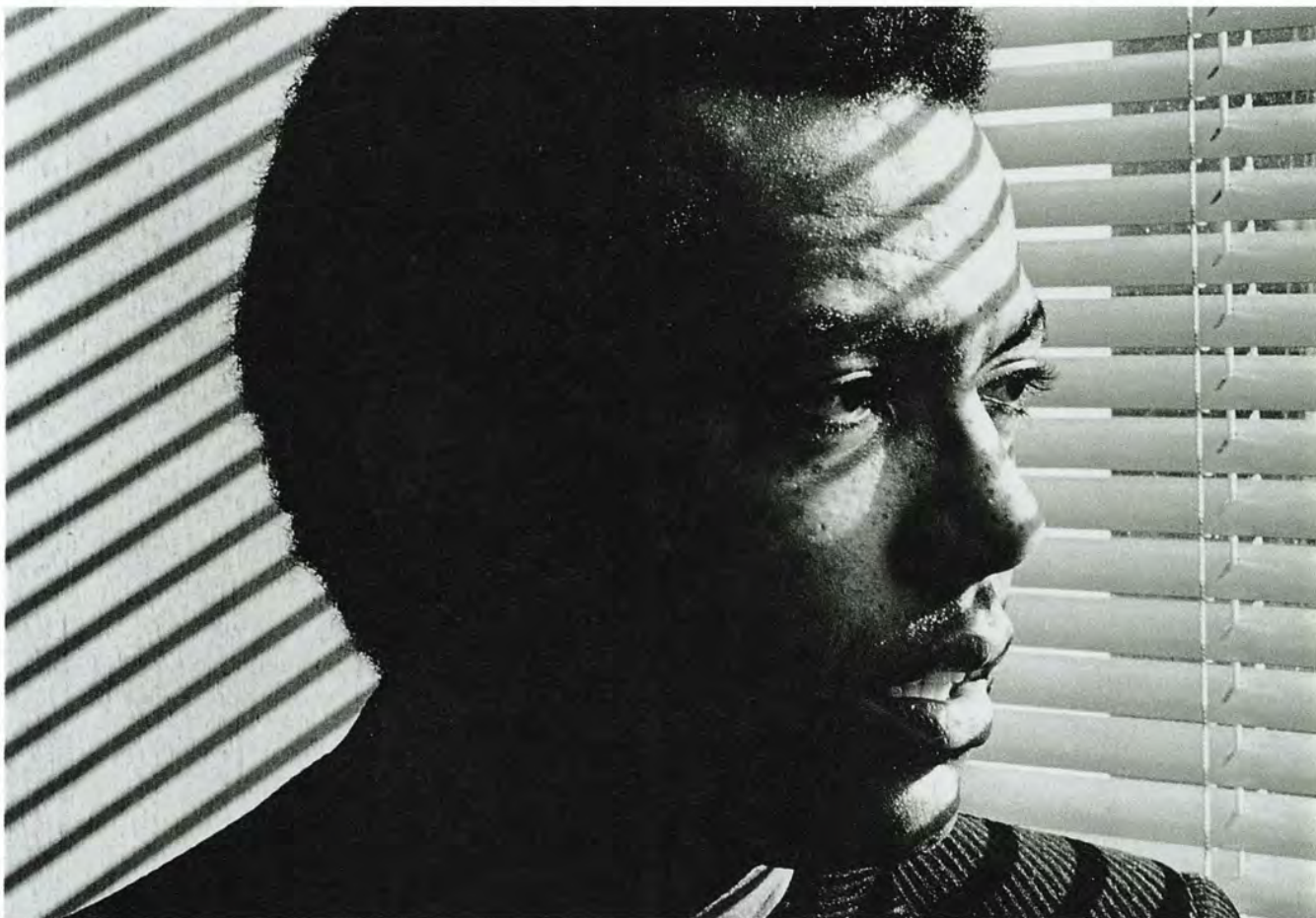
one's senses through the shambling, artfully artless style Rich uses.

The ending of *Straight Out of Brooklyn* comes as a relief as much as a surprise; one responds to the skill and creativity that are finally revealed. In the rest of the film, Rich threatens to claim virtue for its 'primitive' look and amateurish methods – an approach that conforms dangerously to the mainstream (white) notion that black artists are incapable of any sophisticated expression. *Straight Out of Brooklyn*'s ending proves that Rich's ideas got on screen through deliberateness and guile.

But the savvy ending also reveals these are disingenuous tropes. Rich eventually summons skill and discipline only to underscore the nihilism of his fiction. The ending of *Straight Out of Brooklyn* effects patricide and matricide. It's the result of a naive young man's sentimental misunderstanding of the human crises he pretends to address. Dennis could be seen as an innocent, violently cut off from roots, heritage and love, but even that angle frees him of ►



**Rich is preaching down to black America for white America's benefit**



**'Straight Out of Brooklyn': Kevin (Mark Malone), Dennis (Lawrence Gilliard Jr) and Larry, played by director Matty Rich, plot their escape from a life reduced on the screen to misery, impoverishment and death, left**

◀ responsibility and leaves the audience in a void. Dennis is hapless; Matty Rich is not: he's denying the truth he knows about adolescent resourcefulness. He's preaching down to black America for white America's benefit. In the world of entertainment, that's the real sign of a Dead End Kid.

#### **Chameleon Street**

Wendell B. Harris' *Chameleon Street* stands apart as an idiosyncratic, artful African-American filmic expression. There's an intellectual fury in Harris' art that separates it from the issue-oriented, ideological platform approach of pop film-makers and links him more to the mavericks who go their own way and demand more of their audiences. *Chameleon Street* opened in New York at the same time as the fiftieth anniversary of *Citizen Kane*. And just as Orson Welles' first movie raised the stakes of the American sound film, Harris' debut marks a revolutionary shift in the development of 90s movies about African-Americans.

*Chameleon Street* is based on the real-life experience of William Douglas Street, a Michigan man whose different guises in the early 80s – as surgeon, journalist, lawyer and student – kept him in flux between prison and a frustrating marriage. Harris, who plays the lead role in a film he also wrote and directed, explores the psychological stress of Street's character with a shocking and disturbing sense of humour. Harris' performance brings an extraordinary African-American smoothness to the screen. He makes Street's ability to talk himself into and out of any situation a paradigm for the methods by which black people can push themselves through white-dominated society.

This is the most morally daring, stylistically insolent film by any US film-maker in recent memory. Echoing the style of *Citizen Kane*, *Chameleon Street* has its characters directly address the audience, each speaking bits of sentences that add up to an anecdote describing the protagonist. Though the story is also indebted to Welles' *Mr Arkadin*, Harris does not

passively imitate his sources. He has convincingly absorbed Welles' Byzantine psychological mode of address as well as his sophisticated manipulation of images. In one of the most startling scenes in American movie history, Street acts out the pressure he feels from the outside world in a harrowing game with his daughter. The balance of sanity and insanity is explored in a way that only a master filmmaker would dare.

As Street's compulsion to fit into society rapidly moves into an overwhelming neurosis, it becomes obvious that his condition is a result of racism. This rascally changeling is the kind of adaptable and damaged black that many US cross-over success stories politely cover up. The character of Street gives the audience a rare view of racial psychosis; it's like staring into an abyss. Harris illustrates traumatised experience with a long close-up of a steaming cup of coffee which refers to the cosmos/coffee cup scene in Jean-Luc Godard's *Two or Three Things I Know About Her*: part of a series of Euro-





**'Chameleon Street':** director Wendell B. Harris, left, plays a smooth-talking changeling who goes crazy trying to fit the demands of white-dominated society

## John Singleton, director of 'Boyz N the Hood', talks with Peter Brunette

# Singleton's street noises

● Present at this year's Cannes festival for the world premiere of his first film, *Boyz N the Hood*, a sophisticated if somewhat preachy account of three young boys' violent coming of age in the black ghetto of South Central Los Angeles, twenty-three-year-old John Singleton is clearly enjoying the attention.

When I arrive for our scheduled interview, he is on his way back to his room. He suggests that we talk as we walk along the Croisette, Cannes' jam-packed main thoroughfare. We try this for about ninety seconds, and it's clearly not going to work. I propose instead that we reschedule with the publicist and he is instantly, genuinely grateful. Despite what the folks back home think, Cannes is hard on everyone.

*Boyz N the Hood* is a tough, raw film. The sense of frustration and urgency expressed is so great that at times Singleton's characters seem to mount invisible soapboxes to address the audience directly and shake some sense into them. Judged from a strictly aesthetic viewpoint, these moments are flaws; in this film, paradoxically, they add to the overwhelming feeling of real life and direct witness. Singleton quietly observes that "films serve different purposes, some are meant just to entertain, but there's also room for other films that inform as well".

Unsurprisingly, the film is being heavily promoted as 'authentic', which for Singleton means "that people are seeing some stuff they've never seen before". But what matters to him, in the end, is that *Boyz N the Hood* is authentic "to the brothers and sisters I made the film for. The people on the street. I got the supreme compliments from brothers in Inglewood and Compton and South Central" (black ghettos in Los Angeles). Singleton says that *Boyz* allows them to "see themselves on film and they can reflect upon it. Think about their situation and the situation of their friends and their family".

Does he think that because of the unflattering way black characters within the film are portrayed, he will be criticised for producing negative images or for blaming the victim? "Maybe I'll be criticised by older black

people, but the younger black people will know what I'm talking about. The older generation won't like the language in my film, anyway, but actually I'm just saying the same thing that the hard-core rappers are saying. They say it on wax, and I'm saying it on film".

After the press screening, some North American male critics objected to the treatment of women – perhaps with more than a little of a 'more-feminist-than-thou' tone. Singleton's response is that "the men in the film treat women differently according to what their backgrounds are. Tre [the chief protagonist, played by Cuba Gooding Jr] doesn't treat women the same way that Dough Boy [a violence-prone teenager played by rap musician Ice Cube] does, you see. I was trying to show real life, in the streets. The women don't just stand there and take it. They talk shit back."

"I was trying to show that there's a certain schism between black men and black women right now", he continues. "Things have been made easier for black women but not for black men, so what I'm trying to say is that we need to stick together instead of fighting each other".

The young men in the film regularly call each other "bitch" and "cunt", as though women were the lowest form of life. Singleton, however, says that "that's too much of an analytical observation. It's just an attack on one's manhood, like if you would call someone a faggot, they'd say bitch. They have their manhood attacked so often they attack each other's manhood in various ways, verbally and physically".

The film's greatest weakness is, in fact, Singleton's uncritical worship of manhood and maleness, which at times approaches an obsessive level. But first films, like first novels, perhaps need to be autobiographically obsessive on some level in order to get made. Singleton says he closely modelled Tre's father, Furious Styles (played by Larry Fishburne of *The Color Purple* and *School Daze*), the film's strongest character, on his own father, whom he describes as "awesome".

I mention the recent controversial news story about a black educator in Los Angeles

who, because he felt that the necessary discipline could not be instilled in a co-educational setting, decided to set up an 'academy' that would only admit boys. "I think he's right. I had a couple of black male teachers, in addition to my father and my mother, who set me straight on the right path. It's like a woman can't teach a young boy how to be a man, only a man can teach a young boy that. That's what was most on my mind in the film. That's the whole thing".

One of the points the film effectively makes is that violence of all varieties is the everyday reality for these young men simply trying to survive long enough to grow up. Besides the gang violence and the verbal violence, there is a constant psychological violence expressed most effectively in the subconsciously annoying whumpa-whumpa of unseen police helicopters that runs throughout the film. "Yeah, you get it, you're smart, man, you're smart", Singleton responds. "But there are a lot of stupid people in the world, and they're not going to get that. They'll say, why is it so noisy. They won't know that that's there to add to the atmosphere, and that's just how the atmosphere is".

Singleton himself is both smart and a survivor. On the basis of having received several prestigious writing awards while in film school, he signed with Creative Artists Agency while still a student. A young executive at Columbia got hold of his screenplay, passed it along to studio head Frank Price, and a meeting was set up for the next weekend. "I just pitched myself to direct my own film. I figured that if you could tell your story to anybody on the street, orally, you could tell any studio executive".

When I ask if he has any recommendations for other young black film-makers trying to break into the industry, Singleton emphasises that it was his writing ability that got the studio interested. "I never did a film at USC. All they teach you in school is theory. This film was my chance to put it into practice. And know your history, know where you're from. It gives you a firm foundation and you don't feel you're on shaky ground with anybody or anything."

pean art film references – from Jean Cocteau's *Beauty and the Beast* to *The Shanghai Gesture* – that Harris uses as a clue to Street's identity crisis.

Apparently *Chameleon Street* represents a vision that is too uncompromising, too distinctive (what hiphoppers call "Too Black, Too Strong") for the existing networks of mainstream film culture. Since winning the Grand Prize at the 1990 Sundance-US Film Festival, it has been a hot potato tossed around the American film scene: the New York Film Festival and the Museum of Modern Art's New Directors series both seemed afraid to touch it and even distributors have been wary. Critics who praised the psycho-social satire of Woody Allen's *Zelig* have ignored Harris' darker treatment of the same issues of identity. What these films demand is that American cinema grows up and accepts the complexity of the African-American experience in ways other than in the form of gangster films and showbiz musicals.

● *Jungle Fever* opens in the UK on 6 September and *Boyz N the Hood* on 25 October



● Worlds collide in Isaac Julien's *Young Soul Rebels*. Or at least that's how it looks from a New York perspective. The celebrated new wave of black American films – from Spike Lee's punchy studio-financed *Do the Right Thing* to Charles Burnett's magical realist, art house *To Sleep with Anger* – are strictly heterosexual and implicitly, or in the case of Lee's latest, *Jungle Fever*, explicitly, nationalist. *Young Soul Rebels*, on the other hand, explores and celebrates from a black point of view the pleasures and dangers of interracial and gay sexuality. ("Sex is transgression", Julien has claimed on more than one occasion.)

Unlike Julien's previous film, *Looking for Langston* (1988), a lyrical meditation on the gay closet within the Harlem renaissance of the 30s, *Young Soul Rebels* is geared to more than film festival audiences. Its genre underpinnings (murder mystery crossed with buddy movie), lush cinematography (the look is future/past, *Alphaville*, but in colour) and American funk/British soul score have crossover potential. In the US, where the film will be distributed by Miramax's Prestige division, this audience has been primed. *Paris is Burning*, Jennie Livingston's documentary about black drag 'voguing' competitions, grossed \$500,000 on a single screen at the Film Forum in New York; *Poison*, Todd Haynes' hybridisation of white-bread suburbia and Jean Genet, broke house records in its opening week.

Set in London during the Queen's Silver Jubilee year of 1977, *Young Soul Rebels* focuses on the friendship between Caz, who is black and gay, and Chris, who is half black/half white and heterosexual. Buddies since childhood, the two run a pirate radio station that plays black import records. Caz's sexual involvement with a white Socialist Workers' Party punk and Chris' desire to break into mainstream broadcasting and his sexual relationship with Tracy threaten both friendship and work.

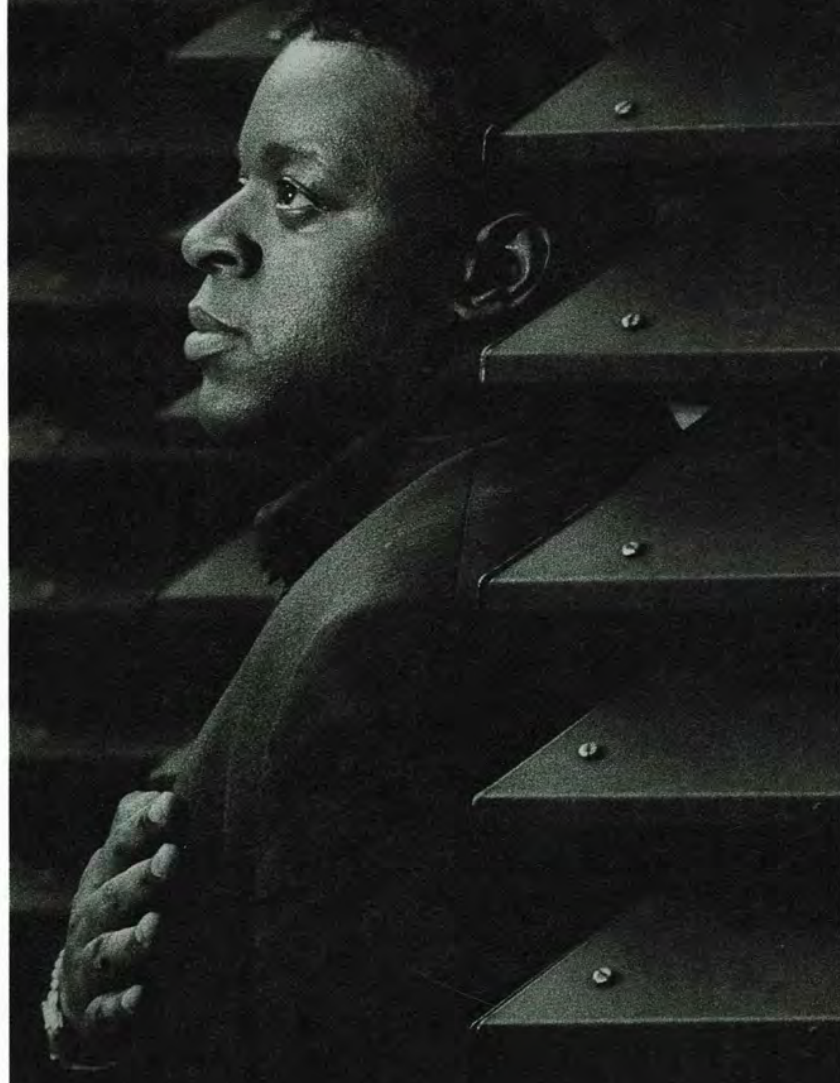
The Chris/Caz story is framed within a police investigation of a murder. During the first minutes of the film, TJ, a young black male friend of Caz, is murdered by a white man during a sexual encounter in a park. Intent on finding a black suspect, the police try to pin the murder on Chris. Chris, however, finds a tape in TJ's boom box that reveals the identity of the murderer. The climax of the film takes place during the Jubilee day 'Stuff the Jubilee' concert. Pursued by both the police and the killer, Chris broadcasts the truth about the murder to an audience of thousands. The pirate station survives, as do the romances and friendships, and everyone gets together for a song-and-dance finale.

*Young Soul Rebels* was produced by the BFI for £1.2 million. It was shot by Nina Kellgren, who shot *Looking for Langston* as well as the earlier films Julien made with the Sankofa workshop, produced by Sankofa co-founder Nadine Marsh-Edwards, and edited by John Wilson, who also edits Peter Greenaway's films.

I have taken the liberty of rearranging some of Isaac Julien's remarks. I have not, however, put a single word in his mouth that wasn't his.

Isaac Julien talks to Amy Taubin about 'Young Soul Rebels', new African-American cinema, and about Roger Casement, the director's next project

# Soul to Soul





Isaac Julien: I suppose *Young Soul Rebels* is a film which tries to deal with a number of questions that people would rather sweep under the carpet at this moment, especially in Europe because of 1992 and the reformation of European cultural identity. There are new barriers being put up symbolically and psychically – around national identity, racial identity, nationality and citizenship. All this brings up a number of anxieties for people like myself who are black and were born here in Europe, the new Europe.

*Young Soul Rebels* is set in London in 1977, a time when questions of national identity came to the forefront of British consciousness because it was the Queen's Silver Jubilee year. And there was a counternarrative postulated by the Sex Pistol's 'God Save the Queen'. There's an interesting quote from Johnny Rotten's single: "There is no future in England's dream. Don't be told what you want. Don't be told what you need". I think that needs to be repeated at this moment.

The other reason *Young Soul Rebels* is set in 1977 is because I was a soul boy at that time and Nadine Marsh-Edwards, the producer, was a soul girl. And we were interested in 1977 as the moment in black British culture when you witnessed black style becoming a social force – a kind of resistance through style, if you like. You can recognise those things much more in black music coming from Britain today – Soul II Soul and Neneh Cherry – and the way those things have been culturally exported to the US.

So we wanted to talk about where that began. At that time there were no examples of the signifying practices of expressive black culture in the dominant media in this country. So we used to listen to a lot of American R&B – funk jazz, it was called. It filled a gap because there were no radio stations playing black music here except Greg Edwards on Capital radio three hours a week on Soul Spectrum.

Amy Taubin: Not even Donna Summer?

Donna Summer was huge with the gay, urban audience in 1977 and 1978. There were a number of clubs that were starting to play that music, but I think it's only now that you can see the fruition of those influences from the black diaspora, if you like. Now you have something which I think you can call 'authentic' black British funk, which is a hybrid, in the same way as American rap is.

What did you do when you were a soul boy?

I suppose I did very much what Caz and Chris or Tracy do in the film. You were very interested in style, in American music, and in questions around national identity and Britishness, although you couldn't really articulate it clearly. It was very much like a gap, a lack. When Chris in the film runs through the estate and everybody is listening to the Queen's

I'm articulating difference  
and people trying to live  
with difference and people  
trying to love with difference

speech on television, you are totally enveloped in those discourses of high British nationalism. It was very difficult to articulate any alternative reading of being British – being black and British were almost incompatible. Hence Paul Gilroy's witty book title, *There Ain't No Black in the Union Jack*.

Where were you born?

I was born in East London, which is the working-class area.

And where is the film set?

In East London. Your equivalent in New York would be Queens.

No, I don't think it is. New York is a much more segregated city than London. One of the most scary things in the film for me was to see the two black guys – Chris and Caz – walk past those four white guys sitting on the wall. I see that and I think, they're going to be dead in a minute. How do they negotiate that daily encounter?

I think that's where you see the idea of black style becoming a social force. The masquerading of power was signified through how you walked, the clothes you wore. The UK is a very small island and there's a lot of masquerading and parodying at street level. I think that becomes a source of both envy and attraction for whites. Both things are at work in Ken [the murderer in the film]; as a character, he embodies those ambivalent desires. *Young Soul Rebels* is set in 1977, so some things have changed now.

In New York there has been a major shift in black culture during the fourteen years since 1977. It has become increasingly nationalistic. The new black nationalism involves separatism and the first target of that separatism is sexuality. You can see that in Spike Lee's *Jungle Fever*, which for all its ambivalence comes out strongly against interracial sex.

I am very interested in opposing the different essentialisms which are fashionable at the moment. Part of the new wave of black independent film-making – represented by Hanif Kureishi in Stephen Frear's *My Beautiful Laundrette* and Sammy and Rosie Get Laid, or his view in *London Kills Me*, or by films like *Handsworth Songs*, or *Passion of Remembrance*, or *Looking for Langston* – has tried to grapple with this question of identity, which seems to be at the crux of the emerging debates around cultural representation and political representation. So it's quite difficult work trying to think through the complexity and multiplicity of cultural and racial and sexual differences. One of the underlying themes of *Young Soul Rebels* is that 'difference' does make a difference, but that doesn't necessarily mean that you have to enter into the tunnel vision of essentialism to provide answers. I think something is happening which is more hybrid and complex.

Some people may think that in *Young Soul Rebels* I'm trying to do this 'family of man' number. I don't think I am, but I am articulating 'difference' and people trying to live with 'difference' and people trying to love with 'difference'. We all discuss 'difference', but living with difference appears to be really difficult. I think some of the work ACT-UP has been doing around the Aids crisis has been interesting. ►



◀ In their new film, *Without Frontiers*, you can see that the crisis has thrown up a number of problems in the black community and the Latino community where people have to meet across difference with the gay community. This work represents the cutting edge for me.

The reason I find *'Young Soul Rebels'* so disturbing (and I don't mean that negatively) is that there is a connection made in the opening scene between sex and death. A black man – who not incidentally has a remarkably sympathetic screen presence – goes to the park to hang out. He's drawn into a sexual encounter with a white man, who at this point for the audience is no more than a voice and a hand, and the white man kills him. It sets up a threat – in terms of gay sex and interracial sex – that hangs over the entire film. The ominous visual and musical motifs that come into play around that killing, the *'Sapphire'* hang-over as it were, are repeated throughout. So that when Caz gets together with the white punk, Billibudd, that relationship seems threatened as well. It's not merely sexually and racially transgressive – it seems positively death-defying.

The film in a sense is about marginality and about transgression in those marginal spaces. The park is interesting as a symbolic space because it has a dual function. In the daytime, it is the site of family pleasures, heterosexual pleasures, and at night it is a space that takes on a different excitement. The characters who go there – TJ and Ken – aren't 'out'. I imagine these characters as people who would have sex and then would turn back to their respective communities – not 'out' at all. But Ken has problems with his desire, in reconciling his own drive. Ken killing TJ was not premeditated, it's more about him freaking out.

Caz knows that he's gay. The kind of questions he puts forward in his debate with the black garage owners – do you still care about TJ's death in the same way now that you know he was gay? – are the kind of questions I want to put forward to the black community because I think they're very important questions. In a way, it's a bit of a back door to questions about Aids and the black community, because there is a constant denial and disavowal of these issues. The ACT-UP slogan "Silence=Death" has resonances for the black communities too, because proportionally Aids is on the increase faster in these communities. But I didn't see the film as being upsetting, as you seem to do.

*What moved me in the film was the expression of sexuality – a mixing of pleasure and danger that you don't often see on the screen. But even that's disturbing. What kind of film did you think you were making?*

We pursued a number of different questions and they led us to those particular ends. The question of having the murder is slightly autobiographical: one of the screenplay writers, Derek Saldaan McClintock, was wrongfully suspected of a murder in 1977 and was questioned by the police. Derek McClintock is mixed race; the other writer I worked with, Paul Hallam, is white and gay, so these issues came up. Can you rely on police accountability around gay people being murdered? Is it important to the com-



munity? We think it should be, so we tried to draw a narrative that would seduce audiences to those questions which might not be sympathetic. I think different genres have different apparatuses for seducing audiences. And in some ways, the film isn't of the thriller genre at all. It's a murder mystery, a coming-of-age movie – a buddy movie, if you like.

*I think there's a flaw in the narrative structure. Caz's relationships – to the straight men in the garage, to his white punk lover, to TJ – and his sense of himself as a black gay man are very compelling. On the other hand, Chris' romance with Tracy and his desire to break into mainstream radio are handled quite perfunctorily.*

I think you may find the gay relationship more compelling because you don't have much access to those kinds of representations in the cinema. It could be a question of performance as well. The force of Mo'Nique [the actor who plays Caz], his emotional drive in relation to the character, is something a lot of people hook up to. He models himself on De Niro; I wish more young black actors would do that.

Then I suppose the murder has reverberations that are more disturbing for Caz than for Chris. Chris has a slightly more easy-come, easy-go attitude. I think the young black audience for the film will be more like Chris, in a way. I don't know; maybe I'm assuming too much. I suppose we thought about these questions in terms of identification – making a film that would be seen by a wider audience than we have had access to in the past. I'm into making some intervention in the marketplace because the cultural spaces have shrunk considerably. Thatcherism has killed off a number

**Fragile intimacies:** lovers Tracy and Chris, top, and Caz and Billibudd, above. Chris and Caz, sharing the mike on

**their pirate radio station, above right. Below, the skinheads who live cheek by jowl with their black neighbours**



of them very successfully. So I think it's important to try to build an audience for your work. I suppose that's why *Young Soul Rebels* is a narrative and not an experimental film.

*Do you have any theories about why at this moment, at least in the US, the audiences for both black and gay films are increasing?*

I think many people are bored with heterosexual stories. Difference is in. When I was writing the script, I went to see a lot of Hollywood cinema. I saw these different fetishes at work in the representation of heterosexual lovemaking. In *Ghost*, there are hands going over a clay pot. In *Something Wild*, there's a slightly eroticising exoticism, a kind of racial displacement through reggae music and ethnic dressing. In *Wild at Heart* and *Blue Velvet*, it's very sadistic sex. I think it's about different sorts of transgression, in a way.

*But how do you feel about the primary burden of sex*





# Threatening pleasures

**How do the 1977 Jubilee, music, sexuality, politics and pleasure come together in 'Young Soul Rebels', wonder Paul Gilroy, Stuart Hall and Homi Bhabha?**

● **Paul Gilroy** I'd like to begin with the way that *Young Soul Rebels* focuses our attention on 1977. It is a very particular moment, where certain political and cultural forces coalesce. The film draws attention to their coming together in a way that is very different from more orthodox periodisations of recent political history – for example, the way in which 1968 and 1979 tend to stand out as significant changes of direction and momentum.

The film makes bold claims for 1977 and the social and political movements that emerged amid punk, the Jubilee, Rock Against Racism and the popular anti-fascist politics of the period. It suggests that these constructed the mentality of a specific political generation that developed through struggles in which questions of 'race' are prominent and that the developing of an anti-fascist movement placed the tensions between class, 'race' and sexuality very much to the fore.

**Stuart Hall** *Young Soul Rebels* represents an important break with a certain conventional reading of the politics of the 70s. The film honours the moment of Rock Against Racism and the Anti-Nazi League – one of the high points of the anti-racist struggles of the 70s and one of the few times when the sectarian politics of the Socialist Workers' Party were transcended by the pressure to make contact with wider social forces. But the film rereads that moment through several other registers: sexual politics, the gay movement, the musical subculture, and so on. It was these broader cultural dimensions to that struggle which accounted for its popular depth and hence its effectiveness in stemming the rising tide of skinhead fascism.

**Homi Bhabha** I think it's a departure from all those traditions of political film-making in which the representation of racism is located within issues of class, empire, demands for social equality or the 'bourgeois' benevolence of the Harry Belafonte 'B' movie. In *Young Soul Rebels*, it is sexuality – largely homoerotic or homophobic – that is the site on which questions of race, social location and community are staged. Pleasure, desire, eroticism and fantasy make cultural identification and political commitment ambivalent, complex affairs.

Though the film represents 1977, it provides a very 90s reflection on why the left of the 70s found it so difficult to become the political vanguard for issues of race – ►

as transgression being carried by representations of gay men? For example, the ritual spitting scene in Todd Haynes' *Poison*, which is about forbidden body fluids, and violence, and sex as humiliation.

I thought it was an incredible film. I thought [that moment] was horrible, but it's a very sexually charged moment as well. It's ambivalent. It's that dual thing which I think one is able to achieve in cinema. These questions were brought up in Britain in 1986 around Black Audio Film Collective's tape, *Signs of the Empire*. In the representations of slavery and colonialism there were a number of disruptive strategies which were about displaying ambivalence and psychic imbalance. I was quite interested in that – in trying to say things that are not just about pleasure. Maybe they're about a certain kind of unpleasure, or something that has a dual function.

On the other hand, someone might say that the white racists in *Young Soul Rebels* come across as quite one-dimensional.

White envy towards the black subject is something I've tried to explore visually in the film, and also white desire in relation to otherness. Why do white men commit these deeds against black men? Why do they want to hang black men? Is it something to do with Freud's castration complex, or is it to do with what Fanon has spoken about – the way that white subjects in the neo-colonial moment play out these different fantasies in their own minds and then have to use violence to repress them in themselves? These are some of the questions buried in *Young Soul Rebels* and in the film I want to make about Roger Casement.

Who is Roger Casement?

It's a very complicated story. Basically he ended up being executed by the British. He was gay. He was born in Ireland, but he spent a lot of time in Africa and Latin America. He wrote against colonial violence and the atrocities that were happening in the early twentieth century. They found diaries about his sexual activities. The person who put him on trial put Oscar Wilde on trial as well.

I want to bring these things up because at the moment in Britain we have new bills like Section 28, which is against the promotion of homosexuality in education, and Section 25, which is an attack on civil rights. So I think Roger Casement would be an interesting character. In a similar way, Derek Jarman is bringing up this question around Edward II.

Will this be a BFI film?

I don't think so. I think its budget is too big for the BFI.

So you think there's other money available to make such a film?

Maybe not. A number of black film-makers had a meeting with Wilf Stevenson to talk about the way the infrastructure of black film-making is now being dismantled because of the change in BFI policy or because of the non-policy decisions around culture, race and representation in the BFI as an institution. And we are very cynical about whether it's possible to deal with all these questions outside the cultural remit of the BFI, because there is nowhere else. In terms of the market place, everything is closing down. It's very difficult. But maybe after *Young Soul Rebels*, people might be interested in me doing some more films.

● *Young Soul Rebels* opens on 25 August



◀ namely that they repeatedly failed to link race and class in a way that was culturally effective. We see in this film that the sense of a political community among black youth was culturally complex. Politics was not simply the opposition to 'bourgeois capitalist' values; it was the opening up of a range of identifications – music, style, sexual pleasure, friendship – that break out of the 'black and white' polarities of political opposition.

**Paul Gilroy** Obviously a concern with the forms of community and identification that stem from a specific locality is part of the way the film seeks to answer the claims of patriotism and national identity. The relationship to fascism may not be so clear these days, but that popular politics around national belonging is still alive. The film contributes to the ongoing struggles.

But the kinds of community that the film appeals to are not fixed solely through notions of place. They operate across the airwaves, through the active use of music. This is a community established through what is dismissively talked about as 'consumption', through desire and a kind of play around the body. These themes come together nicely in the concluding sequence in that tentative process of learning to dance in step with one another.

**Stuart Hall** I'm sure Paul is right. There are a number of imagined communities at work in the film. But locality is certainly one of the important ones. The handling of North-East London is both subtle and complex. A powerful claim is staked for both the *indigenous* and the *contested* relation of blacks to the local community. As the film represents it, it isn't a question of blacks as outsiders looking in or as naturalised insiders. *Young Soul Rebels* shows the relationship of blacks to the community in all its complexity of different overlapping networks, different alignments and the antagonisms or frontier effects which these create.

After all, Caz and Chris and the white skinheads who taunt them went to the same school and belong to the same housing estate. And some of these frontier effects cut through the black community itself, breaking up any notion of homogeneity or essentialism: for example, between Caz and the other black brothers in the garage about being gay and going out with the white Billibudd; or between the black brothers and Chris about being 'half-caste' – a theme which unfortunately tended to get lost in the film.

**Homi Bhabha** Yes, the film produces a creative re-definition of 'local space'. The 1977 Silver Jubilee was so much about the celebration of local community, with all those 'little

Englands' decked out in red, white and blue bunting. The film turns this on its head and shows that there exists a range of cultural localities that conflict or coexist with each other. That's what makes a transient, transitional youth culture such an excellent choice for a film about sexuality and ethnicity – it doesn't allow either of those identities to become fixed.

**Paul Gilroy** If we emphasise that too strongly we could get into this thing of saying, is it a realist film? Because the detail is so strong I think we can almost slip into seeing the film in those terms.

**Homi Bhabha** No, no way is it realist or documentary. This is suggestively expressed in the use of colour in the film; in the continual play of red/white/blue in all sorts of transformed situations that completely change the codes those colours stand for. *Young Soul Rebels* is about the way a community rewrites a more general history from its own perspective; it makes the past relive in the present. If you compare it to *Absolute Beginners* you see how that film turned Soho and the 50s into a kind of nostalgic kitsch – a revival, not a rethinking.

**Paul Gilroy** I want to change tack here and ask what you think about the film's central image of evil. I found the murderer a great disappointment: his motives, contradictions and inner life are unexplored. I like the way the murder acts as a means to test out different interpretations – the various standpoints within the film seek to fix the meaning of the event differently: one as a racial attack, as an expression of the inner ambivalence in some version of fascist sexuality, "an NF job".

But in the end these clashing interpretations are resolved so neatly through Ken. It is so conventional, that evil would be fixed in the person of a predatory, styleless, shambling, white male isolate (his anorak gives him away). It's almost a joke on the genre conventions that specify a certain type of dislocated, sexually confused killer.

**Stuart Hall** The white villain – the isolate – is also juxtaposed to the skinheads, who serve as a sort of chorus. The complexity of their position is acknowledged, but never developed.

**Paul Gilroy** It isn't gone into very deeply, but let's not underestimate the radical note sounded by the intimacy between the skinheads and the blacks. Locality, community and masculinity connect Chris and Caz with the skinhead trio. The kind of playful banter they share is very subversive of a moralistic, anti-fascist, anti-racist discourse that gets challenged in the film in lots of ways, especially through the question of

sexuality. The way these boys speak to each other undermines that moralistic approach, and with it the notion that this British fascism, if that's what it really is, is something external, something grafted on to working-class experience that doesn't belong there. There is real complexity in that.

**Homi Bhabha** 'Evil' Ken, too, moves through the narrative in a complex way, I believe. Ken is both insider and outsider, he is both visible and invisible – that's why the 'thriller' element turns on him. He is the rather 'bent' supplier of stolen equipment, the wheeler-dealer who is also playing hide and seek with his own sexual ambivalence; his repressed homosexuality turns into a kind of racial hatred and compulsive, unspeakable attraction. Ken seems to be another attempt to say something against the easily recognisable antagonisms.

**Stuart Hall** I don't agree. To me, Ken occupies a more continuous space in the film. But although some of the ambivalences do work, I agree with Paul that he was left in the end as a figure of disembodied evil, and rather unexplored. The skinheads are on the edge of the action rather than part of it; not commenting on the action, so much as threatening to. So they are deliberately flatly drawn, consciously two-dimensional, necessarily performing 'to type'. I didn't think they needed to be any more developed.

**Paul Gilroy** The shortcomings of Ken's characterisation can, I think, be read as one consequence of the unsatisfactory way the thriller genre has been negotiated. Quite what that tells us about the difficult translation that black and other independent film-makers will have to make if they move into the overground is harder to determine. It may be that the

debates and skills around the politics of representation in those artistic communities are not the ones necessary to make convincing commercial cinema. The film is not a thriller. It borrows from the thriller and mixes those borrowings with a range of other populist devices to orchestrate its gestures towards the box office.

**Stuart Hall** I think we sometimes underestimate what is implied in the movement from avant-garde film-making, like Isaac's previous film, *Looking for Langston*, to apparently more simple popular forms. The narrative drive in the thriller need not be straightforward, as *The Big Sleep* and other films show, but it's not an engine you can turn on and off at will. Obviously, Isaac was using the thriller form to explore a number of other rich themes. So you could ask, does 'who killed whom' matter? The answer seems to be that it does, as film noir clearly shows.

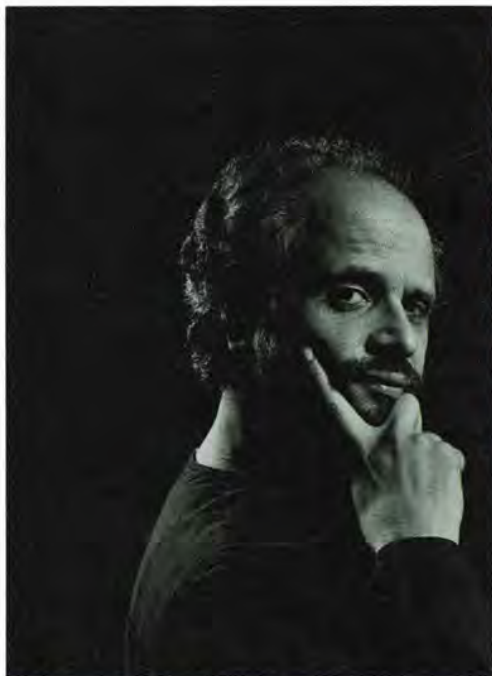
I raise the question because more and more black film-makers are about to make the transition from the art house documentary to the mainstream, and doing so will often involve negotiating popular forms. I don't advocate capitulating to the genres, but I do recommend submitting to their imperatives rather more than *Young Soul Rebels* does most of the time.

**Homi Bhabha** You're right, as a detective thriller, the film is rather weak. But the *mise-en-scène* of the murder – the pick-up in the park – makes a good point about the thrill, the danger and the location of gay sexuality. There is another thriller convention that is cleverly used – the subtle exchange of looks, gazes, signs that might reveal some clue. Only in this film that exchange is also the code that expresses the erotic sexuality – the way a subculture

**Stuart Hall:**  
**Like 'My Beautiful Laundrette', this is a subversive film even for the audience to which it is primarily addressed**







**Homi Bhabha:**  
**Community**  
**has to be**  
**created and**  
**negotiated;**  
**it isn't**  
**just there**  
**because you**  
**are black**  
**or gay**

creates symbols of affiliation through signs that are connective and yet at the same time always open to interpretation. This use of thriller conventions clued into gay gazes – so that characters and audiences are always looking for signs rather than being presented with ‘themes’ or plots – perhaps this is an interesting mixture of genres in the film. Remember Isaac’s penchant for making his audience ‘look for’ things – *Looking for Langston!*

**Stuart Hall** The multilayered structure means that it is impossible to align the film smoothly with the expectations of its potential audiences. Seeing *Young Soul Rebels* at a special NFT screening may lead us to underestimate how transgressive a film it is. Even at the preview, a section of the sympathetic black audience hissed the homosexual love scenes. I can imagine a young white audience, that loves the music, doing the same – perhaps from the opposite viewpoint. Like *My Beautiful Laundrette*, this is a subversive film even for the audiences to which it is primarily addressed, because it both helps to construct – and at the same time unsettles – the ‘black experience’.

This is especially the case with the handling of sexuality and the erotic. The sexual scenes are powerful precisely because they are not there just to shock: this is not simply another ‘gay film’. The love scene between Caz and Billibudd, especially the first half as they undress one another, is one of the most powerful scenes of its kind that I’ve seen on the screen. It powerfully constructs homoerotic desire: I doubt whether any heterosexual man could look at that scene, responding to the way fantasy and desire are at one and the same time controlled and evoked, and still say he didn’t understand the

nature of homoerotic desire. The intimacy of the camera, the fluidity of its movements as it passes backwards and forwards between the two men, its pacing matching the tempo of the unfolding of desire, the harsh colours disturbing the symmetry of the black/white bodies of the lovers... The investment in that scene – in the acting, the staging and the shooting – is enormously powerful.

**Homi Bhabha** Here I must speak up for something of that same energy in the heterosexual scene.

**Stuart Hall** I thought the heterosexual love scene between Chris and Tracy lacked that powerful investment, and that presents a problem. The film has a four-part structure: at its centre is not a hero or a couple, but two friends, plus the two ‘external’ figures the two men are related to. However, this four-part structure requires that no one figure or couple becomes the centre. It needs to fire on both barrels at the same time, if you’ll forgive the metaphor, to prevent the identification from becoming simplified. So the uneven investment in the film, in terms, for example, of the weighting of the two love scenes, throws it off balance.

**Homi Bhabha** I have real problems with the way the film ends. There was, I thought, a brave attempt throughout to ask difficult questions about what we understand by community; at several crucial moments allegiance and identity are threatened, only for the bond to be strengthened. A sense of community around ethnicity may be threatened by a character’s sexual preference for a white partner, so the conflict between ethnicity and sexual desire has to be discussed before solidarity can be re-affirmed. Community has to be created and negotiated; it

isn’t just there because you are black or gay.

The tension is well maintained, partly through the use of music – the ghettoblaster, the disc jockey’s rap – as a means of identification for youth subculture and as a means of establishing the public visibility necessary to the creation of a social bond. Don’t forget that the ghettoblaster and the tape it contains provide the vital clue to the thriller narrative.

This tension is lost in the rather sentimental end, where after the soul rebels emerge through the spectacular baptismal fire at the gig, they go home, clean their records and dance in happy coupledom – even if the couples are plural: gay, straight and across colour lines.

**Paul Gilroy** Yes, I agree that the ending is a bit sentimental, though there is a genuine problem that the final frames seek to address. First, how do we represent a pluralised and open version of the black subject? And second, once we’ve found a way to summon it up, how do we bring it into the constellation of emergent identities which the anti-racist, polysexual, democratic aspirations of the film ask us to imagine?

It seems that we aren’t going to capitulate to the sentiment of place, region or locality. We aren’t going to anchor these new possibilities in the idea of a national community or its various surrogates. We have seen all that getting constructed and deconstructed through the allegories of Empire, through anti-fascism, in relation to sexuality and also in the relationship between Caz and Chris and the skinheads who taunt them in their comings and goings. We don’t accept the idealised and mystified black community offered by the barber’s shop. We don’t yet dare to fix that utopia on to the

‘mixed race’ family. So how do we symbolise it? What order of representation is big enough to get it across?

The fictive kinship of the group at the end seems to me to be a promising attempt to find that symbol. I like the fact that this untidy collection of individuals discovers some fragile intimacy in that moment. I think it is an appropriate note with which to conclude.

**Stuart Hall** It depends on how you read the end. It worked for me as a sort of ‘coda’ – almost as a moment out of time. I thought of it as related to the imagined construction of what Clause 28 calls a “pretended family relationship”. What is going on between them at the end isn’t sexual. We see a lot of sexuality in the film – it’s intensely, compellingly erotic – but this is not. And it’s not the solidarity of the political movement or of the musical subculture either. It is another kind of ‘civil space’, private/public, private but not personal, public but not communal. Another ‘imagined community’. It seemed to me to refer to the whole of the rest of the film, but not to be an attempt to conclude it. It’s not the representation of an ‘imagined community’ so much as the construction of it.

I felt this in the way the different bodies get drawn into the dance. Slowly everyone gets drawn in – each dancing together but differently. Specifically, it refuses coupling. It is like the emergence of a new kind of ‘family’. I especially like the way Billibudd, the white boy, dances: a kind of tentativeness at first, as if he’s learning to dance, learning to match his steps and rhythm to theirs. It has the tentativeness of emergence for me, a kind of utopian emergence.

**Paul Gilroy:**  
**The film**  
**makes bold**  
**claims for**  
**1977 and the**  
**movements**  
**that emerged**  
**amid punk**  
**and the**  
**anti-fascist**  
**politics of**  
**the period**





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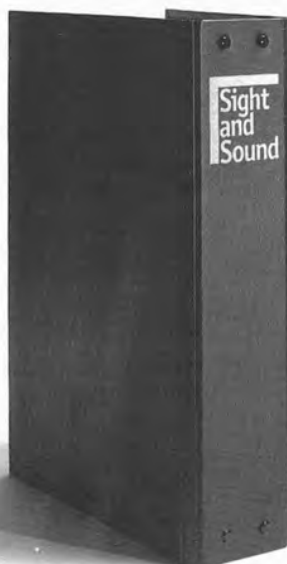
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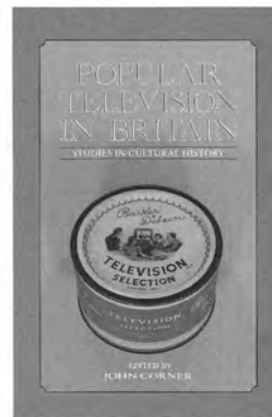
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# Moving stories

Has 'Journey of Hope' been misunderstood, asks Mark Kermode?



● At this year's Oscars ceremony, a little-known Swiss movie was thrust from relative obscurity into the glare of public attention when it snatched the coveted Academy Award for Best Foreign Film from under the nose of Rappeneau's highly acclaimed *Cyrano de Bergerac*. Directed by Swiss film-maker Xavier Koller, *Reise der Hoffnung* (*Journey of Hope*) won the vociferous support of such notables as Hollywood director Barry Levinson, who praised its worthy and timely subject matter: the plight of migrants. Inspired by a Kurdish family's perilous journey from Turkey to Switzerland, during which a young child died of exposure, *Journey of Hope* is described by its director as a film which reflects a growing world concern for displaced peoples.

"This theme of migration is very old and many movies have been made about it", states Koller. The title of his own film harks back to an Italian movie of the 50s, Pietro Germi's *Il cammino della speranza* (*The Road to Hope*), which portrays the travels of a Sicilian worker seeking redemption in Milan. "Then about ten years ago there was a Turkish film called *The Bus* which was important", continues Koller, "and in 1990 a Spanish film by Montxo Armendariz called *Las cartas de Alou* (*Letters from Alou*) was released, which is about people moving from North Africa into Spain".

Koller also draws attention to a thematic similarity between *Journey of Hope* and Emir Kusturica's *Time of the Gypsies*, the Yugoslavian epic which charts the travels of a young gypsy from his secluded village home to the crime-ridden streets of Milan. "I think these films all connect", explains Koller, who attributes the success of his film in part to a fortuitous rise in public awareness about the misfortunes of different migrant groups. "*Journey of Hope* is a timely piece. Millions of people are on the move today, looking for a future somewhere else in the world. I think it's important for

people to pick this subject up, to work on it and to keep the discussion going".

But despite the topicality of its subject matter, *Journey of Hope* has been criticised for failing to address the political issues its story raises. In particular, Koller has been upbraided for using Turkish dialogue when the family on which the story is based is Kurdish. "When we shot the film, the Kurdish language did not exist officially in Turkey; it was forbidden to use it", Koller explains. Describing his film as concerned not primarily with the plight of the Kurds, but with the more general subject of migration ("It makes no difference to me whether they're Kurds, Turks, or Tamils"), Koller pleads that to decorate his film with political subtexts that he had no intention of exploring in depth would have been opportunistic and insincere.

Indeed, to criticise *Journey of Hope* for failing to portray its migrating protagonists accurately seems a strangely fruitless endeavour, for in essence Koller's film is centrally concerned not with migrants, but with the reactions which migrants inspire in their host countries. "My goal was to give the audience an experience of who these people are, and how it feels to get close to them", explains Koller. "I wanted the audience to ask themselves: 'How am I affected by these people? How do I relate to them?' And

I wanted to talk to them through their hearts rather than by arguments".

Fittingly, the most powerful scene is a heart-breaking final confrontation between Ramser (a Swiss truck driver) and Haydar, the migrant father, who is about to be ignominiously deported back to Turkey. As the two men say goodbye, our sympathies are divided between them, and we are encouraged to identify with Ramser's sense of loss at Haydar's departure. As the scene closes, and the thickening air of despair threatens to engulf the silent pair, a voice murmurs quietly and crucially: "I would have liked to have become your friend".

This scene portrays both parties as victims of a force over which they have no control. And despite its harrowing depictions of the ordeal endured by the travellers on the blizzard-swept Swiss mountains, the primary impact of *Journey of Hope* is not from its ability to make us feel pity for the beleaguered migrants. Rather, the film powerfully restates the liberal-humanist notion that in isolating ourselves from foreigners, we are not only doing them an injustice, but also impoverishing ourselves, our own cultures. "Culture is not a rock that stays the same forever", muses Koller, outlining his personal but popular brand of multicultural humanism. "I think it is a living thing which changes constantly, and when you mix new elements together, it has a positive effect. I see it as positive that we have fresh blood coming in to revitalise our culture.

"My motive is basically humanistic, and if there is a message in my film it is that I wish people to be more open in their hearts and minds towards people of other languages, other nationalities, other skin colours... towards foreigners, towards people we don't know. If we go closer we will lose our fear and become friends... and we will also change ourselves. I like people to be together. I know it's a simple sentiment, but it's a starting point".



Migrants: on the wrong side of the glass, top, and Haydar dreaming of paradise, above



**Before the rebellion:  
Douglas and Strode  
fight for the pleasure  
of patrician Romans  
such as Charles  
Laughton, right**

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE NATIONAL FILM ARCHIVE





# Roman

# games

'Spartacus' had a powerful star and a politically committed screenwriter. So how did Stanley Kubrick put his personal stamp on the film, asks Henry Sheehan?



● The tremendous box office success of *Spartacus* was a wave which propelled Stanley Kubrick on to the golden shores of bankability. A young man of thirty-one, the director demonstrated that he could handle the most expensive and difficult of projects and come up with a broadly appealing hit, a situation which allowed him to go on to make films which were increasingly idiosyncratic, while still remaining among the surest of box office successes. But there is much in *Spartacus* which did not originate with Kubrick and ultimately was beyond his influence. So the question remains: what is Kubrick to *Spartacus*, and what is *Spartacus* to Kubrick?

Certainly when Kubrick began directing *Spartacus*, the potential authorship of the \$12-15 million epic was in dispute. After completing the opening sequence depicting the future rebel leader Spartacus under Roman bondage in ancient Libya, veteran director Anthony Mann had been dismissed. The reasons for his sacking are still shrouded in mystery, though to judge by the vivid footage that still opens the film, these may have amounted to being too sure of his own vision for the comfort of his colleagues and employers.

These roles were joined in star Kirk Douglas, who with his partner Edward Lewis was producing the film under their Bryna Productions banner. Douglas had very definite ideas about the film's presentation and was not shy about sharing, or even enforcing, them. The film's huge price tag also guaranteed close supervision from the executives at Universal, who had other problems at that time. The studio's own-

ership was up in the air, a situation that was settled at some point during the shoot when the MCA agency took over Universal and Lew Wasserman went from being producer/star Douglas' agent to his boss.

While this is a far from exhaustive list of the important players in the making of *Spartacus*, it does suggest from how many quarters power was exercised. The film's programmatic politics, for example, are largely those of two Hollywood blacklistees, Howard Fast, the author of the (self-published) source novel, and Dalton Trumbo, the film's screenwriter.

Even while serving the ten month sentence he earned by refusing to co-operate with the House Committee on Un-American Activities, Trumbo had started his guerrilla campaign against the blacklist, smuggling out a script to be sold under a pseudonym on the underground market. For *Spartacus*, Trumbo planned to use his first open credit in a decade both to break the Hollywood blacklist (a move pre-empted by Otto Preminger's announcement that Trumbo would receive full credit for *Exodus*) and to reintroduce liberal-left discourse into mainstream Hollywood film-making.

Despite its ancient setting and occasionally tortured syntax, Trumbo's script – or at least those portions which involve the active participation of Spartacus himself – is basically Depression drama, drawn from the traditions of the working-class lyricism of the New York stage and from Hollywood notions of heroism. *Spartacus* is a John Garfield-type character, the ultimate everyman fighting against the organization, the mob, corrupt politicians, the big ►



## Making 'Spartacus'

“In 'Spartacus' I tried with only limited success to make the film as real as possible but I was up against a pretty dumb script which was rarely faithful to what is known about Spartacus. History tells us he twice led his victorious slave army to the northern borders of Italy, and could quite easily have gotten out of the country. But he didn't, and instead he led his army back to pillage Roman cities. What the reasons were for this would have been the most interesting question the film might have pondered... If I ever needed any convincing of the limits of persuasion a director can have on a film where someone else is the producer and he is merely the highest-paid member of the crew, 'Spartacus' provided proof to last a lifetime”

**Stanley Kubrick, quoted in 'Kubrick' by Michel Ciment**

“Monday morning, the principals, in costume, were sitting in the balcony of the gladiator arena. Rumours were flying. I took Stanley into the middle of the arena. 'This is your new director'. They looked down at this thirty-year-old youth, thought it was a joke. Then consternation – I had worked with Stanley, they hadn't. That made him 'my boy'. They didn't know that Stanley is nobody's boy. He stands up to anybody”

**Kirk Douglas, 'The Ragman's Son'**

## Filmography

Stanley Kubrick

born 1928, Bronx, New York

**Day of the Fight** 16 mins (1951)

**Flying Padre** 9 mins (1951)

**Fear and Desire** 68 mins (1953)

**Killer's Kiss** 67 mins (1955)

**The Killing** 83 mins (1956)

**Paths of Glory** 87 mins (1957)

**Spartacus** original running time

196 mins; released in the UK

183 mins (1960)

**Lolita** 153 mins (1961)

**Dr Strangelove Or: How I Learned**

**to Stop Worrying and Love the**

**Bomb** 93 mins (1963)

**2001: A Space Odyssey**

original running time 160 mins;

released in the UK 141 mins (1968)

**A Clockwork Orange**

136 mins (1971)

**Barry Lyndon** 187 mins (1975)

**The Shining** original running time

146 mins; released in the UK

144 mins (1980)

**Full Metal Jacket** 116 mins (1987)

◀ fix, or, as it happens, the patricians of Rome. Like the fliers in *Thirty Seconds over Tokyo* (1944), one of Trumbo's most popular pre-blacklist scripts, *Spartacus* is the average man rising to the demands of historical necessity with heroic drive but personal modesty. He gathers his moral purpose not from who he is, but from whom he represents.

It is a character type completely foreign to Kubrick's cinema. Even Kubrick's previous feature, *Paths of Glory*, another Douglas vehicle, exhibits a mordant cynicism about the uselessness of resistance to great power rather than the sort of effusive optimism exuded by the eponymous hero of *Spartacus*.

### Sexual trophies

The expectations aroused by the footage that opens the film, in which a largely mute Spartacus is discovered toiling under the Roman lash and the blazing Libyan sun, are of a typically intimate Anthony Mann saga about a man's brutal struggle against a hostile physical environment. Yet even after the still silent Spartacus is transported by Peter Ustinov's wise-cracking slave dealer Batiatus into the walls of a gladiatorial boot camp, it's hard to detect an emerging authorial hand.

The scenes of the slaves being run through an arduous training course are among the film's best, but they are specifically masterpieces of montage, of economical narrative – not a Kubrick speciality. The first forty-five minutes of *Full Metal Jacket* provides an interesting comparison. In these scenes of raw recruits being turned by a US Marine drill instructor into killing machines, Kubrick does use an extended montage method. However, his individual shots are not so much traditionally compact building blocks as self-contained moments, tracking shots which emphasise temporal and spatial context in a way that mocks the military activity of the boy soldiers.

The irony in the training scenes in *Spartacus* is both gentler and plainer; it is the use of the training, not the training itself, which is cruel, and clearly the slaves will soon turn their new skills against their masters. The rhythm of the scene would never recur in any Kubrick film, and though the film's editor, Robert Lawrence, credits Kubrick for its overall pace and shape, it does not seem out of order to attribute this particular sequence to Lawrence himself. Similarly, the scenes in which Spartacus' purity is tempted by the enforced availability of the slave girl Varinia (Jean Simmons) are further demonstrations of Trumboesque idealism.

But with the arrival of a group of pleasure-seeking Roman nobles headed by Crassus (Laurence Olivier), Kubrick's personal stamp becomes apparent. Although he is famous for his tracking shots, it is the two-shot which is most emblematic of Kubrick's visual style. Usually

a relatively spacious shot, in Kubrick it fixes a pair of conversationalists in constricted postures against which any deviation in gesture becomes doubly suggestive. Often the gaze of these talkers will be fixed outside the frame, or even unfixed, indicative of a mind concerned with objects far removed from the immediate visual field.

When Crassus arrives with his friends, they are immediately shown into Batiatus' salon, where they begin to drink and to fume about the risk that their enemy Gracchus (Charles Laughton) represents to their status. Olivier, who revels in a melodramatic villainy throughout the film, is particularly emphatic in his moody, glassy stares into midspace. Thereafter, brightened by the prospect of a gladiatorial competition to the death, the two aristocratic women in the party – languorous and very contemporary caricatures of the idle rich – move outside, where they ogle the caged slaves. As Batiatus flutters around them trying to sell them worn merchandise, the two decadents are seen feasting their eyes on the sexual trophies outside the frame.

In its tactical deployment of watchers, watched, and a mediating third party trying to block the whole enterprise, it is a sequence that would be echoed in Kubrick's next film *Lolita*. Beyond question the director's best work, *Lolita* consists largely of a series of two-shots arranged by the protagonist, Humbert Humbert (James Mason), in ardent pursuit of the nymphet Lolita (Sue Lyon). Finding himself beset with unwanted company, usually Lolita's mother Charlotte (Shelley Winters), Humbert is constantly trying to move (sometimes literally) one or another character out of the frame and drag Lolita in. The space Humbert (and, he hopes, Lolita) inhabits is defined not so much by what it encompasses as by what it excludes: as with the Roman nobles, the unmanageable rest of the world.

Tracking his Lolita at a high school dance, Humbert finds his solitary regard of his prey constantly interrupted by Charlotte and some friends who are frantically trying to shift his gaze from a keenly desirable object to one less so. Humbert moves around the periphery of the dance floor – separated from it as if by a fence – finding new perspectives from which to watch. Invariably his lonely perch is invaded and violated, but his look remains directed outside the frame. This dance sequence, fluid and geometrically eloquent, is a more sophisticated and graceful version of the scene at the gladiatorial compound in *Spartacus*.

### After freedom

Editor Robert Lawrence, who helped to supervise the recent restoration of *Spartacus*, has described how it became clear as the production went on that the figure of Spartacus





**Revolting slaves:**  
Laurence Olivier fails  
to command slave girl  
Jean Simmons, whom  
he has pressed into  
service in his Roman

**villa, below. Bottom:**  
**Slaves Kirk Douglas**  
**and Tony Curtis with**  
**a characteristic**  
**Kubrick stare out**  
**beyond the frame**



became problematic once he had freed himself in a riot at the gladiator compound. After all, as Lawrence put it, a freed slave is inherently undramatic, his conflict having been resolved to his satisfaction.

Despite the sheer immensity of the scenes involving Spartacus at the head of his increasingly huge slave army, the film-makers do seem to have stooped to certain tricks at times to maintain audience interest. Sometimes it involves no more than inflating standard scenes – letting Spartacus romance Varinia after he finds her bathing, for example. Other devices are more obvious, notably the two appearances of a bejewelled and robed Herbert Lom as a flamboyant pirate who helps to arrange the slaves' escape from Italy.

As the film progresses, the emphasis shifts to the Roman response to Spartacus, reducing him almost to a motif represented within the character of Crassus. Already in Trumbo's construction and Douglas' broad playing a representational figure of freedom and the 'common man', Spartacus becomes a quite dif-

ferent figure in Kubrick's hands – more a symbol for chaos, for everything that is unmanageable. He is Crassus' insecurities come to life and a nightmare of the Roman polity.

Spartacus, the rebellious outsider and force of disruption, and Crassus, the repressive beneficiary of order, are the prototypes for all the Kubrickian protagonists and antagonists to follow. Only in *Lolita* did Kubrick manage to combine the two figures into one piquantly unresolvable paradox, and here he did it twice: in the figure of Humbert Humbert and in his evil double, Clare Quilty. Otherwise, the list of Kubrick's heroes becomes a litany of Spartacuses (Keir Dullea's astronaut in *2001*, Malcolm McDowell's hood in *A Clockwork Orange*, Jack Nicholson's killer in *The Shining*, Ryan O'Neal's adventurer in *Barry Lyndon*, Matthew Modine's recruit in *Full Metal Jacket*) or Crassuses (nearly everyone in *Dr Strangelove*, HAL the computer in *2001*, the scientists and politicians of *A Clockwork Orange*, Lyndon's stepson in *Barry Lyndon*, the telepathic boy in *The Shining*, the drill sergeant in *Full Metal Jacket*).

#### Images of hell

What changes across the films more than the characters is Kubrick's attitude, which becomes increasingly misanthropic. The two films before *Spartacus*, *The Killing* and *Paths of Glory*, are both distinguished by an air of futility, of calamitous efforts gone unrewarded. *Paths of Glory*, in particular, verges on the nihilistic. Largely composed of a series of tracking shots through trenches and banquet halls, this First World War drama concludes with an image of death: three men tied to poles, their bodies pierced by bullets from a firing squad. They have died for nothing, the film says, but human vanity and error.

This is the statement of a coruscating moralist, and if the conclusion coincided with Douglas' intention, the ferocity of tone is clearly Kubrick's. As the years went on, Kubrick began to hold his rebels and revolutionaries in the same regard as their oppressive opponents. If *Spartacus* is vaguely defined in an outline of hazy idealism, later Kubrick rebels would become nearly devilish in their stark outlines. In fact, the most recent image that Kubrick has left us is an image of hell, of young men singing a children's song as they march from one wartime atrocity to another, womanless and childless.

What a difference from the end of *Spartacus*, in which the line of crucified innocents is mitigated by a man, a woman and a child heading for the horizon. Kubrick may have wanted to turn away from the kitsch implicit in such an image, but he may have turned away from much more besides.

● A new print of *Spartacus* will be released in Britain on 25 October



A drama set at the Channel Tunnel terminal and all-night chat shows: is this the future of regional TV, asks Peter Goodwin, as he wades through the Channel 3 franchise bids?

● "The regional basis of what will become Channel 3 is crucial". So said the 1988 White Paper, *Broadcasting in '90s: Competition, Choice and Quality*. The platitude is worth noting. *Broadcasting in the '90s* was the high water mark of the Tory drive to deregulate commercial television in the UK. The final version of the 1990 Broadcasting Act blunted the edge of that drive, yet even before the blunting, the regional basis of ITV (and its successor, Channel 3) was apparently unchallengeable. Indeed, the White Paper went out of its way to strengthen it, declaring for the first time that the requirement for regional programming would be statutory.

So ITV's regionality is now sacrosanct. Which is strange, considering that if one goes by the structure of its national press, Britain, or at least England, is one of the least regionally differentiated of European countries. France's ITV equivalent, TFI, is national. And in Germany it is a public network, ARD, that is regionally based, while new private channels like SAT 1 and RTL Plus, are national.

The aim of the original decision in 1954 to establish ITV as several regional franchises was to create competition within commercial television. Today, in the times of the franchise auction, perhaps the most important result of the debate around the Broadcasting Bill has been that the Independent Television Commission (ITC) has come out of it able, and willing, to set a high "quality threshold" which applicants for a Channel 3 licence have to surmount before their cash bid is taken into account. Thames

Television's director of programmes, David Elstein, neatly summed up the details of the threshold as "ITV plus". In other words, the ITC has codified for the new Channel 3 a slightly rosy interpretation of what ITV does now.

Regionality is at the very centre of the quality threshold. "The ITC considers that the provision of a strong regional service is an essential part of the licensee's responsibilities", says the commission's *Invitation to Apply for a Channel 3 Regional Licence*. The document sets down minimum hours of regional (and in some cases sub-regional) programming, which must include news "of high quality" and "a suitable range of other material, for example social action programmes". And there is a requirement that 80 per cent of regional programmes must be produced within the region itself.

#### Local heroes

Some broadcasting industry observers thought that this emphasis on regionality was deliberately designed to benefit the ITV incumbents against challengers. The existing licence holders must, after all, know something about the region they serve – and unlike in some previous franchise rounds, none of the present incumbents seems to have generated much positive hostility locally.

But fear of being wrong-footed when jumping the quality hurdle has meant that most of the challengers have taken regionality seriously. A good chunk of each of the thirty-seven fat application documents is devoted to a section demonstrating how the applicant understands his (and it almost always is *his*) region. Virtually every challenger proposes not only more regional hours than the ITC requires, but more than the current incumbent provides. Many also propose extra sub-regional services.

A suitable amount of ingenuity is devoted to giving old regional ideas a new gloss, or new ideas a regional gloss. Europe, for example, has now become part of the regional package. Carlton Television's South and South East England promises a drama set at the Channel Tunnel terminal and "reportage focused on the region's natural link with mainland Europe". In

the Yorkshire region, White Rose pronounces that "the North Sea is, and always has been, a gateway – for the Celts, Angles and Danes, and now to the Single European Market. The problems of the coal industry of South Yorkshire are shared with those of Belgium..."

The traditional way for ITV franchise bidders to show their regional commitment has been to include a number of notables with regional connections (often as non-executive directors) on their boards. The tried and tested tactic is repeated this time round. In some cases this is because the leading forces behind the bid are genuinely local. In others, the driving force may be regionally agnostic, but it has manufactured a tailor-made consortium, with a tailor-made board. The MAI-led Meridian bid against TVS in South and South East England is a good example of this.

But two major contenders have not put regional worthies on their boards – the Virgin-led CPV-TV, which is bidding for London weekday, East of England and South and South East England, and Carlton Television, also bidding for London weekday and South and South East (though CPV-TV does say that it will put four non-executive directors with regional connections on the board of whichever region it wins).

One can sympathise with both consortia's refusal to indulge in traditional boardroom window dressing. Chief executive of CPV-TV, Charles Levison, says his team is familiar with all three regions and would be equally at home in any of them. And Carlton chief executive, Nigel Walmsley, claims quite rightly that "the important thing when it comes to programmes are the people who actually make them – not the non-executive directors".

Carlton must be rated among the favourite challengers to knock out an incumbent. So it would be ironic if the main beneficiary of this most regionally geared of franchise rounds was the contender who had most deliberately eschewed regional decoration. The issue should also raise a hint of doubt among adherents of ITV's regional cult. For while 71 per cent of viewers interviewed in the IBA's survey *Mapping Regional Views* said they would like to see more

# The road from Coronation Street





ILLUSTRATION BY CLIFFORD HARPER

programmes "about their area" on ITV, there does not seem to have been any protest at the prospect of a company without specifically local involvement.

More important, perhaps, is sub-regional provision. Because transmission maps do not coincide with cultural ones, ITV regions can be arbitrary constructs. For example, North Yorkshire receives its signal from the transmitter which also covers Teesside, and is therefore currently served by Tyne Tees. And even in their heartlands, most of the regions embrace a number of local areas with which viewers identify considerably more than with the ITV region itself. Some of the least populous regions have the problem in peculiarly sharp terms. "There are three distinctive cultures in Scotland - Lowland, Highland and Nordic. Uniquely all three are to be found in North Scotland", says North Scotland incumbent, Grampian. So when 25 per cent of interviewees in *Mapping Regional Views* say they want more news about their locality, they may well mean more about these smaller divisions.

### Divided kingdoms

The obvious solution is to provide a separate or 'opted-out' service in particular slots each week for two or more sub-divisions of the region. In certain regions the ITC requires the licensee to do just that - for example, the Midlands is a 'triple region', with three or four hours a week of sub-regional programming required for each of the East, West and South Midlands. A good many contenders have proposed extra hours of sub-regional programming or extra sub-regions on top of the ITC-set minimum. South and South East challenger, Meridian, proposes dividing the region into three rather than the required two. It will create a separate service for the Thames Valley and north Hampshire area, which its research, not surprisingly, shows has little affinity with the south coast.

Dividing the regions up, however, costs money. Put crudely, it means producing more hours of programming to cover the same audience. North of Scotland Television may identify five different groups in its region who could ►



◀ usefully have a separate service, but states bluntly: "In a region with only 1.16 per cent of NAR (total ITV advertising revenue) the possibility of more than one opt-out was not, at this moment, considered viable".

Some contenders argue that their extra opt-outs might in the end pay for themselves by improving audiences and so boosting advertising revenue. Meridian's chief executive, Roger Laughton, maintains that "in the long term that third extra local programme should boost the performance of ITV in the south. If you win your local news battle it has a cascade effect on the rest of the programming". While neither of the other challengers to TVS has felt it necessary to add an extra sub-region to the South and South East, the early evening regional news is clearly recognised as the most important regular regional programming in audience terms (most of the rest is outside peak-time). So a significant number of challengers propose extending the current pattern of a half-hour early evening local news programme into an hour-long regional magazine.

Often this is justified by material from the challenger's audience research which suggests that the viewers find the incumbent's regional programming thin or lacklustre. So CPV-TV's London weekday bid quotes a variety of disparaging viewer comments about Thames' regional news. "It's like a local summary of who murdered whom today in the suburbs", is one. In contrast, CPV-TV claims that its planned replacement, *The Capital Hour*, will embrace not only local news, current affairs, politics, sport and social action, but also "how people live and work in London, their lifestyle, how they relax, entertainment, shopping, fashion and the city's history and culture".

### Costly flair

Phil Redmond's North West Television (NWT), challenging Granada for the North West England licence, comes up with apparently similar findings. Asked to name a programme made by Granada, only 2 per cent of local respondents first named the local news programme as against 58 per cent who named *Coronation Street*. North West Television proposes an hour-long daily early evening magazine, *North West Today and Tomorrow*. "The belief", NWT argues, "is that a strong mix of regional hard news, current affairs, features, regional sport, what's on, consumerism, tourism, travelogues and viewer involvement will build a strong regional loyalty ready to hand over to the Network programming at 19.00".

It might. But hour-long early evening regional news magazine programmes have been tried before without notable audience success. The new advocates of the format will argue that this time they will do things with "style and flair" (*The Capital Hour*). But this sort of programme requires considerably higher production values, and therefore higher costs. If you are simply talking audience share, then the experience of the past suggests that the extra money might just as well be spent on a better bought-in game show or soap. The often

'It's more like a local summary of who murdered whom today in the suburbs', is one comment about the existing Thames regional news programme

low recognition of the existing regional programmes in viewer surveys may well indicate not a particular flaw in the incumbent's presentation, but a limited appetite for regional fare produced on the modest budgets at which any licensee would find it economic.

There is one new factor that may change this situation. The challenge of the nationally based satellite channels and of the possible city-based Channel 5 could mean that there will be commercial pressures for Channel 3 to emphasise regionalism as its particular brand strength. The one 1991 Channel 3 bidder to take this line to its logical conclusion is Redmond's North West Television.

NWT does not just propose the hour-long *North West Today and Tomorrow* at 6pm each weekday evening. There will also be *North West Tonight* for five hours a night – "a marriage of *Midnight Caller*-style radio services, free form magazine programmes and even more unstructured programmes such as Channel 4's *After Dark*" – a talk show with everything (inexpensive) from snatch videos to phone-ins. On top of that will be a morning 'timeshare' slot from a different town each day, a half-hour daily lunchtime schools or community action programme and a daily half-hour late evening business/arts programme.

NWT claims that the region it intends to target is much changed from the stereotype it suggests Granada has catered for. "It will be important for the new television station to shift the perception of the region, and others outside it, away from the image of ten years



ago, an image that for many is still portrayed by the back-to-back terraces and washing lines contained in the title sequence of *Coronation Street*". NWT backs its new vision by quoting figures like the decline in the proportion of manufacturing jobs in the North West – from 40 per cent to 26 per cent in the last decade.

Redmond's proposals have been received with a certain amount of derision by many broadcasters, the standard criticism being that they add up to a cheap amateur show that no one will want to watch. Certainly by network peaktime standards the programming is very cheap – someone in a studio "talking to the region" during the night is one of the cheapest forms of television you can get. A close look at NWT's application reveals a few other money-saving gags: dispensation to use some non-broadcast standard equipment and community programmes funded largely by community organisations themselves.

### Night moves

Redmond has some persuasive replies. "You've *Been Framed* is claimed as one of the great successes of ITV – what is that but amateur photography repackaged with a front man and a studio?" He maintains that NWT's proposed night service is in fact costed at a higher level than Granada's. "The present night service is a dustbin of all the acquired material that they have to take when they buy James Bond. The figures indicate no one watches it and revenue is minimum. It is a resource. Why don't we see what we can do with it?"

But as Redmond cheerfully reveals, so tiny is revenue on the night service that he would either have to halve or triple audiences for it even to register on his financial model. And even if NWT were successful in raising the regional percentage of advertising revenue from its current 6 per cent to a target of 15 per cent, that still leaves 85 per cent national.

Under the old system, the regional ITV companies made most of the nationally networked programmes and carved up between them who should produce what. For all its many faults, that system did succeed in putting a crude regional clout into the network.

Under the newly emerging ITV system, at least some of the sizeable regional broadcasters will no longer make network programmes themselves. Instead, they will be 'publishers' commissioning from independents. Network programming will be controlled by a central scheduler, and increasingly independent producers will have direct access to that scheduler. The change may have significant advantages, but what it will also do is take the regional companies further away from direct decisions about the power house of ITV – the network programming. On top of that, by the mid-90s we will see some of the new licensees being taken over, and some of the weaker ITV regions swallowed up by the bigger ones.

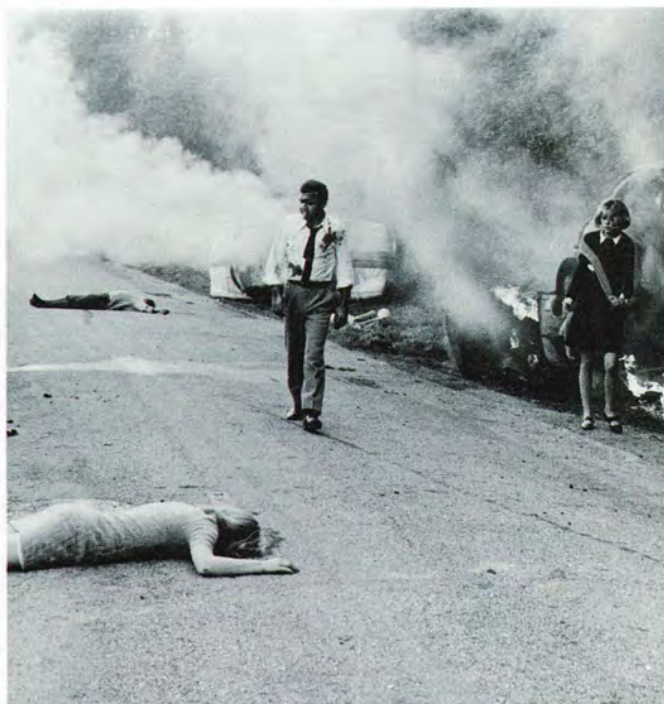
As these new developments go on, industry and government spokesmen will still regularly incant their devotion to Channel 3's regional foundations. But will anyone be listening?



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# Brando's last tango

Andrew Sarris

**Brando: A Life in Our Times**

Richard Schickel, Pavilion, £14.99, 218pp

Richard Schickel's meditation on Marlon Brando begins with a chapter in the form of an open letter to a culture hero from a devoted admirer. Thus jettisoning the hobgoblin of 'objectivity' at the outset, the biographer immerses his own life and times, and that of his generation, in the murky mythology of his subject. Schickel has written with insight in the past on Walt Disney, Douglas Fairbanks, Cary Grant, D. W. Griffith and James Cagney, and he has written painfully frank memoirs of his own complicated existence. But never before has he attempted to mix biography and autobiography with such audacious aplomb.

In speaking not only for himself and his celebrated subject, but also for an entire subculture of like-minded pilgrims, Schickel runs the risk of being regarded as presumptuous. Fortunately, he explains much more than he exploits a famous figure of almost limitlessly lurid possibilities for an unscrupulous biographer. Indeed, Schickel approaches his task with a guilty awareness of the catastrophic scandal that has recently engulfed the Brando family. In his opening 'letter', dated 1 March 1991, Schickel answers his own rhetorical question:

"Why am I writing to you? Because I seem to have written something about you, and I find it difficult to let it go forth into the world without offering an apology for my intrusion on your life and an explanation for the form that intrusion has taken.

"That is especially so at this wretched moment, when tragedy has afflicted you and your family, and the gossip press has for some months been in full, distasteful cry... purporting to shed light on the awful events of last May 16 when your son Christian shot and killed Dag Drollet who, as all the world now knows, was your daughter Cheyenne's lover and the father of her unborn child... I know... that it is impossible for outsiders to reach the heart of this kind of darkness. And I don't propose to join in this cheap and foredoomed enterprise. Indeed, this work was in progress last May and, aside from its epilogue, was completed before the law reached its conclusion in the case of your son who has now pleaded guilty to voluntary manslaughter".

In this introductory letter, Schickel sets the tone for the six subsequent chapters and epilogue. He notes that Brando, once the avatar of youthful rebellion, is now past sixty-six, a year beyond the age of eligibility for Social Security. His movie career has slowed to cameos and walk-ons, though at a prodigious rate of payment. Still, the actor remains a vibrant presence in Schickel's moviegoing imagination.

The critic anoints "Jack Nicholson, Robert De Niro, Dustin Hoffman and pos-

sibly Al Pacino, all of whose careers you made possible" as Brando's successors. But he disdains today's young people "preoccupied by the likes of Tom Cruise and Mel Gibson". He also blames the kids for being "more interested in Marilyn Monroe - she reads more easily than you do".

But Schickel reserves his greatest scorn for "later generations... interested in James Dean. Can you imagine? The kid who copied you!... There is much to be said for dying young in circumstances melodramatically appropriate to your public image. There is very little to be said for living long and burying that image in silence, suet and apparent cynicism".

This is advocacy journalism with a vengeance, and somewhat cruel and callous besides. Still, "apparent" is a crucial modifier of "cynicism". It is the key to Schickel's revisionist approach to the more questionable qualities ascribed to Brando by his detractors, namely cynicism, self-indulgence, reclusive slothfulness, irresponsibility, selfishness, and inconsiderateness. Not so, says Schickel, and, as a perennial Brando-basher, I must say he makes a strong case for a reappraisal of Brando's life, art and persona.

One can pick holes in the arguments here and there, yet still be impressed by the overall coherence of the new image of Brando fashioned by Schickel in these pages. No longer the mumbler with the torn undershirt and the half-baked Stanislavskian theories, the star emerges instead as an intuitive blend of classical and modernist tendencies. The biographer may hit too hard too often on Brando's alcoholic parents, who forced the actor into a lifelong pattern of evasion and denial. Yet by supplying the most rudimentary psychological underpinning to Brando's seemingly bizarre behaviour, Schickel enables us to see that his techniques have never really been those of the Method, but of something more external, something that's closer to John Gielgud, Laurence Olivier and Benoît-Constant Coquelin than to Lee Strasberg. By seeking to escape the traumas of childhood through a variety of disguises, Brando operated in the classical mode of building a character from the outside in rather than from the inside out.

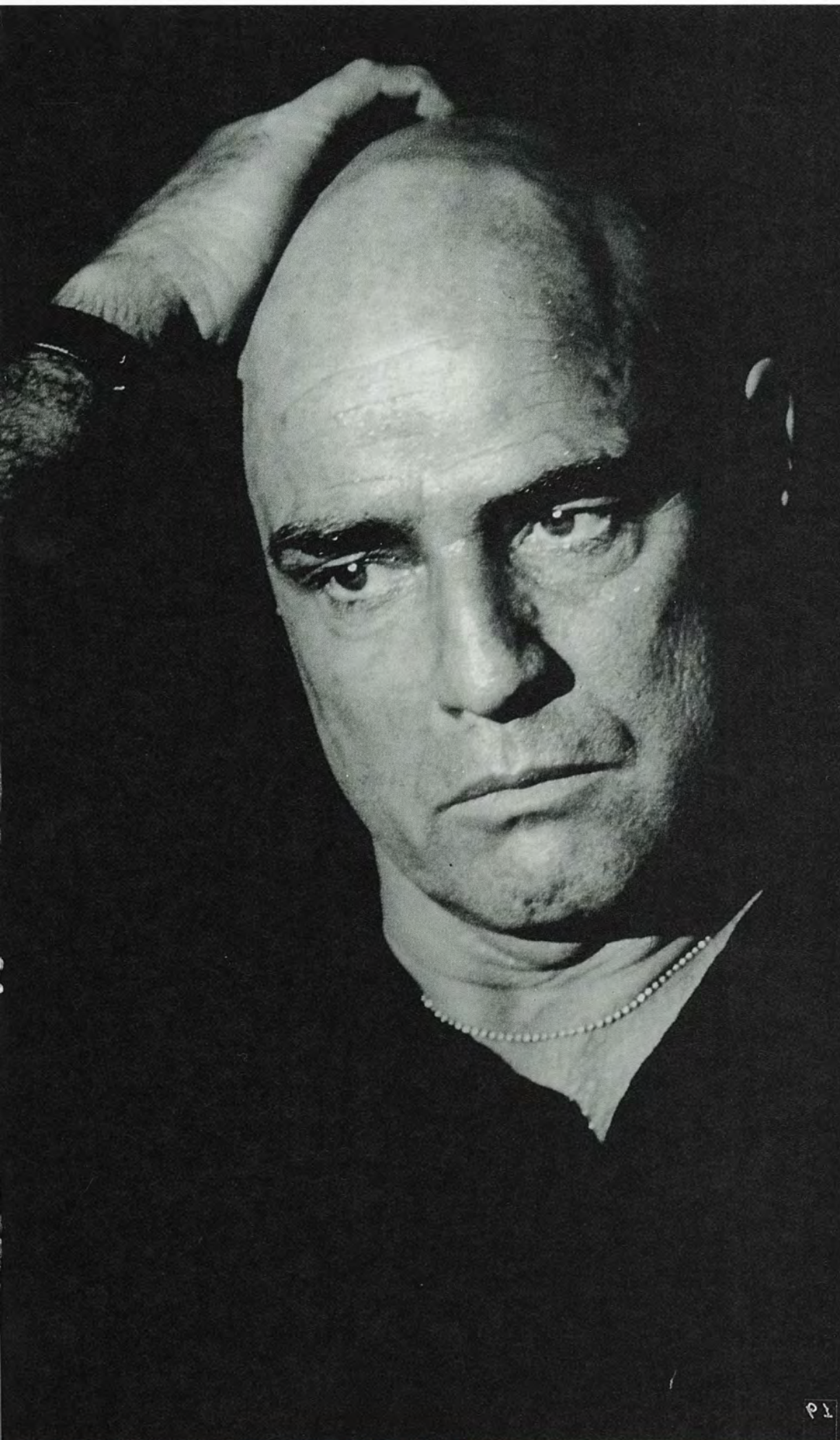
For me, the clincher to Schickel's ingenious argument is his description of Brando's enormous admiration for Paul Muni during the run of Ben Hecht's *A Flag Is Born* on the Broadway stage. I happened to see Brando in a Faye Emerson talk show of that era, and I heard him praising Muni to the skies for the latter's hammy outrageousness. At the time I didn't make the connection. Brando seemed coarse and arrogant, but fully in command. I had not yet perceived the underlying shyness and vulnerability. Far from imposing himself, he was running away from himself.

Schickel plunges into the tempestuous Stanislavskian/Strasbergian/Adlerian/Odetian/Marxist/Leninist/Kazanian/Schulber-



Arrogant and self-indulgent or just running away from an unhappy childhood? Culture hero Marlon Brando's career spanned from the rebel of 'The Wild One' and 'On the Waterfront', above, to the demented demigod of 'Apocalypse Now', right





RONALD GRANT/FBI

gian/Zanuckian turbulence of his time to extract the idiosyncratic essence of Brando's acting achievements. But there are no major revisions of the critical reputations of the movies themselves. Brando's best and most collaborative work is still to be found early in his career, under the direction of Elia Kazan in *A Streetcar Named Desire* and *On the Waterfront*, and later under Francis Coppola in *The Godfather*, and, arguably, Bernardo Bertolucci in *Last Tango in Paris*. The biographer has filled in all the other gaps with first rate cinematic analysis and apt analogies. I tend to agree with him, for example, on Brando's underrated flair for farce on almost the moronic level in Ralph Levy's *Bedtime Story*.

Schickel never gives Brando a blank cheque to cover his many career lapses, but he does place the actor's most egregious failures in a sensible perspective. In the process, he tilts his lance of demystification at the facile Faustian hectoring of Brando by formidable journalists Truman Capote and Pauline Kael. Schickel is clearly not afraid of anything or anyone in enthroning Brando for an ever more fickle and media-saturated posterity.

I disagree violently with Schickel's disparaging remarks about Teresa Wright and John Garfield. In my innermost being I wouldn't trade Wright's luminous performance in Alfred Hitchcock's *Shadow of a Doubt* for Brando's entire career, and I cannot understand why Garfield is so little valued or remembered today. These and other reservations aside, Schickel's is the most penetrating and persuasive biography of Brando you are likely to read.

## Body blows

Simon Watney

**Aperture Number 121, Fall 1990:  
The Body in Question**

Melissa Harris (ed), Robert Hale,  
£12.95, 80pp

Founded after the Second World War by photographer Minor White, *Aperture* has long been regarded as the flagship journal of American modernist and formalist photography. Its issues have usually been organised thematically, and the work of many of the century's greatest art photographers has appeared on its beautifully produced pages.

But in recent years, *Aperture* has seemed, rather like a respectable elderly aunt who has stopped reading the papers, increasingly out of touch with many of the more exciting developments in contemporary photography. This image has been shaken up by this special issue, edited by Melissa Harris, formerly assistant editor of *Artforum*, who has put together a remarkable selection of essays and photo-projects focusing on different representations of the body.

"What body?", asks Roland Barthes in *The Pleasure of the Text*. "We have several of them; the body of anatomists and physiologists, the one science sees and discusses... But we also have the body of bliss consisting solely of erotic relations, utterly distinct from the first body". It is with ►



◀ this "body of bliss" that *The Body in Question* is chiefly concerned – a courageous decision at a time when, as the editorial points out: "Debates around censorship, reproductive rights, AIDS, and domestic violence are growing more and more heated".

And the same piece goes on to develop the argument: "What we are in fact threatened with is a drive toward a rigid social conformity, with the body as the pawn, or (as Barbara Kruger has termed it) the 'battleground' in struggles between differing conceptions of public morality and individual freedoms".

*The Body in Question* contains several articles of significance to readers in Britain, where debate about censorship is less developed than in the US. In particular, Carole S. Vance in 'Photography, Pornography and Sexual Politics' points out that: "Sexually explicit images are under attack because they stand in for sexual behaviours and attitudes that conservative groups would like to control and even eliminate". Vance, Tom Kalin (writing on Aids and 'the family'), Edward de Grazia, Elizabeth Hess and others agree that images do not possess simple fixed meanings and that their interpretation is defined by social context, including the identity of the spectator.

Much of the issue focuses on the vexed question of the representation of children. It chronicles the prosecution of several artists who have used photography to explore questions of infantile and adolescent sexuality, including Jock Sturges and Alice Sims. Allen Ginsberg pursues the familiar liberal-humanist line, which draws analogies between the censorship of such work and the possible censorship of high art. This unhelpful argument defends the abstract principle of free speech without engaging with the conscious goals of would-be censors, which need to be countered politically.

As a photographic historian, I cannot help but note the irony that it should be *Aperture* which has produced such a brave, timely and well-judged intervention into mainstream photographic criticism. Its founder was himself deeply troubled by his homosexuality in another period of intense homophobia. I think Minor White

would have been especially proud of this issue, which has as its avowed aim the elimination of the kind of prejudice that made his own life miserable, and which continues to blight our supposedly democratic Western societies.

## Culture schlock

Elizabeth Wilson

### Cultural Icons

James Park (ed), Bloomsbury, £12.99, 482pp

*Cultural Icons* attempts to condense the history and meaning of the (largely Western) world since 1945 into summaries of the life and work of 1,000 'key figures'. Initially prejudiced against the enterprise, I found myself changing my mind as I read with admiration deft paragraphs which did indeed seem to encapsulate the essence of such diverse individuals as Julia Kristeva and Margaret Thatcher, André Courrèges and Pelé.

But a third phase set in when I began to feel that these summaries, balanced yet opinionated, challenging yet clichéd, were in some cases too predictable (Mrs Thatcher), in some simply failed to capture their subject (Raymond Queneau), and in others were just confusing (General Franco). Park's familiarity with the film industry means that the book is good on film stars. Perhaps more surprisingly, it's also insightful on French philosophers. But in other respects, there's too much of a curate's egg about it.

The book's usefulness as a ready reference volume is outweighed by its inevitable superficiality, the arbitrariness of its choice of subjects and an imbalance of judgments in proportion to facts. In a brief and sententious introduction entitled 'The Contemporary Carnival', Park assures us that: "Living through the late twentieth century has been, for most people in the developed world, an experience of rapid, accelerating change. Secure patterns of belief and organisation collapsed long ago". Really? I should think this was much more true of my grandmother's lifetime than of my own. Park's too lit-

eral adherence to post-modern rhetoric assumes that the arrival of the computer and the 'media revolution' outweigh in importance the coming of the automobile, electricity and world war.

Would it have been better to have omitted political figures? Some, such as Margaret Thatcher, have clearly become 'cultural icons', but Clement Atlee? And would Saddam Hussein have been given an entry two years ago? The starting point of 1945 is also arbitrary, excluding some, like Walter Benjamin, who although dead by that date have exerted more influence in recent years than in their lifetime.

I can see why someone (a publisher desperate for profit?) thought this book would be a good idea, but it turns out to be nobody's cultural bible. An acid test might be: would I give it to an enquiring fourteen-year-old? I don't think so. Though it may have been a lot of fun to do, knowing, not-too-far-left-of-centre flippancy is no way to write a reference book.

## Artful dodge

Peter de Francia

### Moving Pictures

Anne Hollander, Harvard University Press, £15.25, 512pp

Books about the relationship between film and painting are rare. The few exceptions, such as Standish Lawder's excellent *The Cubist Cinema* (1975), deal with specific pictorial languages made use of by cinema. Anne Hollander makes a praiseworthy attempt to forge some links (a difficult task, given the precise historical beginnings of one medium and the ancient origins of the other), but her arguments are frequently flawed. The examples of 'filmic' types of painting offered are largely confined to early Flemish works, Dutch genre pictures and nineteenth-century pieces, many of which were influenced by photography. In the case of the last two, the connections are easily established through their treatment of light.

Hollander writes that "the art of the past has influenced movies, not in the way that movie makers have tried to recreate well known great works – although they have done that often – but through the undying resonance in their eyes and hearts of the visual imagery of the past". Nevertheless, a number of the book's illustrations are images from films that derive directly from paintings: Carl Dreyer's *Vredens Dag* (*Day of Wrath*), based on Rembrandt's *Syndics of the Drapers Guild*; Caspar David Friedrich's paintings contrasted with a still from the film *Tom Sawyer*; and John Martin's illustrations for *Paradise Lost* juxtaposed with Fritz Lang's *Metropolis*.

The first chapter, in which the author outlines her principal arguments, is the most interesting, but what follows fails to live up to it. Five centuries of Western painting roll past in what resembles a speeded-up version of the Sears Roebuck catalogue, except that Byzantine and medieval art are excluded, iconic imagery is not mentioned and twentieth-century painting – highly relevant in terms of



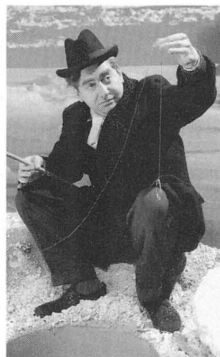
The body as site of struggle: from the stark message of Barbara Kruger's poster, above, to the gender games of New York's drag balls, left







**Innovation and quality:**  
**'Z Cars', left, and**  
**'Hancock's Half Hour',**  
**below, broke the rules**  
**of familiar TV formats**



light and movement – is omitted. What we get are fast food recipes: “Breughel was an artist with both a poetic and graphic temperament who clearly would have made movies if he could”.

We are on safer ground in a chapter entitled ‘Early Baroque’, which discusses the work of the great seventeenth-century engraver, Jacques Callot. Callot’s small-scale engravings include scenes from the *commedia dell’arte*, the suite *Martyrdom of the Saints* and the series *The Miseries of War* – all portrayed in a highly filmic language. His use of massed figures in battle scenes – frequently represented in ‘long shot’ – and his preparatory drawings make use of a notion only picked up again in nineteenth-century photography: that of rapid arrested movement recorded by the camera. The engraving *A Combat with Swords* is usefully juxtaposed here with a still from Sergei Eisenstein’s *Alexander Nevsky*.

The French historian of the cinema Georges Sadoul also stressed the originality of Callot’s work in his book on the artist published in 1977. But Sadoul’s approach differs dramatically from that of Hollander. Hollander’s thesis is that in order to satisfy rulers, dukes and princes of the church, artists who had “a strong understanding of show business” were employed. She continues: “In order to sustain the right note a certain *panache*, a festive sort of excitement would have to suffuse all kinds of imagery. It would apply to records of grisly executions no less than descriptions of stage productions”. In contrast to this sanitised description, Sadoul, using enlargements of details from the prints, demonstrates that the savagery of torture and executions carried out in the wars which ravaged Lorraine can be seen to have few parallels.

Hollander’s analyses of films tend to be inconclusive and confused. Discussing Ermanno Olmi’s *Lalbero degli zoccoli* (*The Tree of Wooden Clogs*), for instance, she claims it as a good example of “documentary pictorial Romanticism”. “Emotional response”, she goes on, “is drawn from the viewer by the muted colour, the composition, lighting and editing of the action that renders it artless”. But it could just as easily be said that *The Tree of Wooden Clogs* is riddled with ‘artistic’ pretensions and that this is the Achilles’ heel of Olmi’s direction. The composition, muted colour, and so on are entirely derived from the paint-

ings of I Macchiaioli, a group of artists in Tuscany in the mid-nineteenth century.

Somewhere along the line Jean-Baptiste Siméon Chardin, an eighteenth-century ‘cinematic’ painter, receives an accolade. The objects grouped together in his still-lifes “do not sit there passively waiting for human lives to give them a point. They engage with one another like family members”. This leads Hollander to identify a recently shot rabbit and partridge, lying together in death, as Romeo and Juliet. And she refers to a tiny onion in another picture and wonders, “what is it thinking?” Should the onion proffer an answer, it might well be unprintable.

## Then and now

Paul Kerr

### Popular Television in Britain: Studies in Cultural History

John Corner (ed), BFI Publishing,  
£11.95, 211pp

“A number of experienced television producers were then honourably – but perhaps trifle myopically – mainly interested in creating programmes of cultural importance designed for minorities, and it was vital that they should realise that unless their programmes were popular as well as valuable their chance of producing valuable programmes in the future might vanish altogether”. (Grace Wyndham Goldie, *Facing the Nation: Broadcasting 1936-76*, quoted in *Popular Television in Britain*.)

As ITV executives bite their nails about who bid highest for the Channel 3 licenses and scratch their heads about ‘quality’, the BBC walks a tightrope between public service and popularity, and Channel 4 cuts back in preparation for selling its own airtime in an advertising recession, this warning sounds chillingly familiar. However, it refers not to the early 90s but to the late 50s.

In the 50s and early 60s the forms of television with which we are still familiar were being worked out, as it were, on air. John Corner’s excellent anthology contains case studies of key programmes in that process, from such resilient TV genres as the sitcom, the single play, the documentary, the pop music programme, the sports magazine and the cop show.

To take one example, Peter Goddard’s contribution outlines how the unusual

use of close-ups for reaction shots in *Hancock’s Half Hour* capitalised on both Hancock’s expressive features and Sid James’ cinema experience, while also deriving from producer Duncan Wood and writers Galton and Simpson’s comparative ignorance of television and its conventions. This innovation set a precedent for future TV comedy in its shift of emphasis away from music hall jokes and towards dramatic characterisation.

The first two series of six episodes each were, like most television at that time, shot live. But learning the lines for and performing the third series of thirteen programmes in autumn 1957 proved such a strain on his star that Wood got permission to pre-record four shows for the next series. When Ampex videotape became available the following year, Wood was one of the first to show interest, pre-recording part of the next series with it. The series subsequently demonstrated that video could also be edited, the result of which was an unanticipated quickening of the comic pace – just what the BBC needed in order to bring home-grown programming up to the speed of filmed imports like *Bilko*.

After *Hancock*, Galton, Simpson and Wood went on to create *Steptoe and Son*, one of several innovations in “popular as well as valuable” programming in 1962. That year saw the advent of a number of BBC series aimed at maintaining ‘values’ but retrieving viewers from ITV. Thus in the first week of January the pilot episode of *Steptoe* was transmitted, while *Compact*, the BBC’s first twice-weekly soap, and *Z Cars* (which later became, long before *The Bill*, Britain’s first twice-weekly cop show) were launched.

Stuart Laing describes how *Z Cars* replaced the escapism of previous crime series (*Dixon of Dock Green* was a product of the Light Entertainment department) with documentary drama, adding, as with *Hancock*, a change of pace. While remaining live, *Z Cars* incorporated pre-recorded inserts and back projection, with up to six cameras and fifteen sets per episode.

Such interdepartmental blending and technical innovation were crucial to the creativity of the era. Whether or not today’s industrial flux will prove as creative remains to be seen, though the evidence is not very encouraging. In the meantime, this book provides not only an excellent starting point for discussion of how innovation and ‘quality’ come into being, but also an antidote to the myopia of those in the industry – and in parliament – as they wait for those envelopes to be opened in October.

## Tooth and law

David Thompson

### The Films of Carlos Saura: The Practice of Seeing

Marvin D’Lugo, Princeton University  
Press, \$45, 251pp

If one director emerged from Spain in that ‘golden age’ of 60s European cinema, it must be Carlos Saura. Yet the vagaries ►





◀ of British taste and distribution have meant that his films predating the 'flamenco trilogy' – *Bodas de sangre* (*Blood Wedding*), *Carmen* and *El amor brujo* (*Love, the Magician*) – have only sporadically been screened here. By close examination of the director's work, Martin D'Lugo has come up with a thesis that all Saura's films seem to support. And given our self-imposed lack of familiarity with the objects of his interest, it's a hard one to refute.

Saura has made easy the wholesale application of the auteur theory, since from the beginning he declared his intention always to be the author of his films. D'Lugo rightly points out how integral was his stand against the Franco government, and how out of this and other oppositions has emerged a 'conceptual signature'. Crudely stated, this resides in the way Saura's characters allow him to shift perspective through their often contradictory viewpoints. It might play off corrupted dream against pure reality, or even pure dream against corrupted reality, but mainly rests on an ambiguity of interpretation which the spectator must resolve.

All of which has made most writing on Saura a tortuous affair. Detailed and conscientious though D'Lugo is, his painstaking unpicking of Saura's multi-levelled work does make the films – as discussed on the page – seem arduous viewing. Even Saura's first short, *Cuenca*, a quizzical documentary on Castilian life, is described as "a young film-maker's first sustained reflection on the cultural and discursive practices that have contributed to the static and deformed image of tradi-

tional Spain, told through a narrative cinematic language that actively engages its spectator in the interrogation of that deforming process". This is not a book for the academically uninitiated.

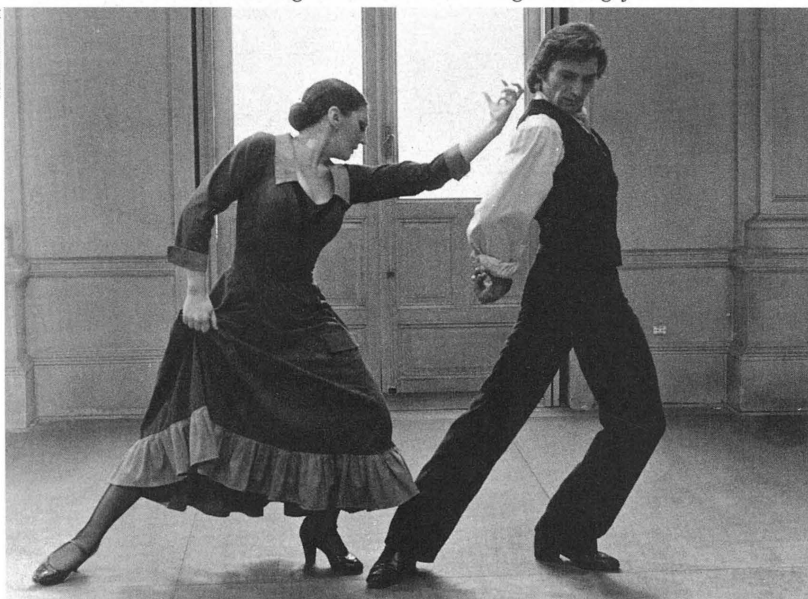
Nevertheless, there is a fascinating career story here. Despite the critical praise his first feature *Los golfos* (*The Hooligans*) received, Saura's career was stalled for some years, partly thanks to his part in setting up Buñuel's *Viridiana*, a film distinctly hurtful to the Franco regime. It was his collaborations with the wily producer Elias Querejeta and rising European actress Geraldine Chaplin that put him on the international map. D'Lugo is shy about Saura's intense relationship with Chaplin, but is on stronger ground in detailing the games director and producer played with the censor in the making of their singular political allegories.

Clearly the devil they knew was not so dumb either. *Ana y los lobos* (*Anna and the Wolves*, 1972) told of a family consisting of a matriarch (the regime) supported by three sons (a military nut, a religious obsessive and a capitalistic sex maniac) corrupting an innocent maid. One censor noted that "Saura's and Querejeta's vision of Spain, although we don't like it, lacks proselytising, demoralising force. If it is prohibited, it will lead to scandal and to protests against the government. For that reason I would authorize it without cuts".

Unfortunately, D'Lugo's book does not cover *iAy Carmela!*, Saura's return to a Civil War subject (which until the mid-70s could only be referred to as 'the war') and his biggest commercial success in years. It's proved a refreshing antidote to his recent turgid adventures in co-production land (*Antonieta*, *El Dorado*), but at the same time complete freedom has resulted in a rather toothless, character-led comedy.

Better to reflect on the real passion and engagement of his 1980 'youth' movie, *Deprisa, Deprisa* (*Hurry, Hurry*), apparently too tough to win proper distribution outside Spain. It certainly suggested that however rewarding an academic appreciation of Saura's aesthetic games may be, nothing succeeds so well for this director as something to be angry about.

**Passion and politics:**  
Carlos Saura's  
'Carmen', top, and  
'Blood Wedding', left



## Shorts

### War Photography: Realism in the British Press

John Taylor, Comedia/Routledge, £9.99, 199pp

● A beautifully produced, well-illustrated analysis of how British photojournalism's coverage of war, tragedy and disasters contributes to building a sense of national identity in times of crisis. In chapters on the two world wars, the Falklands and Northern Ireland, Taylor unpicks the storytelling conventions used to relay the news and the ways in which photography makes it seem real.

### Cinema in Middlesbrough

J. W. Saunders, Mr. J. W. Saunders, £5.00, 76pp

● A pocket history of cinemas in Middlesbrough, from Cleveland Hall, the first 'bug-and-flea' pit, founded in 1908 by Teesside cinema magnate Thomas Thompson, to the Odeon, Middlesbrough Little Theatre and Centre Film Club, which are still going strong. For *Cinema Paradiso* fans.

### Looking Awry: An Introduction to Jacques Lacan through Popular Culture

Slavoj Žižek, MIT Press, £14.95, 188pp

● A leading Yugoslavian intellectual takes a playful approach to the father of neo-Freudian psychoanalysis, reading his concepts through the filter of popular fiction, from horror stories, *film noir* and pulp romance to Alfred Hitchcock. Hopefully, he will not be persecuted by the master's vengeful ghost...

### Mae West: Empress of Sex

Maurice Leonard, Harper Collins, £17.50, 422pp

● A biography of the blonde bombshell whose blatant exploitation of her sexuality intrigued and scandalised Depression-racked America. At the age of thirty-four, Mae was arrested for "corrupting the morals of youth" in a theatre performance of one of her own 'sex dramas'. She never looked back. Leonard claims to go behind the glittering facade to the even more sensational truth.

### Body Myths

Cecil Helman, Chatto & Windus, £13.99, 151pp

● General practitioner Cecil Helman explores the myths and metaphors surrounding our ambivalent relationship to the human body. He looks at the way the dark visions familiar from horror and fantasy films invade everyday language, and at the surprising relationship between medical documentaries and fictions, from *Frankenstein* to *RoboCop*.

### Fabrications: Costume and the Female Body

Jane Gaines, Charlotte Herzog (eds), Routledge, £9.99, 295pp

● A collection of essays investigating the building of the feminine body through cinema costume design and fashion photography. The introduction moves from the idea that this glamorously clothed body can be perceived as a fiction (in the same sense that we understand stories as 'made up') – a false image over which women have little control – to the subversive pleasures of cross-dressing in films from *Morocco* and *Sylvia Scarlett* to *Tootsie* and *Victor/Victoria*.



# The ticking clock

Some people had back gardens when they were kids, but I had a cinema backing on to my block of flats. I went to anything I was allowed into, and some things I wasn't. I cried so much when I saw *Lime-light* that my father had to take me home. That night I got 'flu. It was years before I realised that sad movies don't give you a temperature and make you throw up.

Sometime between the Jack Palance Westerns and Edgar Lusgarten thrillers I saw *Rear Window* and had the great good sense not to understand why it was that everybody started to believe James Stewart about the murder across the way. It suggests I was an especially cynical child, or one whose time was yet to come. But *how* could it be that Grace Kelly convinced the sceptical cop of the killing by telling him that no woman would leave her wedding ring behind when she went on holiday? My father didn't manage to explain it, but then domestic verities were not his strong point. So I had to wait for several years before I understood.

What came to intrigue me, as an adult, about Hitchcock was his equivocation. Was the ending of *The Birds* just an inability to wriggle out of the corner he had painted himself into, or was that corner the truth he was unable to escape? Were John Gavin and Vera Miles really going to settle happily with each other after the bloodletting of *Psycho*? Is James Stewart going to jump to his death after Kim Novak at the end of *Vertigo*, or if not, will he go back to that nice lady who became JR's mum? For someone who understood the dynamics of tension, Hitchcock was almost pathologically irresolute when it came to finishing the job.

Hitchcock liked to make a distinction between suspense, which is what *he* did, and surprise, which is what lesser mortals settled for. There's no art in having a bunch of people sitting peacefully at a café table blown up without any warning: anyone can make an audience scream. What interested Hitchcock was letting the audience in on the secret that the bomb is *under the table*. Make them sweat helplessly while the innocent sip their coffee unaware that their time is up. Then, make sure the bomb doesn't go off....

Clever manipulation, certainly. But something more, I think: a recognition that we all know about the bomb under the table. We are both witnesses and innocent participants in the suspense story of our own inevitable death.

## Murder and mayhem

Hitchcock knew as well as Freud about catharsis and the need safely to rehearse our own ending. But he also knew that the truly intolerable fact of life is not our inescapable, individual end, but the awful possibility that the end holds no resolution. Where David Lynch or Beckett rejoice in the empty Chinese box – in the notion



Hitchcock's equivocation and pathological irresolution intrigue the novelist Jenny Diski as she remembers 'Rear Window'

that the greatest mystery is that there is no mystery – Hitchcock manipulates the everyday world to find a mystery that might keep him, and us, from the terrible suspicion that there may be no solution, because there's nothing to solve.

In *Rear Window* James Stewart sits with a broken leg facing the threat of a perfect happy-ever-after in the arms of Grace Kelly, desperately looking through his zoom lens at the windows opposite until he finds enough turmoil to keep him awake. Everything in Stewart's lens reflects the potential for turmoil and melodrama: the attempted suicide of Miss Lonelyhearts, the vacant life of the songwriter, the passion of the newlyweds, the hungry pack hanging around voluptuous Miss Torso. If he can only get Grace Kelly and his nurse to believe that the travelling salesman opposite really has dismembered his wife, Stewart will be safe from the tedium of the ordinary.

When Kelly seems to shelve her attempted seduction – perfect food, perfect sex, financial security – and climbs across the courtyard into Stewart's fantasy world, it looks as if he has at last succeeded in making his daydreams real enough to conceal the tedium that is far more alarming than danger itself. And we are relieved to find ourselves in the world of *real* make-believe.

Stewart turns out to be right about the travelling salesman. He seems to have succeeded in creating the world he wants. There is a mystery; there is murder and mayhem in his lens.

But all the time that clock in the musician's apartment, wound by Hitchcock himself at the start of the film, has been ticking away. And look what happens.

Grace Kelly only *appeared* to make his wishes real. In fact, she takes over the mystery and solves it in a way that brings everything back to the mundane.

Kelly clinches Stewart's argument with the story about the wife and the wedding ring. Now it makes no difference that something hideous really did happen across the street; the world is set right side up, cozy domestic values are once more reinstated and Stewart's future is settled and inescapable.

## The boy next door

The spell not only hasn't worked, but it has reversed all the chaos that Stewart was hoping would keep him safe. Miss Lonelyhearts is going to live happily ever after with the sad musician; the newlyweds are going to become Mr and Mrs Domestic America; Miss Torso turns out to have been waiting for the boy next door to come home.

Hitchcock could never quite let go of reality. Like those crazy houses whose labyrinthian passageways always bring you back to where you started, there's no escaping the fact of the ordinary and its inescapable conclusion.

If Hitchcock went into battle against the inevitable, he also knew he would be always and forever defeated. And it's that knowledge which creates the obsession that keeps writers writing, painters painting, film-makers making films.

There's a driving sense that if only you could get it right this time, the egg would crack and you'd be flying free. So you try again, hoping that a slight change of angle, a different light or a single perfect sentence will provide the release from the ticking clock.



Looking for trouble: James Stewart in 'Rear Window'



# Reviews

Reviews, synopses  
and full credits for all  
the month's new films



**Just before nightfall: Jason Patric, Rachel Ward**



# After Dark, My Sweet



Parental allegiances: Bruce Dern...

## Certificate

18  
**Distributor**  
 Virgin  
**Production Company**  
 Avenue Pictures  
**Executive Producer**  
 Cary Brokaw  
**Producers**  
 Ric Kidney  
 Bob Redlin  
**Production Executive**  
 Claudia Lewis  
**Production Co-ordinator**  
 Judi Rosner  
**Production Manager**  
 Richard J. Kidney  
**Location Manager**  
 Gar Compton  
**Post-production Supervisor**  
 Leslie Leitner  
**Casting**  
 David Rubin  
 Additional:  
 Ronnie Yeskel  
 Location:  
 Donzaleigh Abernathy  
**Assistant Directors**  
 David B. Householter  
 Chris Stoia  
 George C. Bosley  
**Screenplay**  
 Bob Redlin  
 Based on the novel by  
 Jim Thompson  
**Director of Photography**  
 Mark Plummer  
 In colour  
**Camera Operator**  
 Sean McLin  
**Steadicam Operator**  
 Andrew Jeffmart  
**Editor**  
 Howard Smith  
**Art Director**  
 Kenneth A. Hardy  
**Set Decorator**  
 Margaret Goldsmith  
**Lead Scenic Artist**  
 Gustav Alsina  
**Music/Music Director**  
 Maurice Jarre  
**Music Performed by**  
 Electronic Ensemble:  
 Michael Boddicker  
 Ralph Grierson  
 Judd Miller  
 Michael Fisher  
**Music Co-ordinator**  
 Leslie Morris  
**Music Editors**  
 Dan Carlin Snr  
 Kathy Durning  
**Wardrobe Supervisor**  
 Marilyn Jean Mascia  
**Make-up Artist**  
 Felicity Bowring  
**Special Make-up Effects**  
 Ken Diaz

## Title Design

Sarajo Friedan  
**Supervising Sound Editor**  
 Sanford Gendler  
**Sound Editors**  
 Lee Haxall  
 Val Kuklosky  
 Daniel Evan Yale  
 Peter Michael Sullivan  
 Peter Tomaszewicz  
**Supervising ADR Editor**  
 Noah Blough  
**Supervising Foley Editor**  
 Tony Palk  
**Sound Recordists**  
 David Brownlow  
 Music:  
 Shawn Murphy  
**Sound Re-recordists**  
 Wayne Artman  
 Frank Jones  
 Tom E. Dahl  
**Boxing Adviser**  
 Joseph Munley  
**Production Assistants**  
 Thomas J. Nordberg  
 Steven L. Vaughn  
 Anne Gindler  
**Stunt Co-ordinator**  
 A.J. Nay  
**Stunts**  
 Greg Brazzel  
 Mike Cassidy  
 Annie Ellis  
 Glen Steele  
**Stand-ins**  
 K.J. "Jim" Sparkman  
 Sharon Lynn Kerr  
 Joy Marie Perez

## Cast

**Jason Patric**  
 Kevin "Kid" Collins  
**Rachel Ward**  
 Fay Anderson  
**Bruce Dern**  
 Uncle Bud  
**George Dickerson**  
 Doc Goldman  
**James Cotton**  
 Charlie  
**Corey Carrier**  
 Jack  
**Rocky Giordani**  
 Bert  
**Jeanie Moore**  
 Nanny  
**Tom Wagner**  
 Counterman  
**Burke Byrnes**  
 Cop  
**Michael G. Hagerty**  
 James E. Bowen Jnr  
 Truck Drivers  
**Vince Mazzella Jnr**  
 Flashback Fighter  
**Napoleon Walls**  
 Boxing Referee

10,015 feet  
 111 minutes

## USA 1990

### Director: James Foley

● Former boxer Kevin "Kid" Collins, haunted by a contest in which he killed his opponent and was certified as mentally unstable, aimlessly travels the highways between recuperative visits to mental institutions. Wandering into a bar in the South-West, he encounters a surly bar-keeper, Bert, and a young widow, Fay Anderson, who befriends him when he is thrown out. Provocative, unpredictable, and a near-alcoholic, Fay nicknames him "Collie" and offers him a live-in job as a gardener; for some time an ex-cop, Uncle Bud, has been discussing a hare-brained kidnapping plot with her, and Fay briefly sees a role for Collie in the scheme. But she is soon too fond of her guest to want to see him involved, and eventually tells him to hit the road again.

At a late-night diner, Collie meets Doc Goldman, a kindly local physician, who offers him a home and a job. But within days Collie has returned to Fay and, despite her misgivings, she welcomes him warmly. Uncle Bud describes his plan to kidnap Charlie Vanderverter, son of a millionaire; when Collie is unenthusiastic, Uncle Bud trusts Fay to persuade him. Meanwhile, Doc traces Collie and warns Fay about his background just as she is about to seduce the young man; confused, she runs out on him. Now convinced that both Fay and Uncle Bud will double-cross him when the kidnapping is accomplished, Collie plans to outwit them.

Disguised as the Vanderverter chauffeur, he collects Charlie from his play group one afternoon, brings him back to Fay's house, and challenges the others to go through with the ransom demand. Under increasingly violent pressure from Bert to pay off a previous debt, Uncle Bud has no choice but to follow the plan. Their hostage falls ill, and they discover he is diabetic. Uncle Bud doesn't care whether the boy lives or dies, but Collie steals insulin from Doc's surgery. Embittered by Collie's assumption that she is in malevolent collusion with Uncle Bud, Fay nevertheless finds herself unable to resist him physically.

After a night of passion, she tries to rescue the situation by leaving Charlie out in the woods, but Collie recovers the boy, again misinterpreting Fay's intentions. As they quarrel, Doc walks in, having deduced from the insulin theft that Collie had a hand in the kidnapping; Collie fells him with a punch which accidentally kills him, and they get away to a rendezvous with Uncle Bud. When he collects the ransom, Uncle Bud is shot down by Bert, who in turn is killed by police. Collie and

Fay drive off with Charlie into the desert and, in a final test, Collie pretends he is going to kill the boy. Fay shoots Collie instead, and he dies knowing that Fay and Charlie will be safe.

● Closely following Jim Thompson's novel, *After Dark, My Sweet* both exposes the weaknesses of his story and, to an extent, benefits from them. Writing at a reckless speed (published as a paperback original in 1955, this was his thirteenth book in three years), Thompson used the voice that came easiest to him for his narrator – that of an itinerant at the edge of insanity who, although much underestimated by society in general, cunningly nurses remarkable powers of intelligence and integrity. In its most extreme form, as with *The Killer Inside Me* and *Pop.1280*, this gnawing sense of superiority is expressed in Thompson's stories through a series of dismissive killings. But the introspection of *After Dark, My Sweet*, a gentler melancholy, confines itself to a churning distrust of all human behaviour, a distrust which finally guarantees the narrator's own death.

In the rambling course of the action, nobody functions logically or predictably; instead, every speech and gesture is open to question and analysis until, amid a confusion of alternatives, little certainty remains. Does Fay, another eloquent loser, love Collie? Does Uncle Bud really intend to murder him? Why is Doc Goldman so interested in the young man? What does the title mean? Thompson was a master of such scenarios of indecision, often only reluctantly and with obvious haste concluding them in conventional paperback-melodrama style. *After Dark, My Sweet* hardly even pretends to be a thriller; it's more of a suicidal romance (not partnership enough to be called *amour fou*), in which passion, alcohol, and dreams of illicit wealth are brief, desperate gestures towards fending off mortality.

Filming it straight, with many of Thompson's lines preserved intact, James Foley shadows the text as if on a leash, breaking free only to kill off Doc Goldman (who survives in the novel as a voice of fading rationality on the car radio) to reinforce the inevitability of Collie's fate. This allegiance, while doubtless pleasing enough to Thompson purists, spotlights the wild unlikelyhood of the plot, but at the same time accurately captures the Thompson sense of events and purposes beyond control. As enhancement, Foley provides a spectacular setting to the story's despairing spiral: Thompson's environment, stateless and vague, can usually be anywhere, but the film sets out a vivid arena of mountain ranges, Texican climate, ►



◀ and clean, bustling communities far removed from the clichés of sleaze that might have been the predictable inheritance from the director's Madonna videos.

Although Collier's lugubrious soundtrack comments maintain the tone of Thompson's ferociously subjective monologues, Foley's detached and passionless style offers something of an antidote, ultimately rendering the story even more insubstantial. Fay's home, for example, set in a grove of expiring palm trees, is furnished with walls of light and comfortable golden patterns, indicative of enough wealth (although not, perhaps, of enough excitement) for vague plans of kidnapping to be dismissed as passing fantasy. An excursion to Uncle Bud's hideaway takes us inexplicably through what appears to be a pecan-sorting factory, with rows of immigrant workers stoically ignoring the kidnapped child carried past in a blanket; their authenticity again contrasts with the artifice, challenging its validity.

Echoing his earlier *At Close Range*, Foley finds in Thompson another case history of a neglected and precarious youngster drifting into crime while sorting out his parental allegiances. The relationships with Doc and Uncle Bud, and in turn with the boy who finds in his kidnapper the first adult to treat him sympathetically, are interesting variations on a father-son theme that has caught the attention of both writer and film-maker. But what sabotages *After Dark, My Sweet*, denying it the emotional intensity of the previous film, is the casting: granted that Thompson's characters are bewilderingly devious, they are not best served by Jason Patric's unvarying croak, somnambulistic shambling, and leaden scowl, or by Rachel Ward's languidly British tones, graceless body language, and clumsy outbursts of perplexity. While Bruce Dern and George Dickerson are closer in their ingratiating unreliability to the Thompson mark, the lack of chemistry at the film's centre leaves an exasperating void, despite all the visual appeal.

**Philip Strick**



... James Cotton, Rachel Ward

## Backdraft

### Certificate

15

### Distributor

UIP

### Production

Companies  
Trilogy Entertainment  
Group

For Imagine Films  
Entertainment

### Executive Producers

Brian Grazer  
Raffaella De Laurentiis

### Producers

Richard B. Lewis  
Pen Densham  
John Watson

### Co-producer

Larry DeWaay

### Associate Producer

Todd Hallowell

### Production Associate

Louisa Velis

### Production

Co-ordinator

Alecia LaRue

### Unit Production

Manager

Larry DeWaay

### Location Manager

Michael J. Malone

### 2nd Unit Director

Todd Hallowell

### Casting

Jane Jenkins  
Janet Hirshenson

Chicago:

Jane Alderman

Los Angeles:

Jacqueline King

Associate:

Susan Wieder

Extras:

Holzer Roche Casting

Cathie Holzer-Ballowe

Barbara Roche

Mark Ridge

Michelle Landis

Voice Casting:

Loop DuJour

Lynne Redding

### Assistant Directors

Aldric La'Auli Porter

Ian Foster Woolf

Jeff Okabayashi

2nd Unit:

Bruce Moriarty

John Roman

### Screenplay

Gregory Widen

### Director of

Photography

Mikael Salomon

### Colour

Deluxe

### 2nd Unit

Photography

Don Burgess

### Aerial Photography

Mikael Salomon

### 2nd Unit Visual

Effects Photography

Mikael Salomon

### Camera Operator

Gregory Lundsgaard

2nd Unit:

Gerrit Dangremond

### Steadicam

Gregory Lundsgaard

### Video Playback

Ian Kelly

2nd Unit:

Frank Yario Jr

### Special Photographic

Effects

2nd Unit:

Mikael Salomon

### Special Visual

Effects

Industrial Light and

Magic

Producer:

Suella Kennedy

Supervisor:

Scott Farrar

General Manager, ILM:

Scott Ross

Executive in Charge of

Production, ILM:

Jim Morris

Executive in Charge of

Post-Production, ILM:

Ed L. Jones

Co-ordinator:

Anne Calanchini

Optical Photography

Supervisor:

Brad Kuehn

Camera Operator:

Martin Rosenberg

Editor:

Michael McGovern

Art Director:

Paul Huston

Model Supervisor:

Jeffrey Olson



The real stuff: Kurt Russell



**Pyrotechnic Supervisor:** Robert Finley Jr  
**Model Makers:** Chuck Wiley  
 Susan Ross  
 Michael P. Lynch  
 Tony Sommers  
 Chris Goehle  
 Giovanni Donovan  
 Rodney Morgan  
**Pyrotechnicians:** Reuben Goldberg  
 Ted Moehne  
 Chuck Ray  
**Digital Effects:** Stuart Robertson  
 Thomas J. Smith  
**Matte Painter:** Mark Sullivan  
**Optical Camera Operators:** Jon Alexander  
 Jeff Doran  
**Optical Line-Up:** Dave Karpman  
**Rotoscope Artists:** Terry Molatore  
 Tom Bertino  
**Proces Compositing:** Hansard  
**Editors:** Daniel Hanley  
 Michael Hill  
**Production Designer:** Albert Brenner  
**Art Director:** Carol Winstead Wood  
**Set Design:** Harold Fuhrman  
 William B. Fosse  
 Gary Baugh  
**Set Decorator:** Garrett Lewis  
**Set Dresser:** Mark Woods  
**Production Illustrator:** Peter A. Ramsay  
**Special Effects and Pyrotechnics Created by:** Allen Hall  
**Special Effects Foremen:** Clay Pinney  
 Tom Ryba  
**Special Effects:** William L. Allen  
 Pat Domenico  
 Gary Karas  
 William D. Kennedy  
 Rodman Kiser  
 C.J. McMurray  
 Mike Menzel  
 Joe Montenegro  
 Michael D. Roundy  
 Tom Tokunaga  
 Jake Zawacki  
**Music:** Hans Zimmer  
**Music Director:** Shirley Walker  
**Orchestrations:** Shirley Walker  
**Additional:** Bruce Fowler  
 Larry Rench  
**Music Supervisors:** Becky Mancuso  
 Tim Sexton  
**Music Editor:** Laura Perlman  
**Songs:** "Set Me in Motion" by B.R. Hornsby, John Hornsby, "The Show Goes On" by B.R. Hornsby, performed by Bruce Hornsby and the Range; "I Walk Alone" by David Hidalgo, Louis Perez, performed by Los Lobos; "A Girl Like You" by Pat Di Nizio, performed by The Smithereens; "Sunshine of Your Love" by Eric Clapton, Jack Bruce, Peter Brown, performed by Cream; "(Love is Like a) Heat Wave" by Eddie Holland, Lamont Dozier, Brian Holland, performed by Martha and the Vandellas; "War" by Norman Whitfield, Barrett Strong, performed by Edwin Starr; "In the Unpromised Land", "The Granville Reels" by Michael S. Kirkpatrick, performed by The Drovers;

"Nothing for You" by Michael S. Kirkpatrick, Kathleen Keane, performed by The Drovers; "Gotta See Your Eyes" by Thomas Guzman-Sanchez, performed by Rhythm Tribe; "Balmoral" arranged and performed by The Emerald Society  
**Choreography:** Monica Devereux  
**Costume Design:** Jodie Tillen  
**Costume Supervisor:** John Casey  
**Costumers:** Set: Cheryl Weber  
 Anthony J. Scarano  
 Carolyn Schraut-Barczur  
 2nd Unit: Gloria Coffey-Sharrieff  
**Make-up:** Key: Robert N. Norin  
 Prosthetic: Lance Anderson  
 Kurt Russell  
 Dennis Liddiard  
 Robert De Niro: Ilona Herman  
 Jennifer Jason Leigh: Peggy Pliscott  
 Additional: Linda V. Melazzo  
 Dominic Mango  
 2nd Unit: Kathe Swanson  
**Main Title Design:** Frankfurt, Gips, Balkind-LA/NY  
**Title Design:** Wayne Fitzgerald  
**Titles/Opticals:** Pacific Title  
**Sound Design:** Gary Rydstrom  
**Supervising Sound Editor:** Richard Hymns  
**Dialogue Editors:** Michael Silvers  
 Sara Bolder  
**ADR Editors:** Bob Fruchtmann  
 Vivien Gilliam  
 Marilyn McCoppen  
**Foley Editors:** Mary Helen Leasman  
 Diana Pellegrini  
 Sandina Bailo-Lape  
**Sound Records:** Glenn Williams  
 Music: Jay Rifkin  
 2nd Unit: Curt Frisk  
 Foley: Christopher Boyes  
 Dolby stereo  
**Sound Re-recordists:** Gary Summers  
 Randy Thom  
 Gary Rydstrom  
 Tom Johnson  
**Sound Effects Editors:** Ken Fischer  
 Tim Holland  
 Frank Eulner  
**Foley Artists:** Dennie Thorpe  
 Marnie Moore  
 Recordist: Christopher Boyes  
**Special Technical Adviser:** Chief Stanley Span  
**Technical Advisers:** William Cosgrove  
 Mattie Hunter

**Production Assistants:** Dina Barlo  
 Robert A. "Andy" Beattie  
 Patrick Caulfield  
 Nancy Cavallaro  
 Bill Dance  
 Jennifer Lynn Falasco  
 Adam Goodman  
 Martin L. Hudson  
 Jeff McCarter  
 Leslie Mikol  
 Aimee A. Morris  
 Eric Ramsey  
 James Rodney  
 Paul Stetson  
 2nd Unit: Paul Andresen  
 Brian W. Boyd  
 W. Michael Phillips  
**Stunt Co-ordinator:** Walter Scott  
**Stunts:** William Baldwin  
 Anthony Brubaker  
 John Casino  
 John Burros  
 Corey Eubanks  
 Eddie J. Fernandez  
 Scott Glenn  
 Johnny Hock  
 Norman Howell  
 Robert Jauregui  
 Mike Johnson  
 Rick LeFevour  
 Terry J. Leonard  
 Kurt Russell  
 Rick Seaman  
 Stacy Logan  
 Kay Whipple  
**Stand-ins:** Ian Nevers  
 Vernon Cruikshank  
 Jeff Dlugolecki  
 Jeffrey Hurt  
 Carl Paoli  
**Animal Trainer:** William J. Casey Jr  
**Helicopter Pilot:** Robert "Bobby Z" Zajonc

**Cast:** Kurt Russell  
 Stephen McCaffrey  
 William Baldwin  
 Brian McCaffrey  
 Robert De Niro  
 Donald Rimgale  
 Donald Sutherland  
 Ronald Bartel  
 Jennifer Jason Leigh  
 Jennifer Vaitkus  
 Scott Glenn  
 John Adcox  
 Rebecca DeMornay  
 Helen McCaffrey  
 Jason Gedrick  
 Tim Krizminski  
 J.T. Walsh  
 Martin Swayzak  
 Tony Mockus Snr  
 Chief John Fitzgerald  
 Cedric Young  
 Grindle  
 Juan Ramirez  
 Ray Santos  
 Kevin M. Casey  
 Nightengale  
 Jack McGee  
 Schmidt  
 Mark Wheeler  
 Pengelly  
 Richar Lexsee  
 Washington  
 Beep Iams  
 Sean McCaffrey  
 Ryan Todd  
 Brian, age 7  
 John Duda  
 Stephen, age 12  
 Robert Swan  
 Willy (Bartender)  
 Clint Howard  
 Ricco  
 Ron West  
 Alan Seagrave  
 Kevin Crowley  
 Carlos Sanz  
 Harry Hutchinson  
 David A. C. Saunders  
 Candidates  
 J.J. Chaback  
 Woman Psychiatrist  
 Tim Grimm  
 Man at Parole Board  
 David Crosby  
 70s Hippy  
 Mike Mangano  
 Firetruck Driver  
 Rick Reardon  
 Leslie A. Ford  
 W. Earl Brown  
 Robert F. Byrnes Jr  
 Paramedics

**Kathryn Jaeck**  
**David Westgor**  
**James Ritz**  
 Mannequin Fire Reporters  
**Joe Gustafiero**  
 Donald Cosgrove  
**Don Herion**  
 Repairman  
**Tony Mockus Jr**  
 Jackson  
**Gregory Widen**  
 Engine Lieutenant  
**Andrew Lipschultz**  
 Man on Party Boat  
**Walter Williams**  
 Security Guard  
**Bob Krzeminski**  
 Captain  
**F. Pat Burns**  
 Battalion Chief at Tenement Fire  
**Wanda Christine**  
 Mother at Tenement Fire  
**Anthony C. Ellis Jr**  
 Gaspung Child at Tenement Fire  
**Peter C. Hobert Jr**  
 Probie  
**Zita Visockis**  
 Grandma Vaitkus  
**Razz Jenkins**  
 Photographer on Boat Party  
**Irma P. Hall**  
**Nydia Rodriguez**  
**Terracina**  
**Marcella DeTineo**  
 Nurses  
**Hollis Resnik**  
 Sally  
**Don Rimgale**  
 Party Crony  
**Dennis Liddiard**  
 Party Brawler  
**David Luckenbach**  
 Security Officer  
**Neil J. Francis Jr**  
**Andre Melchor**  
 Policemen  
**Karel King**  
**Scott Baity**  
 Swayzak Aides  
**Gretchen Erickson**  
 Bar Patron  
**Joan Esposito**  
 Television Reporter  
**Bob Rice**  
 Detective  
**Tom Clark**  
**Jane MacIver**  
**Burton Stenel**  
 Retirement Party Schmoozers  
**Robert Martell**  
 Retirement Party Roaster  
**Tony G. Chrisos**  
**Cay DeVos**  
 Politicos  
**Gregory Lundsgaard**  
 High-rise Fireman  
**Charles Burns Jr**  
 Battalion Chief at Mannequin Fire  
**Louise Woolf**  
 Falling Chair Lady  
**Ian A. Nevers**  
 Nervous Probie  
**Kelsey E. McMahon**  
 Child Rescued at 70s Fire  
**Fidel Moreno**  
 70s Onlooker  
**Zan Heber**  
**Hlene Kwinny**  
**Jane Alderman**  
 Reporters  
**Kevin Petersen**  
 Doctor  
**Thomas A. Senderak**  
**Micahel Allen Mark**  
 Firemen  
**The Pipes and Drums of the Emerald Society**  
 Bagpipe Group at Funeral  
**The Drovers**  
 Retirement Party Band

**12,199 feet**  
**136 minutes**

## USA 1991

**Director: Ron Howard**

Chicago, 1971: Young Brian McCaffrey jumps up on the engine and attends a blaze with his fire-fighting father; McCaffrey senior is killed in an explosion and a magazine picture of the boy holding his father's helmet wins the Pulitzer prize. Eighteen years later, with a few years of drifting behind him, Brian graduates from fire school, confident that a strategic case of whisky has secured him the easy posting of his choice. He visits his elder brother Stephen, an established fire-fighter, estranged from his wife, and the latter tells him that he has switched Brian's posting to his own tough station.

On his first day, at a fire in a clothes warehouse, Brian breaks the rules to leave his brother's side when he hears a voice; the body he rescues turns out to be a mannequin. A newspaper report pictures Brian as a hero, though Stephen's doubts about his brother are subsequently confirmed when Brian hangs back at a fire while Stephen rescues a child. Brian accepts the offer of a job from former girlfriend Jennifer Vaitkus, now working for city alderman Swayzak, and goes to work in the fire investigation department, which is under pressure to get to the bottom of a mysterious fatal explosion. With arson investigator Donald Rimgale, he attends the parole hearing of convicted firebug Ronald Bartel, who shows an unhealthy interest in the fate of Brian's father.

There is a second fatal explosion, and at the morgue Rimgale makes a breakthrough in identifying the chemical causes of the blasts. At a city party, Brian is pressured by Swayzak. He and Jennifer return to his old fire station, and are making love on an engine roof when an emergency calls their makeshift bed to a high-rise alarm. Stephen's friend John Adcox warns him not to split the fire-fighters up, but to no avail. Brian's friend Tim is horribly injured, and at the hospital Brian blames Stephen and the two brothers fight. A distraught Stephen returns to his wife and spends the night, but she is too afraid of the dangers of his work to consider a reconciliation.

Swayzak lets slip to Rimgale the yet-to-be-released name of the latest blast victim. Brian persuades Jennifer to steal his files. The three dead men and the alderman turn out to have been profiting from the destruction caused by his cuts in fire-fighting budgets. Brian and Rimgale go to Swayzak's home, where they are jumped by a masked man. In another blast, Rimgale is impaled on a spike. Brian visits Bartel, who tells him that the arsonist is a man who understands fire. Fearing that

Stephen might be the culprit, Brian is checking his locker when he sees Adcox and realises that he was the masked man. In a confrontation during a chemical blaze, Adcox confesses but then attacks the two brothers. He ends up hanging from Stephen's grasp in the midst of the inferno; Brian heroically rescues them, but too late. He promises the dying Stephen that he won't reveal the truth; Swayzak is arrested and the two fire-fighters get a civic funeral.

Backdraft's starry cast and overheated subject matter immediately recall the 70s disaster movie, though the sort of heroism exalted here is more in the *Top Gun* league. The very title, with its Boys' Own jargonism, is a giveaway: a backdraft is the violent explosion which follows the introduction of oxygen into a room where all has been burnt away except natural gasses.

Fire-fighting offers another of those closed worlds of male heroism and expertise (what public service body will be next – the post office?), with the standard conflict of the grizzled old-stager and the young chancer whose commitment is open to question not much enlivened by the sibling-rivalry angle. A good deal more interesting is the sub-plot which pits Donald Sutherland's amusing pyromaniac against Robert De Niro's feisty arson investigator – which of course brings with it echoes of the incarcerated expert/psychopath in the Thomas Harris films.

At two-hours-twenty, *Backdraft* in fact contains enough stars and plotlines for more than one film, which unfortunately gives a sense of disjointedness rather than complexity. Character development throughout is rudimentary, falling back on the usual male-bonding clichés: our heroes look wounded; they fight; they embrace.

Just as Ron Howard's *Parenthood* and *Cocoon* leavened their sentimentality with what passed, in Hollywood terms, for a warts-and-all approach, so *Backdraft* prides itself on the authenticity of its action sequences. Much has been made of its stars' weeks of training with real-life firemen, Kurt Russell diving in to fight a real fire, etc. Given that the film's writer, Greg Widen, is himself an ex-fireman, it would be churlish to question the degree of realism. But the film's treatment of its emotional conflicts – saturated sunsets, gushing fire hydrants and even slow motion – also suggests that the hitherto unimagined pop-video properties of the fire-fighting experience have not been played down.

**Ben Thompson**



# Le Château de ma mère (My Mother's Castle)



A few joys: Julien Ciamaca, Julie Timmerman

## Certificate

U  
**Distributor**  
Palace  
**Production Companies**  
Gaumont  
International/  
Productions de la  
Guéville/TFI Films  
**Production**  
With the  
participation of the  
Centre National de la  
Cinématographie

## Producer

Alain Poiré

## Production Managers

Marc Goldstaub  
Guy Azzi

## Casting

Gérard Moulevrier  
Extras:  
Brigitte MacKellar

## Assistant Directors

Jean-Claude Ventura  
Gilles Bannier  
Daniel Ziskind  
Luc Etienne

## Screenplay

Jérôme Tonnerre  
Yves Robert  
Based on the work of  
Marcel Pagnol

## Director of Photography

Robert Alazraki  
In colour

## 2nd Unit

## Photography

Jean César Chiabaut

## Camera Operators

Gilbert Duhalde  
André Atellian  
Guillaume Schiffman  
Christophe Beaucarne  
Eric Vallée  
Paco Wiser

## Editor

Pierre Gillette

## Set Design

Chantal Giuliani

## Set Decorators

Jean-Claude Bourdin  
Dominique Roubaud  
Christian Portal  
"Coyotte"

Alain Racine

Michel Heulin

Martin Drescher

## Special Effects

André Atellian

## Music

Vladimir Cosma

## Costume Design

Agnès Nègre

## Wardrobe

Dominique Gay  
Myriem Boucher  
Dominique Roulance

## Make-up

Maryse Felix  
Monique Huylebroeck

## Supervising Sound

Editor

Alain Sempé

## Sound Editor

Monique André

Dolby stereo

## Sound Re-recordists

Claude Villand

Bernard Leroux

## Sound Effects

Jérôme Levy

Alain Levy

## Educational Adviser

Pierre Barnley

## Production Assistants

Jacques Allaire  
Jean-Claude Cartier  
Bruno Azzi  
Danièle David

## Subtitles

Laser Vidéo Titres - Paris

## Translation

Ian Burley

## Cast

**Philippe Caubère**

Joseph Pagnol

**Nathalie Roussel**

Augustine Pagnol

**Didier Pain**

Uncle Jules

**Thérèse Liotard**

Aunt Rose

**Julien Ciamaca**

Marcel

**Victorien Delamare**

Paul

**Joris Molinas**

Lili des Bellons

**Julie Timmerman**

Isabelle

**Paul Crauchet**

Edmond des Papillons

**Philippe Uchan**

Bouzigue

**Patrick Prejean**

Dominique

**Pierre Maguelon**

François

**Michel Modo**

Postman in La Treille

**Jean Carmet**

Lois

**Jean Rochefort**

Lois de Montmajour

**Georges Wilson**

Count Colonel

**Josy Andrieu**

Headmaster's Wife

**André Chaumeau**

Headmaster

**Raoul Curet**

Monsieur Vincent

**Alain Ganas**

Marcel Pagnol, age 40

**Ticky Holgado**

Binucci

**Jean-Marie Juan**

Fenestrelle

**Maxime Lombard**

Monsieur Arnaud

**René Loyal**

Monsieur Besson

**Elisabeth Macocco**

Infanta

**Jean Mauriel**

Four Seasons Café

Owner

**Ivan Romeuf**

Vladimir

**Michel Combale**

Monsieur Bonafe

**Philippe Car**

Monsieur Mortier

**Paul Vilalte**

Monsieur Suzanne

**Christina Karian**

Jules and Rose's maid

**Jean-Pierre Darras**

Marcel's Voice

**Louis Lalanne**

8,857 feet

98 minutes

Subtitles

## France 1990

### Director: Yves Robert

Back in the city after the summer holidays, ten-year-old Marcel Pagnol daydreams in class of the Provençal hills he has come to love. Sent to the headmaster's study for punishment, he discovers he has been selected as his school's candidate for the competitive examination for the lycée, and thus condemned to special classes. His spirit is restored when the family returns to the country for Christmas, and he renews his friendship with the village boy Lili. When the family returns again for the Easter holiday, Marcel finds a new friend in Isabelle, a little girl with aristocratic pretensions whose father, Lois, poses as a romantically drunk poet.

Spellbound, Marcel becomes Isabelle's devoted slave, refusing to listen to his friends when they point out the truth about her father. However, Lois loses his job and his family has to move. Embarrassed to find Isabelle in the throes of a gastric attack, Marcel flees without saying goodbye, and returns to the forgiving Lili. Marcel's mother Augustine conceives a scheme whereby his father, Joseph, a teacher in Marcel's school, can take special classes on Thursdays, the holiday, and be relieved of duties on Mondays, allowing the family to return to the hills every weekend.

On their first such visit, the Pagnols encounter Bouzigue, an employee of the canal company, who repays his gratitude to Joseph, his former teacher, by showing them a short-cut along the tow-path. Joseph only reluctantly accepts a key to the tow-path gates for future use, as the route passes through the grounds of three private houses. The aristocratic owner of the first soon spots these regular trespassers, but welcomes them generously. Marcel passes his exam, but at the start of the summer holiday the family is cornered by the brutal watchman of the third property, who has secured the exit with a new padlock.

Fearing for his job as a state employee, Joseph returns to the city to confess, only to discover that he has been awarded a service medal and a salary increase. Bouzigue reveals that the padlock was illegal and the watchman will be incriminating himself if he submits an official report. The Pagnols celebrate with a dinner for their friends. The narrator, the mature Marcel, then recounts the premature deaths first of Augustine, then his younger brother Paul, and finally Lili, killed in action in 1917. More years pass. Marcel has sanctioned the purchase of a house for his successful film company; he recognises it as the third property on the short-cut,

where his mother had twice been stricken by a fearful foreboding. He kicks down the door before which his father was humiliated by the threats of the watchman.

This adaptation of the second volume of Pagnol's memoirs of childhood is competent, faithful, sometimes charming and ultimately moving. Its limitations, however, are revealed by the extract from one of Pagnol's own films which Yves Robert unwisely includes just before the end. Even in a tiny fragment, the roughness of the images and the lumbering power of Raimu's performance generate an energy, an earthy force, which makes much of what has gone before seem sadly devitalised.

Though it is easy to find fault with the stridency of Vladimir Cosma's orchestral score, there is nothing wrong with the writing and acting: Bouzigue comes across as a true Pagnol character, and the dénouement of Marcel's relationship with Isabelle is appropriately lavatorial. But in Pagnol's films, there was often a sense of the filmic composition being pushed to its limits to contain the energetic interactions of the performers. Nothing of this is suggested by the academicism of Robert's images and the dull rhythms of his editing. Within these parameters, however, there's much to be enjoyed here, in the characterisations and their social and political implications.

There is Joseph, for example, emotional and deeply sensitive, fearful that he may lose his son to the lycée, to a level of education and knowledge which he never attained. Joseph is a republican, with a naively progressive vision of a better future. He automatically imagines the worst of the aristocratic landlord on whose property the family trespasses, but is deeply moved by the man's hospitality and friendship. He is driven to despair when it seems he will be publicly exposed as a law-breaker: trespass is conduct unworthy of a teacher of morality and a state employee. The film's last image of him evokes his years of silent grief after his wife's death.

This final section of the film is the most effective, as if the intrusion of suffering and loss into an idyllic world, and the compression with which Pagnol brings the story up to date, have forced on the director a less prosaic interaction of image, sound and voice-over narration than elsewhere. Pagnol's conclusion is delivered with undeniable conviction: "Such is human life. A few joys, very quickly obliterated by unforgettable sadness. It's not necessary to tell children this".

**James Leahy**



**Certificate**  
PG  
**Distributor**  
Warner Bros  
**Production Company**  
Geffen Pictures  
**Executive Producer**  
Herbert S. Nanas  
**Producer**  
Michael Grillo  
**Co-producer**  
Robert Grand  
**Production Office**  
**Co-ordinator**  
Lisbeth Wynn-Owen  
**Production Manager**  
Robert Grand  
**Location Manager**  
Steph Benesman  
**Casting**  
Babara Claman  
Mark Saks  
Extras:  
Cenex Casting  
**Assistant Directors**  
Michael Grillo  
Carey Dietrich  
Annette Sutura  
**Screenplay**  
Albert Brooks  
**Director of Photography**  
Allen Daviau  
**Colour**  
Technicolor  
**Camera Operators**  
Eric Engler  
Panaglide:  
Randy Nolen  
**Visual Effects**  
Dream Quest Images  
**Supervisor:**  
Mat Beck  
**Producer:**  
Robert Stadd  
**Editor:**  
Erik Henry  
**Artist:**  
Jon Farhat  
**Opticals Supervisor**  
Jeff Matakovich  
**Matte Artists**  
Robert Scifo  
Ken Allen  
**Animation Supervisor**  
Jeff Burks  
**Motion Control Supervisors**  
Rob Burton  
Scott Beattie  
**Editor**  
David Finfer  
Associate:  
Spencer Gross  
**Production Designer**  
Ida Random  
**Art Director**  
Richard Reynolds  
**Set Design**  
Martha Johnston  
**Set Decorator**  
Linda DeScenna  
**Production Illustrator**  
James Hegedus  
**Special Effects Supervisor:**  
Dennis Dion  
Foreman:  
Chris Burton  
**Models Supervisor**  
Dave Goldberg  
**Music**  
Michael Gore  
**Orchestrations**  
Shirley Walker  
**Music Editor**  
Curtis Roush  
**Songs**  
"Something's Coming" by Leonard Bernstein, Stephen Sondheim, performed by Barbra Streisand;  
"That's Life" by Dean Kay, Kelly Gordon;  
"Misty" by Erroll Garner  
**Costume Designer**  
Deborah L. Scott  
**Wardrobe Supervisor**  
George L. Little

**Set Costumers**  
Phyllis Corcoran-Woods  
Deborah Hopper  
Greg Hall  
John George  
**Make-up Artists**  
Hallie D'Amore  
Meryl Streep:  
J.Roy Helland  
**Title Design**  
Saxon/Ross Film Design  
**Titles/Opticals**  
Pacific Title  
**Supervising Sound Editor**  
Dane A.Davis  
**Dialogue Editors**  
Kimberly Lowe Voigt  
Hector Gika  
Robert Bradshaw  
**ADR Editors**  
G.W. Brown  
James A.Borgardt  
**Foley Editors**  
Tom Hammond  
Valerie Davidson  
**Sound Recordists**  
Thomas Causey  
Music:  
Joel Moss  
Dolby stereo  
**Sound Re-recordists**  
Wayne Artman  
Frank Jones  
Tom Dahl  
**Sound Effects Editor**  
John Kwiatkowski  
**Foley Artists**  
Joan Rowe  
Gregg Barbanell  
**Tram Consultant**  
Lloyd Hamm  
**Stunt Co-ordinator**  
Bill Erickson  
**Stunts**  
Paul Short  
Jeff Jensen  
  
**Cast**  
**Albert Brooks**  
Daniel Miller  
**Meryl Streep**  
Julia  
**Rip Torn**  
Bob Diamond  
**Lee Grant**  
Lena Foster  
**Buck Henry**  
Dick Stanley  
**Michael Durrell**  
Agency Head  
**James Eckhouse**  
Jeep Owner  
**Gary Beach**  
Car Salesman  
**Julie Cobb**  
Tram Guide  
**Peter Schuck**  
Stan  
**Time Winters**  
Porter  
**Sharlie Stuart**  
Susan  
**Beth Black**  
Soap Opera Woman  
**Clayton Norcross**  
Soap Opera Man  
**James Mackrell**  
Game Show Moderator  
**Wil Albert**  
**Sage Allen**  
Game Show Contestants  
**Mary Pat Gleason**  
Waitress  
**Maxine Elliott**  
Elderly Woman on Tram  
**Marilyn Rockafellow**  
Helen  
**Roger Behr**  
Comedian  
**Art Frankel**  
Arthur  
**Ernie Brown**  
Ernie  
**George D. Wallace**  
**Lillian Lehman**  
Daniel's Judges  
**Raffi Di Blasio**  
Daniel as a boy

**Kristopher Kent Hill**  
Bully  
**Eric Ehasz**  
Child in Schoolyard  
**Matthew Scharb**  
Daniel as an infant  
**S. Scott Bullock**  
Daniel's Father  
**Carol Bivins**  
Daniel's Mother  
**Ethan Randall**  
Steve  
**Gary Ballard**  
Mr Wadworth  
**Mary Mukogawa**  
Sushi Hostess  
**Toshio Shikami**  
Head Sushi Chef  
**Kagko Shikami**  
**Samee Park**  
**Tommy Inouye**  
Sushi Chefs  
**Ken Thorley**  
Frank  
**Bob Braun**  
Talk Show Host  
**Jennifer Barlow**  
Talk Show Guest  
**Joey Miyashima**  
Casio Tipster  
**Nurit Koppel**  
Daniel's Date  
**Susan Walters**  
Daniel's Wife  
**Sidney Chankin**  
**Greg Finley**  
Used Car Salesmen  
**Leonard O. Turner**  
Sam  
**Cliff Einstein**  
Julia's Prosecutor  
**Rachel Bard**  
**Newell Alexander**  
Julia's Judges  
**Hal Lindon**  
Man in Past Lives Pavilion  
**Ida Lee**  
Woman in Past Lives Pavilion  
**Noley Thornton**  
Victorian Girl  
**Glen Chin**  
Sumo Wrestler  
**James Ekim**  
Native  
**Clarke Coleman**  
Knight  
**Ron Colby**  
Majestic Doorman  
**David Purdham**  
Peter  
**James Paradise**  
Stage Manager  
**Jerry Prell**  
Banquet Manager  
**Arell Blanton**  
Fire Marshall  
**Shana Ballard**  
**Chris Macris**  
Julia's Children  
**Joseph Darrell**  
Maitre d'  
**James Manis**  
Eduardo  
**Alex Sheafe**  
Martin  
**Cathleen Chin**  
Ticket Counter Agent  
**Lisa Sears**  
**Mark Dunlap**  
**Vernon Roguen**  
Tram Port Attendants  
**Dennis Germain**  
Tram Driver

**10,023 feet**  
**111 minutes**

**USA 1991**

**Director: Albert Brooks**

Daniel Miller, a Los Angeles advertising executive, celebrates his fortieth birthday with the purchase of a BMW, but is killed while driving home. Dan is despatched to Judgment City, where he discovers that he must defend his life in a nine-day trial. He is to be helped by attorney Bob Diamond, who explains that the process determines whether he has overcome the problem of fear – the principal human failing – and can be allowed to move on to the next stage in the Universe, or whether he is to be sent back to earth to improve himself.

Dan is encouraged to savour the delights of Judgment City and winds up at The Bomb Shelter, the city's oldest comedy club. There he meets Julia, and a mutual attraction develops. The next day the trial begins, and when Dan meets the prosecutor, the fierce but brilliant Lena Foster, he is convinced the proceedings will go against him. Scenes from his life are screened for discussion. He continues to see Julia, and while his trial progresses haphazardly, Julia seems to be winning her case.

Judgment day looms and Julia proposes that they spend their last night together. Dan turns her down because he is afraid of committing himself. They part, but when Dan returns to his hotel, he leaves a message declaring his love for her. The final day of Dan's trial culminates in Foster screening the previous night's farewell. The verdict is passed that Dan should be returned to earth. At Judgment City station, on an earthbound trolley bus, he spies Julia on a trolley destined for the 'other' place. As his bus pulls away, he jumps off to join her. His judges, watching on a screen, agree that he has finally vindicated himself, and allow him to leave with her.

In Albert Brooks' *Lost in America*, the writer/director/actor played a weary LA executive who swaps his yuppie existence for a trip down freedom road, and finds himself navigating through the completely alien terrain of Middle America. His new satirical comedy could well be called *Lost in Space*, as Brooks drops a similar character, along with his bundles of neuroses, into the great beyond. The love-match-made-in-heaven plot may be spectral thin, but Brooks' main interest in this fantasy of the hereafter is to lampoon the here and now, perhaps taking his cue from *A Matter of Life and Death*. Though the plot fades out rapidly, the film is engagingly tempered with droll observation.

Dan discovers that Judgment City is the mirror image of the superficial society he has left behind, a limbo-land designed to be "pleasing and familiar" to its visitors. Here the dead embark on the psycho-therapy session of their lives, which is administered with the fixed-smile cheeriness of a management-skills training course (Rip Torn is particularly convincing as the ingratiating Diamond).

During the hearings, segments of their personal histories are screened like home movies for dissection in order to judge whether they have evolved fully as human beings or whether they are emotional dysfunctionals fettered by fear (coincidentally the secret force revealed at the dark heart of *Twin Peaks*).

At Dan's trial, a compilation of his greatest misjudgments shows him falling off a roof or miscalculating a prime investment opportunity, while Julia's features a clip of her rescuing her adopted children and then cat from a blazing house. In Brooks' universe, human beings win or fail in clichés – it's the ultimate cosmic joke in this deadpan comedy.

**Lizzie Francke**



Managing hereafter... Rip Torn, Albert Brooks





Theatre of war: Jacqueline Dankworth, Ana Padrao

**Certificate**

15

**Distributor**

ICA

**Production Company**

Looseyard  
For Film Four  
International  
In association with  
La Sept/Palawood  
Developments Inc/  
Animatografo  
Producao de Filmes  
LDA

**Executive Producers**

Ken McMullen  
Anders Palm  
Lars Johansson  
Antonio da Cunha  
Telles

**Producer**

Stewart Richards

**Associate Producer**

Olivia Stewart

**Production****Co-ordinator**

Ana Maria Russo

**Production Manager**

Gabriela Cerqueira

**Location Manager**

Renato Santos

**Assistant Directors**

Jono Pedro Ruivo

Sérgio Carlos

Ulisses Rolim

Paulo Margalho

**Screenplay**

Terry James

James Leahy

Ken McMullen

**Director of Photography**

Elsó Roque

**Colour**

Metrocolor

**Editor**

William Diver

**Production Designer**

Paul Cheetham

**Art Director**

João Martins

**Scenic Artist**

Eduardo Filipe

**Special Effects**

Filipe Cardoso

**Music**

Barrie Guard

**Music Director**

Simon Heyworth

**Music Extracts**

"Symphonie No.7

Leningrad" by Dimitri

Shostakovich,

performed by the

Czech Philharmonic

Orchestra, conducted

by Vaclav Neuman;

"The Emperor Waltz"

by Johann Strauss,

performed by the

Bulgarian

Broadcasting

Symphony Orchestra,

conducted by Rouslan

Raichev

**Songs**

"Wine, Women and  
Song" by Johann  
Strauss, performed  
by the Evora Town Band

and the Orchestra of  
the Vienna State

Opera, conducted by  
Rudolf Krauss; "Leda  
and the Swan", "Cap

sur Berlin" by  
Barrie Guard,

"Internationale",  
performed by

Ramborde's Theatre  
Chorus and Orchestra;

"La Marseillaise" by  
Rouget de Lisle,

performed by the  
Evora Town

Band; "Danny Boy"  
performed by

Sebastian Cipolla  
**Costume Design**

Monica Howe  
**Wardrobe**

**Supervisor**  
Ana Andrade

**Make-up**  
Chief:

Ana Lorena  
Ilda Campino

**Sound Editor**  
Peter Carlton

**Dialogue:**  
Andrew Glen

**Sound Re-recordists**  
Aad Wirtz

**Dialogue:**  
Graham Ackroyd

**Stunts**  
Nick Gillard

**Subtitles**  
Filmtex (Holland)

**Cast****Roshan Seth**

Lord Grafton

**John Lynch**

O'Brien

**Timothy Spall**

Ramborde

**Alexandre de Sousa**

General Gallifet

**Ian McNeice**

Prince of Wales

**Alan Braine**

Equerry

**Maria João Toscano**

Marquise de Gallifet

**Maria de Medeiros**

Maria

**Ana Padrao**

Séverine

**Jacqueline**

Dankworth

Street Singer

**Cedric Michaels**

Urchin

**Jack Klaff**

Cluseret

**Carlos Cesar**

Spirit of the Theatre

**João Pedro Ruivo**

Painter

**Dominique Pinon**

Napoléon III

**Med Hondo**

Karl Marx

**José Arguelles**

Crippled Soldier

**António Banha**

Speculator

**Bill Shaw**

Secret Agent

**David Rose**

Sir George

**António Caldeira**

Pires

Prosecutor

**José Caldeira**

President of the Court

**Marcello Urgeghe**

Trial Messenger

**Lutz Becker**

Prussian General (OS)

**Eduardo Viana**

Gil Nave

**Figueira Cid**

Rui Nuno

**Vicente de Sá**

Ligia Duarte

**Jorge Baiao**

Isabel Bilou

**Rui Ferreira**

Theatre Company

**9,001 feet****100 minutes****English and French****dialogue; English****subtitles****United Kingdom, 1989****Director: Ken McMullen**

● *Prologue:* London, 1873: O'Brien, sullenly working the Strand Cyclorama of the Paris Commune, is silently taunted by Lord Grafton, and recollects... *Act 1:* Paris, 1867. Backstage at Ramborde's Theatre, O'Brien watches its star, Séverine, "la belle Méxicaine", titillate an opéra-bouffe audience, including Grafton, diplomat and fixer for the Prince of Wales; but Cluseret, a US Civil War general turned Fenian and World Revolutionary, rouses O'Brien's political consciousness.

Napoléon III poses for his portrait, dressed as Julius Caesar, but the spectre of Karl Marx contradicts his Great Man theory of history. At the Café Anglais, Cluseret displays a subversive painting of the Execution of Maximilien (France's puppet emperor in Mexico); backed up by a veteran's tales of French atrocities, and an accusatory street singer, it shakes Séverine's innocent chauvinism, until Grafton, obsessed by her, installs her as his mistress.

*Act 2:* 1870. The Franco-Prussian War begins, and Ramborde's jingoistic show flops once trains begin bringing the wounded to Paris, upsetting Séverine, who leaves Grafton for O'Brien. During the siege of Paris the poor starve, and Séverine humiliates Grafton by bringing O'Brien to dinner. Slowly she develops spiritual solidarity with the street singer, and her actress friend Maria, whose troupe has been radicalised by a backstage figure, "The Spirit of the Theatre".

*Act 3:* "The Commune". Ramborde's actors, having trussed him up, sing "The Internationale". In adjoining rooms at the Café Anglais, Séverine bargains with Grafton, while Cluseret, with O'Brien, excoriates the Communards' reluctance to commandeer bank monies. Meeting in the corridor, Grafton, while taunting O'Brien, insults Séverine, who returns to O'Brien, and Grafton can only spy on their love-making. Cluseret, now a military leader of the Commune, is witch-hunted by bourgeois lawyers, but exonerated by the crowd.

General Gallifet, of the new Republic, enters the theatre auditorium on horseback, with infantry who, firing from the stalls, massacre the actors defiant on stage. Grafton coldly lets Séverine be killed. The two Fenians escape through the Paris catacombs. *Epilogue:* At the Cyclorama, O'Brien, maddened by Grafton's possession of Séverine, not dead after all, kills him with a Colt 45, a gift from Cluseret.

● Overshadowed by 1789 and Russia 1917, and highly embarrassing for French national

identity, the Paris Commune is virtually untouched on film. Ken McMullen approaches it through diverse forms of spectacle – Cyclorama, theatre, lantern slides like yellowed parchment, paintings, songs, etc. The varying idioms licence constant departures from, or rather, non-completions of, 'realism'; constitute alienation effects; and evoke the extent to which history exists as *ideas*, in a mental-ideological 'show' – all this while permitting powerful infusions of realism as required.

This allows McMullen to do for 1871 what *Oh! What A Lovely War* did for 1914-1918, and 1871 certainly aspires to musical theatre pathos and extroversion, with its romantic revolutionaries, a whole politicised, red flags heartily waved, sententious street-songs, and a collage-narrative like a series of turns. Half-drama, half-musical epic, 1871 is also a 'montage of attractions', a salad of attitudes, quotes, pronouncements and allusions. The writers, as clever as erudite, jigsaw motifs from Zola, Offenbach, Renoir (Jean), Manet, Marx, et al, as Séverine, a sort of meta-Nana, progresses from sex object to speaking directly, and finally joins the entire company's full-throated rendition of "The Internationale". Marx, as dark-skinned as the Third World (and uncannily resembled by Med Hondo), quotes his own works, without fear of contradiction; the justification of Fenian assassination is another topicality.

However, the bourgeoisie is always idiotic, or vile, or decadent, or morbid, or callous, or all of the above; the proletariat is merely misled or martyred; and world-revolutionary sentiments pulverise local analysis. Having scanted or condemned non-Communist motives, e.g. French resistance to Prussian domination, 1871 must virtually omit the Commune's spontaneous self-organisation – thus becoming, so to speak, *Hamlet* without the Prince.

That said, the film abounds in secondary *trouvailles*, vivacities and pleasures. The historical constellation is fascinatingly unfamiliar, and inventively evoked by sensuous costumes and strong production design. As if to exorcise both the miserabilism of *Zina*, and academic-Marxist fears of cine-pleasure, a joyous virtuosity enlivens the 'pictorialist' deliberateness (not unlike Greenaway's, but less oppressive, indeed, festively diverse). All this is craftsman's, or academician's, expertise, and McMullen's deeper inspiration, the agenda of *Ghost Dance*, appears only tangentially. 1871 remains a soulless, though brightly painted, shell.

**Raymond Durnat**



# In Bed with Madonna



Prima-Madonna...

Original US title:  
Truth or Dare

**Certificate**  
18  
**Distributor**  
Rank  
**Production Companies**  
Propaganda Films/Boy Toy  
**Executive Producer**  
Madonna  
**Producers**  
Tim Clawson  
Jay Roewe  
**Documentary Segment Producers**  
Japan:  
Gregg Fienberg  
LA/Houston:  
Lexi Godfrey  
**Supervising Producers**  
Steve Golin  
Sigurjon Sighvatsson  
**Line Producer**  
Lisa Hollingshead  
**Associate Producer**  
Daniel Radford  
**Production Co-ordinators**  
Sarah James Arbeid  
LA:  
Mitch Goddard  
Documentary:  
Joseph Montrone  
Geoffrey Nightingale  
**Production Managers**  
Stuart Besser  
Japan:  
Tim Harbert  
LA/Houston:  
Christopher Howard  
France:  
Ahmed Bouchaala  
UK:  
Andy Picheta  
US:  
Victoria Vallas  
Blonde Ambition  
Tour:  
Chris Lamb  
**Post-production Supervisors**  
Linda Hess  
Diana Seel  
**Production Manager**  
Stuart Besser  
**Blonde Ambition Tour Co-director**  
Vincent Paterson  
**Assistant Directors**  
Chris Rose  
Eric Boulet  
**Director of Photography**  
Robert Leacock  
Part in colour  
**Concert Photography**  
Toby Phillips  
**Documentary Directors of Photography**  
New York/Europe:  
Doug Nichol  
Houston:  
Daniel Pearl

Japan:  
Marc Reshovsky  
US:  
Christophe Lanzenberg  
**Optical Photography**  
Dion Hatch  
**Camera Operators**  
Documentary:  
John Le Blanc  
Concert:  
Robert Leacock  
Ben Seresin  
Simon Archer  
Bertrand Chatry  
John Simmons  
Doug Fienberg  
Philippe Ros  
Ned Burgess  
Jacques Steyn  
Renauld Huot  
**Video Director**  
Mark Aldo Micelli  
**Optical Supervisor**  
Scott Carleton  
**Editors**  
Barry Alexander  
Brown  
Associate:  
Anne B. Erikson  
Musical Sequences:  
John Murray  
**Art Director**  
Christopher Ciccone  
**Music Director**  
Jai Winding  
**Music Performed by**  
Vocals:  
Madonna  
Donna Delory  
Niki Harris  
Keyboards:  
Kevin Kendrick  
Jai Winding  
Drums:  
Jonathan Moffett  
Guitar:  
David Williams  
Percussion:  
Luis Conte  
Bass:  
Darryl Jones  
**Music Producer**  
Bill Bottrell  
**Music Editor**  
Bill Abbott

**Songs**  
"Papa Don't Preach"  
by Brian Elliot  
"Express Yourself",  
"Causing a Commotion", "Keep It Together" by Madonna, Stephen Bray; "Don't Make Me Over" by Burt Bacharach, Hal David; "Heaven Is a Place on Earth" by Ellen Shipley, Rick Nowles; "The Man I Love" by George Gershwin, Ira Gershwin; "Teddy's Jam", "Don't Clap Your Hands, Just Dance" by Gene Griffin, Aaron Hall, Timothy Gatling, Teddy Riley, performed by Guy; "Oh Father", "Hanky Panky", "Promise to Try", "Like a Prayer", "Live to Tell" by Madonna, Patrick Leonard; "In the Mix" by Martin Luna, performed by Mix Masters; "Like a Virgin" by Billy Steinberg, Tom Kelly; "Big Spender" by Cy Coleman, Dorothy Fields; "Dr Love" by Harris Felder Tyson; "Holiday" by Curtis Hudson, Lisa Stevens; "Vogue" by Madonna, Pettibone; "Family Affair" by Sylvester Stewart  
**Choreographer**  
Vincent Paterson  
**Dancers**  
Donna Delory  
Niki Harris  
Luis Camacho  
Oliver Crumes  
Salim Gauwloos  
Jose Gutierrez  
Kevin Stea  
Gabriel Trupin  
Carlton Wilborn  
**Blonde Ambition Tour Costume Designer**  
Jean-Paul Gaultier  
**Make-up**  
Sharon Gault  
**Titles/Opticals**  
Cinema Research Corporation  
**Supervising Sound Editor**  
Lon E. Bender  
**Sound Editors**  
Scott Gershin  
Wyllie Stateman  
Scott Hecker  
Dialogue:  
Chris Hogan  
**ADR Editor**  
Jay B. Richardson  
**Foley Editors**  
Larry Kemp  
Mark Lapointe  
**ADR/Foley Recordist**  
David W. Alstadter  
Dolby stereo  
**Sound Re-recordists**  
Rick Ash  
Dan Wallin  
Lon E. Bender  
Documentary:  
Ken King  
Michael Haines  
Patrick Hanson  
Simon Clark  
Eric Taylor  
Roger Pietschmann  
**Foley Artists**  
Jerry Trent  
Audrey Trent  
**Production Assistants**  
Key:  
Hjortur Gretarsson  
LA:  
Richard Edgar Rollins  
Music:  
Robert Salcedo

10,714 feet  
119 minutes

USA 1991

Director: Alek Keshishian

● *In Bed with Madonna* follows Madonna's Blonde Ambition concert tour of 1990, taking in Japan, North America and Europe. Concert footage is combined with behind-the-scenes material, beginning with Madonna clearing up her room after the final night of the tour and reflecting on the past few hectic months.

● "Many concert films are unrevealing puff pieces pandering to the celebrity", says director Alek Keshishian, who graduates from pop promos to features with this film. But although he claims to have had carte blanche from Madonna - "to be able to shoot anything and everything in an attempt to capture the essence of her life on that tour" - his film still has the look of the official bio-pic, with the star (also executive producer) at the helm. After the final credits have rolled, Madonna returns to the screen, briefly and knowingly, to wipe out her image with her remote control panel.

Every element in the film is just as studied. "I'm interested in pushing people's buttons, being provocative and political", she claims. On stage, Madonna is the faultless artist whose polished but mischievous act is captured in a lavish set-up with four cameras. Her now infamous Amazonian lingerie can be glimpsed through the slits of the baggy trouser suit: Marlene cross-dressed with a sweater girl. She is the energetic star of the extravagant spectacle, and the peep-show entertainer who simulates masturbation for her plaintive rendition of "Like a Virgin".

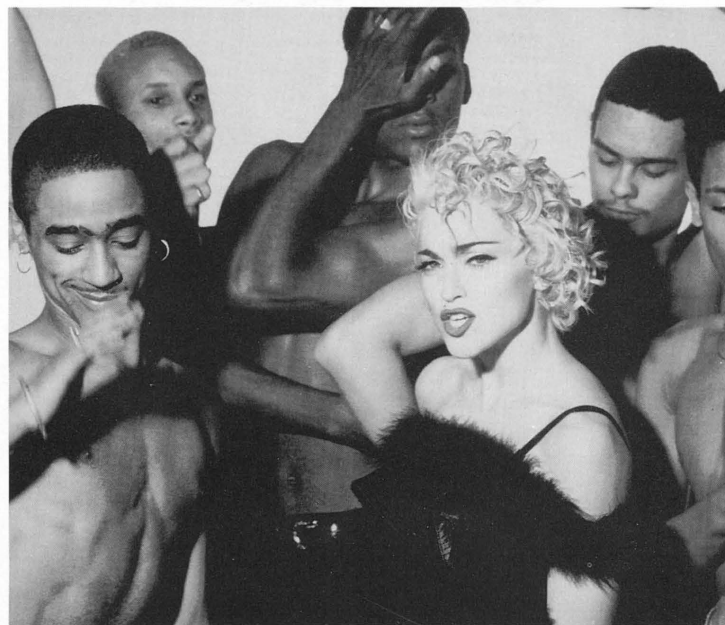
They call it obscene and lewd behaviour in Toronto, the Vatican bans her, while in her home town

of Detroit, Madonna warns her dad that it is "pretty racy in some sections - I don't know if you can take it two nights in a row". But for the fathers of either city she will not compromise her artistic integrity - her song "Express Yourself" is her anthem. Off stage, the star's life equally aspires to bawdy comedy or tawdry melodrama. As her then lover Warren Beatty quips: "She doesn't want to live off-camera - why would you say something if it's off-camera?"

For the behind-the-scenes footage, Keshishian is granted permission to trail after Madonna with a hand-held camera, shooting in retro black-and-white. The tour turns into a drama of many weeks in other towns as she moves from one hotel suite to the next, flipping through her personal repertoire. She is the fierce prima-Madonna, who will stamp her foot to command professional excellence from those around her when there is a technical mishap with the sound system. She is self-appointed 'mama' to her crew, leading them in prayers before each show and acting as their caring confidante.

She also plays the sniggering brat who is out to shock with a good line in sexual and lavatorial humour, whether making up fart jokes or faking fellatio with a mineral water bottle. Then there is the soulful Madonna who confesses that she is still in love with Sean Penn, or who lies on her mother's grave clutching white lilies and shedding a small tear. *In Bed with Madonna* brandishes its undeniable entertainment value (though at almost two hours, it's undeniably also a little indulgent). Like an audience in her lady's dressing chamber, the emotional unbuttoning reveals only a prescribed amount. And while it doesn't distill essence of Madonna, it makes for great cabaret.

Lizzie Francke



... self-appointed mama

Reviews

1871  
In Bed with Madonna



# Koneko Monogatari (The Adventures of Milo and Otis)

**Certificate**  
U  
**Distributor**  
Virgin  
**Production Company**  
Fuji Television  
Network  
**Executive Producer**  
Haruo Shikanai  
**Executive-in-charge of Production**  
Hisashi Hieda  
**Producers**  
Masaru Kakutani  
Satoru Ogata  
**Production Supervisor**  
Hisashi Hieda  
**Production Co-ordinators**  
Shoichiro Ishimaru  
Sumikazu Okazaki  
**Associate Director**  
Kon Ichikawa  
**Assistant Director**  
Takashi Ueno  
**Screenplay**  
Mark Saltzman  
Based on a story by  
Masanori Hata  
**Directors of Photography**  
Hideo Fujii  
Shinji Tomita  
Panavision  
**Colour**  
Eastman Color  
Prints by DeLuxe  
**Editor**  
Chizuko Osada  
Additional:  
Peter Verity  
Walt Mulconery  
**Art Director**  
Takeharu Sakaguchi  
**Special Effects**  
Yoshio Kojima  
**Music**  
Michael Boddicker  
**Orchestrations**  
Thomas Pasatieri  
**Music Editors**  
Nancy Fogerty  
Bill Bernstein  
**Song**  
"Walk Outside" by  
Dick Tarrier,  
performed by Dan  
Crow  
**Titles/Opticals**  
Cinema Research  
Corporation  
**Sound Recordists**  
Minoru Nobuoka  
Tetsuya Ohashi  
**Story Consultants**  
Minoru Nobuoka  
Tetsuya Ohashi  
**Animal Supervisor**  
Mieko Hata  
**Animal Trainers**  
Toshiaki Ishikawa  
Hiroko Ishikawa  
Chikao Nakata  
Mieko Hata  
Yuji Fujimoto  
Yuko Yamazaki  
Etsuko Nakabayashi  
Mitsutaka Komiyama  
Takayuki Komiyama  
Isao Hiraga  
Takeshi Tsuyama  
Kazuya Yamamoto  
Voichi Saijo  
Keiko Saijo  
Masae Onishi  
Manabu Mashita  
Akiko Yoshikawa  
Konomi Hiraoka

**Narration**  
Dudley Moore

**6,794 feet**  
**75 minutes**

**English version**

**Japan 1986**

**Director: Masanori Hata**

● Milo and Otis, respectively a marmalade kitten and a puppy, live on a farm and grow to become firm friends. From the beginning, Milo is the most adventurous of his litter, getting into many scrapes. Their adventures take a serious turn when Milo finds himself washed downstream in a wooden box. Otis tries to find a way to rescue his friend, but the two are separated and Milo gradually becomes fearful when he encounters a hungry bear, the box is washed over a waterfall, and night begins to draw in. Otis, however, remains in pursuit, traversing inhospitable wetlands.

When he discovers the abandoned box, Otis fears the worst. Unbeknownst to him, however, Milo has made his way to a delightful meadow where he unearths a meal buried by a fox cub. Finding his way to the seashore, Otis is trapped on a rock when the tide comes in but is rescued by a friendly turtle. Milo is befriended by a young deer who shows him a sheltered spot where he can rest. Disturbed that night by a cry of distress, Milo discovers a trapped piglet who, once freed, takes him to his family. A hungry Milo shares their breakfast, and later he catches a trout only to lose it to a bear. He is pursued by a flock of irate seagulls while looking for birds' eggs, and shelters in a small hut on the shore where he is forced to drive away an inquisitive bear.

Attempting to continue his journey, he falls into a pit, where he is finally found and rescued by Otis. Autumn is closing in as the two set out for the farm. On the way, Milo meets Joyce, a white and fluffy female cat; feeling excluded, Otis takes a different route home and meets Sandra, a bitch of his own breed. The two friends set up their separate winter homes, and in early spring their litters are born.

Searching for food one day, Otis

spies a hut, and finds Milo and Joyce already in residence. The two families are later united and together set out for the farm.

● Filmed using live animals in natural locations, *The Adventures of Milo and Otis* suffers the same drawbacks as those picturebooks for young children which use chocolate-box photographs of animals to illustrate a fictional story. Almost invariably, the anthropomorphic nature of the protagonists sits uneasily alongside the zoological accuracy of the illustrations, however winning they might be. Not immediately recognisable as the Japanese production it is, this film shows no sign of the distinctive use of character and incident that distinguishes even relatively unambitious animated television series from that country. And despite Kon Ichikawa's presence as Associate Director, one looks in vain for the lyricism that distinguished his best-known work. But then perhaps something has been lost in translation: the credits list Shuntaro Tanigawa as author of a poem which seems not to appear in the English version.

For British release, the film has been dubbed by Dudley Moore, narrating a story pitched somewhere between the nursery of all our fantasies (more in the vein of *The Wind in the Willows* with added cuteness than *Watership Down*) and latterday *Blue Peter*. The digestibility of this varies, and if nothing can be said for the daunting tweeness of the 'romance' between the two male creatures and their mates (on screen they merely romp inoffensively in a meadow), the film gains some marks for showing the birth of the animals' young. That *Milo and Otis* will undoubtedly be welcomed by those with young children raises once more the vexed question of the low priority given in this country to films for this age group.

**Verina Glaessner**



Welcome the beasts

# Listen Up: The Lives of Quincy Jones

**Certificate**  
12  
**Distributor**  
Warner Bros  
**Production Company**  
Cort Productions  
**Producer**  
Courtney Sale Ross  
**Line Producer**  
Melissa Powell  
**Production Associates**  
Christian Barbier  
Larry Byrne  
Eileen Dunn  
Marcia Field  
Jonathan Kovell  
Harry Pallenberg  
Stephen V. Powell  
Lori Schiaffino  
Jean Phillippe Stefani  
**Production Manager**  
Melissa Powell  
**Director of Photography**  
Stephen Kazmierski  
**Colour**  
Technicolor  
**Additional Photography**  
Craig Spirko  
Ellen Kuras  
Ellen Weissbrod  
Sam Auster  
Maryse Alberti  
John Sprague  
Jim Yockey  
**Video**  
Phil Falcone  
Bruce Tovsky  
**Optical Printing**  
Cinema Arts Inc.  
Additional:  
Moses Weitzman  
Bill Brand  
**Editors**  
Milton Moses  
Ginsberg  
Pierre Kahn  
Andrew Morreale  
Laure Sullivan  
Paul Zehrer  
Additional:  
Mitchell Sinoway  
Pola Rapaport  
**Music**  
Quincy Jones  
**Music Supervisor**  
Arthur Baker  
**Music Editor**  
Joseph S. DeBeasi  
**Songs**  
"Listen Up"  
(instrumental version)  
by Arthur Baker; "I  
Don't Go for That" by  
Ian Prince, performed  
by Ian Prince, Siedah  
Garrett; "I'll Be Good  
to You" by George  
Johnson, Louis  
Johnson, Senora Sam,  
performed by Ray  
Charles, Chaka Khan;  
"Prologue (2 Q's Rap)"  
by Quincy Jones,  
Antonio Hardy,  
performed by Quincy  
Jones, Quincy D. III;  
"Back on the Block"  
by Quincy Jones, Rod  
Temperton, Siedah  
Garrett, Caiphus  
Semenya, Ice-T, Melle  
Mel, Antonio Hardy,  
MohannDas Dewese,  
performed by Ice-T,  
Melle Mel, Big Daddy  
Kane, Kool Moe Dee,  
Tevin Campbell; "Jazz  
Corner of the World  
(Introduction to  
Birdland)" by Quincy  
Jones, MohannDas  
Dewese, Antonio  
Hardy, performed by  
Kool Moe Dee, Big  
Daddy Kane;  
"Birdland" by Josef  
Zawinul, performed  
by Miles Davis, Dizzy  
Gillespie, James  
Moody, George  
Benson, Sarah  
Vaughan, Ella  
Fitzgerald, Kool Moe  
Dee, Big Daddy Kane;  
"Tomorrow (A Better



You, Better Me!) by George Johnson, Louis Johnson, Siedah Garrett, performed by Tevin Campbell; "Wee B. Doinit" by Quincy Jones, Siedah Garrett, Ian Prince, performed by Ella Fitzgerald, Siedah Garrett, Al Jarreau, Bobby McFerrin, Take 6, Sarah Vaughan; "Setembro (Brazilian Wedding Song)" by Ivan Lins, Gilson Peranzetta, performed by Sarah Vaughan, Take 6; "Prelude to the Garden" by Jorge Calandrelli; "The Secret Garden (Sweet Seduction Suite)" by Quincy Jones, Rod Temperton, Siedah Garrett, El DeBarge, performed by El DeBarge, James Ingram, Al B. Sure!, Barry White; "One Man Woman" by Ian Prince, Siedah Garrett, Harriet Roberts, performed by Siedah Garrett; "The Places You Find Love" by Glen Ballard, Clif Magness (African lyrics: Caiphus Semenya; Swahili translation: Sarah Abukutsa), performed by Siedah Garrett, Chaka Kahn, All Star Choir; "How Do You Keep the Music Playing?" by Michel Legrand, Alan Bergman, Marilyn Bergman, performed by James Ingram; "Let the Good Times Roll" by Sam Theard, Fleece Moore, performed by Ray Charles; "Somewhere" by Stephen Sondheim, Leonard Bernstein, performed by Aretha Franklin; "Give Me the Night" by Rod Temperton, performed by George Benson; "Killer Joe" by Benny Golson; "Sanford and Son Theme"; "What Can I Do? (Hush, Hush, Somebody's Calling My Name)", "Theme from Ironside", "Talking Drums", "Parole Party", "Dead Duck", "Theme from *The Pawnbroker*", "Otez' Night Off", "Rack 'em Up", "Harlem Drive", "Birth of a Band", "The Gypsy", "Psychosis", "Aftermath", "The Lost Man Theme", "Slum Creeper", "Messy But Good", "Something Strange", "No You Won't", "Whipping Boy", "Why Daddy?", "Clutter Family Theme", "Perry's Theme", "Down Clutter Lane", "In Cold Blood", "Murder Scene", "Money Runner", "Main Title Collage (From the film *S*)" by Quincy Jones; "The Dude" by Quincy Jones, Patti Austin, Rod Temperton; "Body Heat" by Bruce Fisher, Quincy Jones, Leon Ware, Stanley Richardson; "Boyschool to Manhood" by Quincy Jones, Bill Summers, Zak Diouf; "Razzamatazz" by Rod Temperton; "Hikky

Burr" by Quincy Jones, Bill Cosby; "Walking in Space" by James Rado, Jerome Ragni, Galt MacDermot; "Betcha Wouldn't Hurt Me" by Stevie Wonder, Stephanie Andrews; "Is It Love that We're Missin?" by George Johnson, Debbie Smith-Johnson; "Kansas City Wrinkle", "Jessica's Day" by Quincy Jones, performed by Count Basie and his Orchestra; "Change of Pace" by Quincy Jones, Harold Arnold; "Air Mail Special" by Charlie Christian, Jimmy Mundy, Benny Goodman; "Under Paris Skies" by Kim Gannon, Hubert Giraud, Jean Andre Brun; "Kingfish" by Quincy Jones, performed by Lionel Hampton and his Orchestra; "One Note Samba" by Antonio Carlos Jobim, Newton Mendonca; "Tin Tin Deo" by Walter Fuller, Chano Pozo, "Long Long Summer" by Lalo Schiffrin, performed by Dizzy Gillespie; "The Midnight Sun Will Never Set" by Quincy Jones, Dorcas Cochran, Henry Salvador, performed by (1) Sarah Vaughan, (2) Quincy Jones; "Teach Me Tonight" by Sammy Cahn, Gene DePaul, performed by Dinah Washington; "Everybody's Blues" by Ernest Wilkins, performed by Quincy Jones; "It's My Party" by Herb Wiener, John Gluck, Wally Gold, "You Don't Own Me" by John Madara, David White, performed by Lesley Gore; "It's Like Reaching for the Moon" by Al Sherman, Al Lewis, Gerald Marquese, "God Bless the Child" by Arthur Herzog Jr., Billie Holiday, performed by Billie Holiday; "Battle of Swing" by and performed by Duke Ellington; "Thriller" by Rod Temperton, "Smooth Criminal", "The Way You Make Me Feel", "Beat It", "Bad", "Billie Jean", "Wanna Be Startin' Somethin'", "Working Day and Night", "Don't Stop 'til You Get Enough" by Michael Jackson, "P.Y.T. (Pretty Young Thing)" by James Ingram, Quincy Jones, "Man in the Mirror" by Siedah Garrett, Glen Ballard, performed by Michael Jackson; "Dancin' Pants" by Jimmy Giuffre, performed by Quincy Jones; "Hard Sock Dance" by Quincy Jones, Ernest Bailey; "Emerald City Gold Sequence" by Quincy Jones, Charlie Smalls, performed by The Emerald City Citizens; "Ease On Down the Road" by Charlie Smalls, performed by Michael Jackson, Diana Ross; "Pennies from

Heaven" by Johnny Burke, Arthur Johnston; "Straighten Up and Fly Right" by Nat King Cole, Irving Mills, performed by Nat King Cole; "In the Heat of the Night" by Quincy Jones, Alan Bergman, Marilyn Bergman, performed by Ray Charles; "Maybe God Is Trying to Tell You Somethin'" by Quincy Jones, Andrae Crouch, William Maxwell, David Del Sesto; "Letter Search" by Quincy Jones, Rod Temperton, Jeremy Lubbock, Joel Rosenbaum; "We Are the World" by Lionel Richie, Michael Jackson, performed by USA for Africa; "Fly Me to the Moon" by Bart Howard, performed by Frank Sinatra, The Count Basie Orchestra; "I Got It Bad and That Ain't Good" by Duke Ellington, Paul Webster, performed by Duke Ellington; "Livin' in America" by David Foster, Rod Temperton, Steve Lukather, Quincy Jones, Donna Summer, performed by Donna Summer; "Ai No Corrida" by Kenny Young, Chaz Jankel, performed by Flavor Flav; "One Foot in the Gutter" by Clark Terry, Oscar Brown Jr., performed by Clark Terry Quartet with Thelonious Monk; "Blowing the Blues Away" by Billy Eckstine, Jerry Valentine, performed by Billy Eckstine; "Body and Soul" by Edward Heyman, John Green, Robert Sour, Frank Eytan, performed by Billy Eckstine; "Hot Mallets" by and performed by Lionel Hampton; "Slide Hamp Slide" by Lionel Hampton, Milt Buckner, performed by Lionel Hampton; "Hot House" by Tadd Dameron, performed by Charley Parker; "Tenderly" by Jack Lawrence, Walter Gross, "Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen" performed by Dizzy Gillespie; "Oh Happy Day" by Edwin R. Hawkins, performed by Hubert Laws; "Happy Birthday to You" by Patty S. Hill, Mildred J. Hill; "Listen Up" (vocal version) by Arthur Baker, Arif Mardin, Karisma, Siedah Garrett, Judy Titus, Benny Medina, performed by Tevin Campbell, Siedah Garrett, Karyn White, Al B. Sure!, The Winans, James Ingram, El DeBarge, Big Daddy Kane, Ice-T, Melle Mel, Ray Charles

**Sound Editors**  
Gerald Donlan  
Richard Q. King  
**Sound Recordists**  
Petur Hliddal  
Chuck Fitzpatrick  
Scott Breindel  
Judy Karp  
John McCormick  
Sunny Meyer  
Peter Miller  
Steven Nelson  
Paul Oppenheim  
Lisa Schnall  
Fred Schultz  
Glen Trew  
Music:  
Bruce Swedien ("Back on the Block")  
Dolby stereo  
**Sound Re-recordist**  
Rick Dior  
**Technical Director**  
Brad Sundberg

**10,338 feet**  
**115 minutes**

## USA 1990

**Director: Ellen Weissbrod**

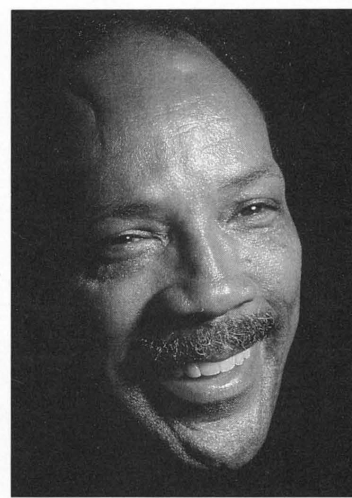
The career and exceptionally full life of Quincy Jones are traced through fragmented interviews and allusive snatches of documentary footage. Born in Chicago in 1933, Jones turned to music early in a difficult childhood and was playing in a band with his friend Ray Charles while they were both in their teens. As a jazz player, Jones was a dependable session man, playing behind the likes of Lionel Hampton and Dizzy Gillespie, but not an outstanding soloist. It was his gift for arrangements that made people in the business take notice.

In the early 60s, in debt from a disastrous European tour with his own band, he took a desk job with Mercury records in New York – rising to the level of vice president, an unprecedented achievement for a black man in an established record major. After scoring *The Pawnbroker* for Sidney Lumet, Jones moved to Hollywood, again defying racial convention. He worked there for the rest of the decade, most memorably on thrillers like *In Cold Blood* and *In the Heat of the Night*.

In the 70s, Jones concentrated more on his own recordings, moving away from jazz towards pop, funk and soul. He almost died in 1974 when he suffered two brain aneurysms, but was soon back at work, scoring the television series *Roots*, adapting the musical *The Wiz* for Lumet, and pursuing a phenomenal collaboration with Michael Jackson that includes the "We Are the World" single and "Thriller", the highest selling album ever. Jones now runs his own record label for Warner Bros. (Qwest Records), encompassing funk, soul, jazz, rap and hip hop, and has moved into producing for film and television with *The Color Purple*, *The Fresh Prince of Bel Air* and *The Jesse Jackson Show*.

*Listen Up* is an odd amalgam of two strands in contemporary American documentary; strands that might be identified as East Coast and West Coast; New York and LA. Although producer Courtney Sale Ross was born in Texas, both she and director Ellen Weissbrod are students of the New York art scene, and previously collaborated on the PBS series *Strokes of Genius* on Abstract Expressionism. Flashily edited to marry the briefest snatches of overlapping interviews and extensive musical cues (the press notes list nine pages of song credits!), *Listen Up* is clearly of the modern American post-documentary school.

But this is a sheep in fake-fur chic clothing. Ray Charles, Miles Davis, Ella Fitzgerald, Dizzy Gillespie, Alex



**Lots of people... Quincy Jones**

Haley, Ice-T, Jesse Jackson, Big Daddy Kane, Sidney Lumet...and on and on, an alphabet of celebrities dutifully identify themselves to pay sentimental homage to one of their own. In the tradition of the show-biz tribute, it is not what they say but who they are that counts. One interviewee notable for his absence is Nick Ross, boss of Time Warner and husband of Courtney Sale Ross.

For all his considerable and varied achievements, his dignity and intelligence, Quincy Jones (a Chicagoan who moved to Seattle and Bel Air) seems a strange choice for this treatment. Never a musical virtuoso, his eminence stems from his fostering of talent, his consummate production skills and exceptional business acumen. Orchestrating "We Are the World" may be his most personal accomplishment. It's clear that Ross and Weissbrod feel that the music is inextricably linked with black experience. But none of the interviews develop this, and laying James Brown's "Living in America" under footage of urban ghettos hardly seals the matter. Personal insight consists only of mutual approbation; the nearest we get to criticism comes from a home video, in which Jones' eldest daughter Jolie rationalises: Quincy is a genius, *ergo* an inconstant husband and father. The man himself proves equally reluctant to probe the past.

The film hasn't the depth of either the coffee-table book or the CD which accompany its release. All it adds are a handful of moments: Michael Jackson interviewed in the dark; Jones flinching at the gushots on the soundtrack of *In Cold Blood*; and Miles Davis, looking and sounding like the ghost of jazz past, present and future, musing mischievously, "When you say pop, that's white, right?...You need a lot of masks in this business, to be invincible...you have to be another person. Quincy's lots of people – I'm stuck with this one!"

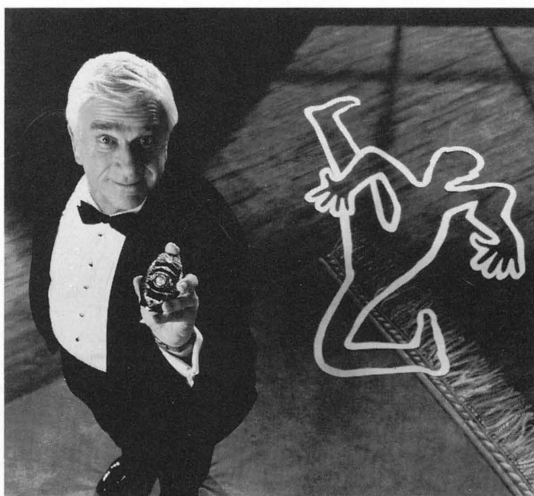
**Tom Charity**

## Reviews

Konoko Monogatari  
Listen Up: The Lives of Quincy Jones



# The Naked Gun 2½: The Smell of Fear



Some kind of bust (Leslie Nielsen)...

## Certificate

12

## Distributor

UIP

## Production Company

Paramount Pictures  
A Zucker/Abrahams/  
Zucker production

## Executive Producers

Jerry Zucker  
Jim Abrahams  
Gil Netter

## Producer

Robert K. Weiss

## Co-producer

John D. Schofield

## Associate Producer

Robert LoCash

## Production

Michael Ewing

## Co-ordinator

Rita Grant Miller

## Unit Production

Manager

John D. Schofield

## Location Manager

Steven Shkolnik

## 2nd Unit Director

Robert K. Weiss

## Casting

Mindy Marin

## Voice:

Barbara Harris

## Associate:

Allison Bauer

## Co-ordinator:

Joseph D. Blake

## Extras:

Central Casting

## Assistant Directors

John T. Kretschmer

Veronica Gonzales-

Rubio

Brad Michaelson

## Screenplay

David Zucker

Pat Proft

Based on the

television series *Police*

*Squad!* by Jim

Abrahams, David

Zucker, Jerry Zucker

## Director of

Photography

Robert Stevens

## Colour

Technicolor

## Camera Operators

Allen D. Easton

Joe Thibo

Panaglide:

Norton "Rusty" Geller

## Matte Artists

Ken Marschall

Supervisor:

Bruce Block

## Editors

James Symons

Chris Greenbury

## Production Designer

John J. Lloyd

## Set Design

James Tocci

Lester Gobreuegge

Charles Butcher

## Set Decorator

Mickey S. Michaels

## Set Dressers

Jesse W. Johnson

Richard A. Gonzalez

Renaldo T. Paneque

Pasquale J. Latona

## Production

Illustrator

John L. Jensen

## Storyboard Artist

David J. Negron Jnr

## Special Effects

Supervisor

Roy Howard Arbogast

## Special Effects

Thomas Mertz

Mike Millar

Tony Vandenecker

Bryan Phillips

Barry McQueary

William Dawson

Robert Phillips

## Music

Ira Newborn

## Orchestrations

Ira Newborn

Additional:

Don Nemitz

## Music Editor

Jeff Carson

## Songs

"I Guess I'm Just

Screwed" by Ira

Newborn, David

Zucker, Robert

LoCash, performed by

Colleen Fitzpatrick;

"Ding Dong the Witch

Is Dead" by Harold

Arlen, E. Y. Harburg;

"Tangerine" by Johnny

Mercer, Victor

Schertzinger;

"Satin Doll" by Duke

Ellington, Billy

Strayhorn, Johnny

Mercer; "The Way We

Were" by Marvin

Hamlisch, Alan

Bergman, Marilyn

Bergman; "Unchained

Melody" by Alex

North, Hy Zaret;

"Ebb Tide" by Robert

Maxwell, Carl Sigman,

performed by The

Righteous Brothers;

"Lifespan" by Nikki

Bernard; "Born to

Rock" by and

performed by Jon

Paris; "Besame

Mucho" by Consuelo

Velazquez, Sunny

Skylar

## Choreography

Mianda Garrison

## Costume Design

Taryn Dechellis

## Costume

Supervisors

Robert Q. Mathews

Phyllis Corcoran-

Woods

## Costumers

Set:

Nava R. Sadan

Gary R. Sampson

## Make-up

Stephen A. Abrams

James R. Scribner

## Title Design

Douy Swofford

## Titles

Pacific Title

## Supervising Sound

Editors

George Watters II

F. Hudson Miller

## Sound Editors

R. J. Palmer

Howell Gibbens

Sandy Gendler

Thomas Fucci

Trevor Jolly

Jack Woods

## ADR Editors

Fred Stafford

Bobbi Banks

## Foley Editors

Victoria Martin

Butch Wolf

Matthew Harrison

## Sound Recordists

Richard Bryce

Goodman

Scott Austin

Aaron Bryson

Dolby stereo

## Sound Re-recordists

Foley:

Greg Curda

ADR:

Bob Baron

Music:

Gary Ladinsky

Gary C. Bourgeois

Adam Jenkins

Don Digirolamo

## Foley Artists

Ken Dufva

David Lee Fein

## Technical

Consultants

David B. Miller

Ceramics:

Ed O'Reilly

Environmental:

April Smith

## Production

Assistants

Seth Marten

Robert F. Gonzalez-

Rubio

Heather Upjohn

John Valov

Nick Goodwin Self

Jeffrey Lippman

## Stunt Co-ordinator

Phil Adams

## Stunts

Phil "Kamikaze"

Adams

Bud Davis

Phil Chong

Jophery Brown

Roydon Clark

David "Headlong

Plunge" Powledge

Kristi Frankenheimer

Peter McKernan Jnr

Richard Peimonte

"Dangling" Kaye Wade

Steve Geray

Al Goto

Heather Clow

Peter McKernan Snr

Mickey White

"Crazy" Bruce Barbour

Gary Littlejohn

Ted Grossman

George Marshall Ruge

Mary Peters

Shawn "Crazy Legs"

Lane

Jeff "Thud" Ramsey

Laurence Todd

Rosenthal

Jim Winburn

Charlie "White

Knuckles" Brewer

J. P. Romano

Bill McIntosh

Patty Clow

Sonia Izzolena

Jimmy "Tails" Jue

"Reckless" Dwyane

McGee

Kerrie Cullen

Cindy Folkerson

Lila Finn

Donna Garrett

Dun "Headfirst"

Pulford

Jane McKernan

Bobby Burns

Stephen Paul Hart

Eugene "Splat" Collier

Neil Summers

Chuck Clow

Vincent Mazzella Jnr

Jadie David

Eric Norris

Chuck Le Fever

## Cast

Leslie Nielsen

Lieutenant Frank

Drebin

Priscilla Presley

Jane Spencer

George Kennedy

Ed Hocken

O.J. Simpson

Nordberg

Robert Goulet

Quentin Hapsburg

Richard Griffiths

Dr Meinheimer

Earl Hacker

Jacqueline Brookes

Commissioner

Brumford

Anthony James

Hector Savage

Lloyd Bochner

Baggett

Tim O'Connor

Fenzwick

Peter Mark Richman

Dunwell

Ed Williams

Ted Olsen

John Roarke

George Bush

Margery Ross



Hapsburg prepares to detonate a device that will destroy the building, but after a struggle with Drebin he falls to his death. Drebin and Jane manage to defuse the device. President Bush gratefully declares that Drebin should be appointed head of a new Federal Bureau of the Police Squad, but the hero turns the offer down. He has other plans for his future: Jane has accepted his proposal of marriage.

Despite the solid presence of British actor Richard Griffiths (in a double role which, however, allows him little more than to be the butt of some punishing slapstick), this sequel is a touch less international in its humour than the first *Naked Gun*. The Queen has been replaced by the American President and his wife – nicely impersonated – as the special celebrity victims of Frank Drebin's calamitous Clouseau-esque clumsiness. Several of the references are obscurely American, probably too much so to travel, although the glimpse of Mel Tormé or of Zsa Zsa Gabor's furious attack on a police car should make their point, and there is an evil panning shot across pictures of major historical disasters (the Titanic, the Hindenburg, and so on) which ends up with a portrait of Michael Dukakis.

The most incestuous joke is ironically likely to attract the widest recognition: the two lovers grapple over a spinning mound of clay (from which, finally, Jane fashions an ashtray) in hilariously mock-erotic reference to brother Jerry Zucker's hit film, *Ghost*. Agreeable touches of surrealism punctuate the more obvious gags. Aiming slaps at Drebin, Jane finally scores with her third hand; later, she disappears entirely into her kitchen fridge. There is a characteristic Zucker throwaway when Drebin, sent to question a bomb victim, placidly addresses the Hunchback of Notre Dame. An unexpected pleasure are the inevitably lengthy credits, which gaily self-destruct.

The jokes linked with Drebin's disastrous parking habits and fellow cop Nordberg's propensity for misfortune, continued from the previous film, are now more laboured. But a zestful cartoon humour resurfaces when Nordberg swings on a rope straight into a wall and takes some time to slide to the floor. With its anything-goes script ("Is this some kind of a bust?" a well-endowed receptionist asks the goggle-eyed Drebin) supported by Leslie Nielsen's urbane mugging, this is an appealing rag-bag of the ribald and the ridiculous, showing only the slightest signs of running out of steam.

**Philip Strick**

## Noce Blanche

**Certificate**  
15  
**Distributor**  
Gala  
**Production Companies**  
Les Films du Losange/La Sept/La Sorcière Rouge/Sofia Investimage/Investimage 2  
With financial assistance from Centre National de la Cinématographie  
**Producer**  
Margaret Menéguez  
**Production Managers**  
Dominique Arhex  
Philippe Dumas  
Philippe Tuin  
**Screenplay**  
Jean-Claude Brisseau  
**Director of Photography**  
Romain Winding  
In colour  
**Camera Operator**  
Emmanuel Hachette  
**Editor**  
Maria-Luisa Garcia  
**Set Design**  
Maria-Luisa Garcia  
**Music**  
Jean Musy  
**Costume Design**  
Maria-Luisa Garcia  
**Make-up**  
Florence Cossutta  
**Sound**  
Georges Prat  
Dominique Hennequin  
**Sound Effects**  
Gil Bast  
Pascale Coulon

**Cast**  
**Vanessa Paradis**  
Mathilde Tessier  
**Bruno Cremer**  
François Hainaut  
**Ludmila Mikael**  
Catherine Hainaut  
**François Negret**  
Carpentier  
**Jean Daste**  
Caretaker  
**Véronique Silver**  
Education Councillor  
**Philippe Tuin**  
Supervisor  
**Benoît Muracciole**  
**Arnaud Goujon**  
**Pierre Gabaston**  
**Students of the Cinema Department of Portail Rouge High School, St Etienne**  
**Students of Jean Bart High School, Dunkirk**

**8,300 feet**  
**92 minutes**

**Subtitles**

### France 1989

**Director: Jean-Claude Brisseau**

François Hainaut, a middle-aged schoolteacher in St Etienne, is irritated when seventeen-year-old Mathilde Tessier, a habitual absentee, arrives late for his class, and orders her out. Later, finding her lying in a bus shelter where she has fainted, he gives her a lift home. It turns out she lives alone: her father, a Parisian psychiatrist, has sent her away to remove her from the influence of her suicidal mother. Realising that Mathilde is highly intelligent, François persuades the school authorities not to expel her, and starts giving her personal tuition. Mathilde's academic performance markedly improves, but her growing attachment to François disquiets his wife, Catherine.

Arriving one morning at Mathilde's to see a group of teenagers leaving, François stages a jealous scene. Mathilde is delighted by this revelation of his true feelings, they make love, and a passionate affair develops. François denies his involvement to Catherine, but when the summer vacation begins, looks forward to an uninterrupted idyll. Mathilde, however, is summoned back to Paris when her mother attempts suicide again, and during her absence Catherine walks out on François. On Mathilde's return, she proposes that they should run away and live together, but François, realising the impossibility of their situation, breaks off the affair.

When school reassembles, Mathilde has moved in with a fellow pupil, Carpentier, and does everything to arouse François' jealousy. She also persecutes Catherine, who has returned to her husband, with telephoned threats and physical attacks. On learning this, François furiously confronts her, but they wind up making love in an empty classroom and are caught in the act. Disgraced, his marriage destroyed, François is transferred to Dunkirk. One day he

receives a call from the police: a young woman has died in a lonely apartment overlooking the school where he now teaches. François identifies Mathilde's body, then wanders out along the sea shore.

Pretty seventeen-year-olds who throw themselves passionately at dumpy, middle-aged males turn up less often in reality, one suspects, than in the movies – especially movies written and directed by middle-aged males. At all events, it's a subject that needs to be adroitly handled if it is to avoid banality, let alone prurience. The persistence with which Jean-Claude Brisseau homes in on visual and narrative cliché suggests, not that he has bravely resolved to disregard the pitfalls, but that he hasn't even registered their existence.

François represents culture, order, an existence that leaves him comfortable but obscurely dissatisfied. He has a wife – beautiful, intelligent, solicitous – but no children; Mathilde, of course, is deeply attached to her absent father. An 'enfant de la révolution manquée' of 1968, she becomes a walking anthology of contemporary youth problems. Along with her suicidal, manic-depressive mother, she's provided with two delinquent brothers, arrested at fifteen for pushing dope, while she, at eleven, became a child-prostitute to finance her own habit. As Wilde remarked of the death of Little Nell, it would take a heart of stone not to laugh at this.

If the film remains watchable at all, it's mainly due to the acting. *Noce Blanche* is the first film of Vanessa Paradis, one of France's leading pop stars, and she gives a fresh and unaffected performance. Bruno Cremer subtly conveys the inner disruption of a man faced with a chance he had ceased hoping for and isn't sure he still wants. If Brisseau can start writing scripts the way he directs actors, he'll become a film-maker to reckon with.

**Philip Kemp**



**Fallen: Bruno Cremer, Vanessa Paradis**

## Reviews

The Naked Gun 2½:  
The Smell of Fear  
Noce Blanche



# The Pope Must Die



Through the hoops: Robbie Coltrane....

**Certificate**  
15  
**Distributor**  
Palace Pictures  
**Production Company**  
Palace Pictures  
In association with  
Michael White/  
Miramax Film  
Corporation/British  
Screen/Film Four  
International  
**Executive Producers**  
Michael White  
Nik Powell  
**Co-executive**  
**Producers**  
Bob Weinstein  
Harvey Weinstein  
**Producer**  
Stephen Woolley  
**Co-producer**  
Elizabeth Karlsen  
**Production**  
**Executives**  
Miramax:  
Fred Milstein  
Michael Apostolina  
Steve Earnhart  
**Associate Producer**  
Paul Cowan  
**Production**  
**Supervisor**  
Palace:  
Elizabeth Karlsen  
Jadran:  
Boris Dmitrovic  
**Production**  
**Co-ordinators**  
Diane Chittell  
Jadran:  
Nada Pinter  
**Production Manager**  
Jadran:  
Dragan Josipovic  
**Location Manager**  
Jadran:  
Zoran Blazevic  
**Casting**  
Ross Hubbard  
John Hubbard  
Jadran:  
Vlado Bacic  
US:  
The Casting Company  
**Assistant Directors**  
Glynn Purcell  
Ken Shane  
Jadran:  
Dubravko Scherr  
**Screenplay**  
Peter Richardson  
Pete Richens  
**Director of**  
**Photography**  
Frank Gell  
In colour  
**Editor**  
Katherine Wenning  
**Production Designer**  
John Ebdon  
**Art Directors**  
Sarah Horton  
Jadran:  
Nenad Pecur  
**Set Dresser**  
Mladen Ozbolt  
**Scenic Artist**  
Howard Weaver

**Special Effects**  
Marijan Karoglan  
Armourer:  
Drago Poldrugac  
**Music**  
Anne Dudley  
Jeff Beck  
**Music Director**  
Anne Dudley  
**Music Extracts**  
"Requiem" by Gabriel  
Faure, performed by  
Pro Arte Orchestra  
and Choir of London,  
arranged by Anne  
Dudley; "String  
Quartet in E Minor"  
by Giuseppe Verdi  
**Music Performed By**  
The Pro Arte  
Orchestra and Choir  
of London  
Featured Guitar:  
Jeff Beck  
**Orchestrations**  
Anne Dudley  
**Songs**  
"Speedy Gonzales" by  
Buddy Kaye, David  
Hess, Ethel Lee,  
performed by Jeff  
Beck, Anne Dudley,  
Robbie Coltrane,  
Beverly D'Angelo;  
"Hungry Man" by  
Mike Sanchez, Andy  
Silvester, "Baby  
Please" by Mike  
Sanchez, "In the  
Middle of the Night"  
by Jesse Mae  
Robinson, performed  
by Big Town Playboys  
**Costume Design**  
Sandy Powell  
**Costume Supervisor**  
Jelena Matic  
**Wardrobe**  
Supervisor:  
Paul Minter  
Jadran:  
Vesna Tupek  
**Make-up**  
Magdalen Gaffney  
Jadran:  
Marija Dziewulska  
**Titles**  
Geoff Axtell Associates  
**Sound Editor**  
Campbell Askew  
Dialogue:  
Kevin Brazier  
**ADR/Foley Recordist**  
Ted Swanscott  
Dolby stereo  
**Sound Re-recordists**  
John Hayes  
Hugh Strain  
**Cast**  
Robbie Coltrane  
Dave Albinizi  
Beverly D'Angelo  
Veronica Dante  
Herbert Lom  
Vittorio Corelli

**Alex Rocco**  
Cardinal Rocco  
**Paul Bartel**  
Monsignor Vitche  
**Balthazar Getty**  
Joe Don Dante  
**William Hootkins**  
Cardinal Verucci  
**Robert Stephens**  
Carmelengo  
**Annette Crosbie**  
Mother Superior  
**Steve O'Donnell**  
Rico  
**John Sessions**  
Dino  
**Salvatore Cascio**  
Paulo  
**Peter Richardson**  
Bish  
**Khedija Sassi**  
Luccia  
**Adrian Edmondson**  
Rookie  
**Damir Mejovsek**  
Drunk Cardinal  
**Bozidar Smiljanic**  
Cardinal Spatt  
**Marc Smith**  
US News Reporter  
**Ranko Zidaric**  
Father Santini  
**Dani Segina**  
Old Cardinal  
**Niall Buggy**  
BBC Reporter  
**Janez Vajavec**  
Father Albinizi  
**Relja Basic**  
Alberto  
**Tibor Belitza**  
Priest in Secretariat  
**Alice Richardson**  
Maria  
**Ernest Clarke**  
Abbot  
**Jeff Beck**  
Postman  
**Branko Blace**  
General  
**David Boyce**  
Malvini  
**Demeter Bitenc**  
Baggio  
**Petar Buntic**  
Motorcade Cop  
**Ivacko Zadro**  
Father Cuddles  
**Mirella D'Angelo**  
Chocolate Spaghetti  
Mum  
**Mirta Zeceric**  
Beautiful Nun  
**Vida Jerman**  
Glamorous Party  
Guest  
**Boris Mirkovic**  
**Mario Mirkovic**  
**Kristijan Vgrina**  
Joe's Band  
**Mark Caven**  
Father Franco  
**Natasa Maricic**  
**Nada Gacesic**  
**Mladen Vasary**  
Journalists  
**Damir Saban**  
Carlo Felici  
**Mirjana Smolic**  
Hospital Receptionist  
**Ralph Brown**  
Doctor  
**Peda Petrovic**  
Taxi Driver  
**Jasna Palic**  
Young Nurse  
**Semka Sokolovic**  
Cashier  
**Campbell Morrison**  
Big Security Guard  
**Ivan Joncic**  
2nd Cashier  
**Tom Stojkovic**  
Sweaty Man in Bank  
**Boris Svrtn**  
Young Security Guard  
**Sretan Mokrovic**  
Bank Manager's  
Assistant  
**Marko Breskovic**  
Restaurant Owner  
**Matko Raguz**  
Newspaper Vendor  
**Darko Janez**  
Swiss Guard

8,930 feet  
99 minutes

## United Kingdom 1991 Director: Peter Richardson

After the death of Pope Pius, engineered by Cardinal Rocco and Monsignor Vitche, the Vatican cardinals elect Albini as the next pope. Unbeknownst to the cardinals, Rocco is an ex-Chicago con man in cahoots with crime boss Vittorio Corelli, and Albini's election is a ploy by Corelli to control his illegal drugs and weapons empire from within the Vatican. However, due to a defective hearing aid, Father Dave Albinizi – an ex-car mechanic, rock 'n' roll guitarist and unsuccessful priest in a country orphanage – is asked to become pope instead.

Rocco and Vitche determine to use Albinizi's naivety to their advantage and to bring in Albini at the next opportunity. Corelli, meanwhile, has his hands full keeping his teenage daughter Luccia out of the clutches of pop star Joe Don Dante. When Luccia infuriates her father by passing up his birthday party of favour of one of Joe's gigs, the mobster orders Joe's execution. In the event, Dante is injured but Luccia is blown up, and Corelli demands to eat the hearts of the bungling assassins.

Dave has now cottoned on to the financial chicanery in Rome, and determines to put an end to it with the help of his security adviser Bish. Rocco is caught red-handed with guns in the Vatican cellars, but Dave's clean-up campaign suffers a set-back when the glamorous Veronica Dante arrives to reveal that Joe is his son. After an incognito reunion in hospital with Joe (who later dies), Dave's guilty secret is discovered by Vitche. The news is leaked to the press and Dave is excommunicated.

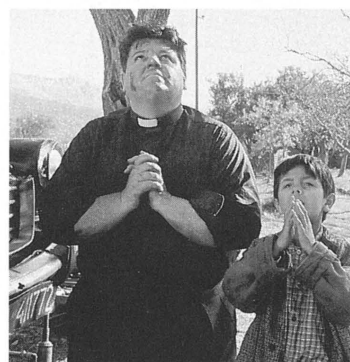
Realising that Corelli is behind his son's death and the Vatican's illegal accounts, Dave teams up with Veronica and Bish to stop Albini's imminent election to pope. Dave storms in to the crowning service, where the new pope elect is revealed to be Corelli himself. When the crime lord starts firing wildly, he is killed by falling debris. With the Vatican safe, Dave returns to playing rock music for the orphans.

Although *The Pope Must Die* shares the same writer (Peter Richens) and director (Peter Richardson) as the two previous Comic Strip films, *The Supergrass* and *Eat the Rich*, the production notes insist that it is not an official Comic Strip entry. It was originally conceived as a three-part comedy for television, then remoulded to feature length when Channel 4 bowed out, allegedly because the title proved too provocative. The restructuring may explain the uncertain pacing of the film, with some segments padded out

interminably (Robbie Coltrane's rock 'n' roll numbers, for example), while elsewhere the tempo is so accelerated that some key cameos – John Sessions, Robert Stephens – barely make an impression.

Ironically, *The Pope Must Die* seems bound to turn up on the small screen – it is still co-credited to Channel 4 – though perhaps under its working title, *Sleeping with the Fishes*, which was adopted for location shooting in Yugoslavia to avoid giving local Catholic offence. That title, a reference to the demise of mobster Luca Brasi in the original *Godfather*, indicates the real object of Richardson's parody (Alex Rocco, who plays one of the crooked cardinals, appeared as Moe Greene in *The Godfather*). The plot, of course, also echoes *The Godfather Part III*, which made use of the Calvi affair (a subject already sent up in the Comic Strip's *Spaghetti Hoops* for BBC2).

Unfortunately, Richardson's *mise en scène* bears little relation to Coppola's – or to any of its other possible objects of parody. A set-piece that deliberately recalls De Palma's *Untouchables* fails to reproduce his bravura camera movement, and



... in a one-note joke

simply relies on double takes from Rocco and Paul Bartel for its comic effect. The attempt to satirise the Catholic church is also rather toothless, with a one-note joke contrasting the opulence of the Vatican and the destitution of the faithful. The dilution of comic vitriol might also have something to do with the film's dissonant casting. The three Comic Strippers appear in their familiar small-screen guises: Adrian Edmondson's gormless nerd, Robbie Coltrane's larger-than-life amiable hero, and Richardson in a sidekick cameo. But they play uneasily against such traditional British thespians as Stephens and Annette Crosbie.

The film's brightest performance comes from Herbert Lom, who reprises and extends his *Pink Panther* Inspector Dreyfus role ("no more Mr Nice Pope"). His deadpan delivery of the line, "Which pie killed my daughter?", when presented with the baked hearts of Luccia's assassin and the getaway driver, is one of *Pope's* few genuinely funny moments.

**Farrah Anwar**



# Prayer of the Rollerboys



Squeaky-clean: Patricia Arquette, Corey Haim

**Certificate**  
15  
**Distributor**  
First Independent  
**Production Companies**  
Gaga  
Communications/  
Fox Lorber/Academy  
Entertainment  
In association with  
JVC/TV Tokyo  
**Executive Producers**  
Tetsu Fujimura  
Martin F. Gold  
Richard Lorber  
Robert Baruc  
**Producer**  
Robert Mickelson  
**Production Co-ordinator**  
Jill Marie Osman  
**Location Manager**  
Archer Goodman  
**Post-production Supervisor:**  
Daniel Loewenthal  
**Co-ordinator:**  
Sherril Schlesinger  
**Casting**  
Marcia Shulman  
**Screenplay**  
Peter Iliff  
**Director of Photography**  
Phedon Papamichael  
In colour  
**Additional Photography**  
Wally Peister  
**Camera Operators**  
Bicycle:  
Rick Denham  
Skates:  
Chris Morris  
**Editor**  
Daniel Loewenthal  
**Production Designer**  
Thomas A. Walsh  
**Art Director**  
Jay Klein  
**Art Department Co-ordinator**  
Kristen Lindsay  
Magoffin  
**Set Decorator**  
Natalie K. Pope  
**Production Illustrator**  
George Booker  
**Scenic Artist**  
Kip Sawyer  
**Special Effects**  
Special Effects  
Unlimited Inc  
Marty Bresin  
Michael Schorr  
Scott Sand  
Steve Ficke  
Brian Latt  
Howard St James  
Werner Hanklein  
**Music**  
Stacy Widelitz  
**Music Co-ordinator**  
Anthony De Ritis  
**Costume Design**  
Merrily Murray-Walsh

**Wardrobe**  
Toni M. Lavaglia  
**Set Costumer**  
Suzanne Cranfill  
**Make-up Artist**  
Angela Margolis  
**Special Make-up Effects**  
Die Action  
Dean Jones  
Starr Jones  
**Sound Design**  
Donny Blank  
**Supervising Sound Editor**  
Patrick Dodd  
**Sound Recordists**  
Craig Felburg  
Music:  
Stephen J. Sharp  
Foley:  
Eric Thompson  
**Sound Re-recordists**  
Leslie Skatz  
Patrick Dodd  
**Sound Effects**  
Samuel H. Hinckley  
**Foley**  
Jennifer Myers  
**Skating Advisers**  
Chris Morris  
Bruce Jackson  
Jill Shultz  
**Stunt Co-ordinator**  
Dan Bradley  
**Stunts**  
Sandy Beruman  
Rick Blackwell  
Bobby Andrew Burns  
Keith Campbell  
Eric Chambers  
Scott Alan Cook  
Phil Culotta  
Marcella Du Chene  
Danny Epper  
John Escobar  
Dane Farwell  
Albert Goto  
Brett Jones  
Lane Leavitt  
Frank Lloyd  
Ray Lykinn  
Jean Malanni  
Ed Matthews  
Tom Oldberg  
Noon Orsatti  
Jimmy Ortega  
Danny Pierce  
Eric Rondell  
John Sherrod  
Al Simon  
Erik Stabekau

**Cast**  
**Corey Haim**  
Griffin  
**Patricia Arquette**  
Casey  
**Christopher Collet**  
Gary Lee  
**J.C. Quinn**  
Jaworski  
**Julius Harris**  
Speedbagger  
**Devin Clark**  
Miltie  
**Mark Pellegrino**  
Bingo  
**Morgan Weisser**  
Beau Winkle  
**G. Smokey**  
Campbell  
Watt  
**Jake Dengel**  
Tyler  
**John P. Connolly**  
Porky  
**Stanley Yale**  
Grizzled Max  
**Loreh Lester**  
Record Man  
**Tim Eyster**  
Little Boy  
**James Patrick**  
Rollerboy Guard  
**Cynthia Gates**  
Prostitute  
**Dal Trader**  
Sergeant  
**Aron Eisenberg**  
Teen Boy  
**Chad Taylor**  
Party Goer  
**Bob Willis Jr**  
Old Fisherman

**8,460 feet**  
**94 minutes**

USA 1990

Director: Rick King

America, the future. Bankrupted by foreign powers, the country is an economic wasteland where orphaned and abandoned children live in camps. Gary Lee, the leader of a fascistic teenage army called the Rollerboys (after their roller-blade skates), promises to help them win back their homeland, financing the cause through protection rackets and a drug called 'mist'. Pinky's pizza delivery-boy Griffin saves rollerboy Beau Winkle from a burning house, but refuses the offer of his old schoolfriend Gary Lee to join the Rollerboys. Gary Lee makes an impression on Griffin's younger brother Miltie, however, when he gives Pinky a brand new pizza van.

At the Rollerboys' funfair-like headquarters, Griffin meets the sluttish Casey, who has a craving for mist, and becomes embroiled when a Rollerboy café is attacked by a rival gang, the Freaks. Fearing a gang war between the Rollerboys and the Freaks (mostly bikers, Hispanics and blacks), police chief Jaworski agrees to relocate and educate Miltie if Griffin will infiltrate the Rollerboys. At a Rollerboy rally, Gary Lee inspires his White Army with the cryptic slogan "The Day of the Rope is coming". Casey tells Griffin that she too is working undercover. Gary Lee takes Griffin to the naval yard where the Rollerboys manufacture mist (which Miltie is now taking).

When the Rollerboys raid the Freaks' camp, the already suspicious Beau Winkle sees Griffin allow two Freaks to escape. He is forced to undergo a loyalty test by taking part in the beating of a hooded man, who turns out to be his friend Speedbagger, a retired black boxer who now runs a junk and repair shop. After Griffin and Casey spend the night together, Beau Winkle

arrives the next morning and spots Griffin's police badge, but is subsequently shot by Jaworski.

Griffin takes Beau Winkle's guard shift at the drug plant, where Bingo explains that "The Day of the Rope" refers to a sterilising agent to be added to mist. Griffin and Bingo fight, and the latter is shot by two bent cops, Watt and Tyler (who were present when Griffin saved Beau Winkle from the burning house, a former mist factory). They in turn are shot by Casey, and Gary Lee is overpowered by Griffin and arrested. Griffin, Miltie and Casey head for Oregon, while the jailed Gary Lee notes their movements and consults his lawyer about future investments...

A tame teenage gang movie which borrows liberally from both John Milius' *Red Dawn* and the low-budget *Surf Nazis Must Die*, this possesses neither the radical right-wing ferocity of the former nor the cult potential of the latter. The futuristic scenario says much about contemporary American fears of Japanese and German economic ascendancy, but little about the likely shape of things to come. This lack of credibility is reinforced by *RoboCop*-style media images: news reports talk of Germany buying Poland, and of Harvard University being reconstructed in Japan.

The anti-racist and anti-drug messages are hammered home with a similar lack of subtlety, while the violence and sexual encounters are carefully tailored to the target audience, never exceeding what is allowed within the American PG-13 rating. With his older black friend, anti-drug stance and concern for his brother's education, squeaky-clean Corey Haim is just too good to be true, while Patricia Arquette is so obviously a police plant that one wonders why none of the betrayal-obsessed Rollerboys catches on.

**Nigel Floyd**



Tame one

Reviews

The Pope Must Die  
Prayer of the Rollerboys



**Certificate**  
15  
**Distributor**  
Entertainment  
**Production Company**  
New Line Cinema  
**Executive Producers**  
Sara Risher  
Nicolas Stiliadis  
Syd Cappe  
**Producers**  
Rupert Harvey  
Sandy Stern  
**Associate Producer**  
Janet Grillo  
**Executive-in-charge of Production**  
Deborah Moore  
**Key Set Production Associate**  
Vince Palmo  
**Production Associates**  
Robbie Criscione  
David Topor  
Set:  
Kindra Ruocco  
Jessica Allan  
**Production Supervisor**  
Gail Cottrell  
**Production Controller**  
Gail Cottrell  
**Production Coordinator**  
Jeffrey Kiehlbauch  
**Unit Production Managers**  
John Burrows  
Jeanne Marie Van Cott  
**Location Manager**  
Ralph Meyer  
**Post-production Supervisor**  
Joe Fineman  
**Casting**  
Judith Holstra  
New York:  
Deborah Aquila  
Extras:  
Star Casting  
Voice:  
Superloopers  
**Assistant Directors**  
Josh McLagen  
Daniel Richard Sumart  
Chitra Mojtabai  
**Screenplay**  
Allan Moyle  
**Director of Photography**  
Walt Lloyd  
In colour  
**Additional Photography**  
Tom Sigel  
**2nd Camera Operator**  
Kris Rao  
**Editors**  
Janice Hampton  
Larry Bock  
Additional:  
Wendy Brimont  
**Production Designer**  
Robb Wilson King  
**Art Department Co-ordinator**  
Leora Tobias  
**Set Design**  
Bruce Bolander  
**Set Decorator**  
Kathy Curtis Cahill  
**Set Dresser**  
Robert A. Smith  
**Scenic Artist**  
Felisa Finn  
**Storyboard Artist**  
Doug Lefler  
**Special Effects**  
Thomas Bellisimio  
Charles Belardinelli  
**Music**  
Cliff Martinez  
**Music Co-ordinator**  
Nicola Freegard  
**Music Consultant**  
Dennis Herring  
**Music Editor**  
Bill Black  
**Songs**  
"Everybody Knows" by Leonard Cohen, Sharon Robinson, performed by Concrete Blonde;  
"Why Can't I Fall in Love" by Kenny Lee Lewis, John Finley, performed by Ivan Neville; "Stand" by Sylvester Stewart, performed by Liquid Jesus; "Wave of Mutilation (UK Surf)" by Black Francis, performed by The

Pixies; "I've Got a Secret Miniature Camera" by Peter Murphy, Eddy Branch, performed by Peter Murphy; "Kick Out the Jams" by Robert Derminier, Frederick D. Smith, Wayne Kambes, Dennis Tomich, Michael Davis, performed by Bad Brains with Henry Rollins; "Freedom of Speech" (with "Message from the Soul Sisters" by James Brown) by Cold 187um and Laylaw, performed by Above the Law; "Heretic" by Kim Thayil, Hiro Yamamoto, performed by Soundgarden; "Titanium Exposé" by Thurston Moore, Kim Gordon, Lee Renaldo, Steve Shelly, performed by Sonic Youth; "Me and the Devil Blues" by Robert Johnson, performed by Cowboy Junkies; "Tale o' the Twister" by L. Nichols, D. Perkins, S. Taylor, performed by Chagall Guevara  
**Choreographer**  
Jane Cassell  
**Costume Design**  
Michael Abbott  
**On-set Wardrobe**  
Kitty Murphy  
Jessie Fields  
Michael Varnen  
**Key Make-up Artist**  
Michelle Buhler  
**Title Design**  
Pablo Ferro  
**Supervising Sound Editors**  
Chris Sheldon  
Dane A. Davis  
**Dialogue Editors**  
Kimberly Voigt  
Stuart Copley  
G.W. Brown  
**Foley Editors**  
Joel Berkowitz  
Tom Hammond  
Mark Larry  
**Sound Recordists**  
Russell C. Fager  
Jeannette Browning  
Music:  
Leanne Unger  
**ADR/Foley Recordists**  
Jon Hussein  
Stephen "Woody" Wood  
**Sound Re-recordists**  
Wayne Heitman  
Robert Beemer  
Joel Fein  
**Sound Transfers**  
Marita Goldsmith  
**Sound Effects Editors**  
Steward Nelson  
Kini Kay  
Todd Toon  
**Foley Artists**  
Greg Barbanell  
Nancy Parker  
**Stunt Co-ordinator**  
Mike Cassidy  
**Stunts**  
Henry Calia  
Mark Cuttin  
B.J. Davis  
Gary Dionne  
Ousaun Elam  
Donna Evans  
Diamond Farnsworth  
Troy Gilbert  
Larry Holt  
Dennis Madalone  
Bob McIntosh  
Carol Nielson  
John Robotham  
Ben Scott  
Ed Mathew Shinstine  
Jerry Spicer  
Tony Tamburro  
Bob Terhune  
Rhonda Terhune  
George Wilbur  
Henry Willis  
Bob Yerkes  
**Stand-in**  
Christian Slater;  
Bradley Marcus  
**Helicopter Pilot**  
Michael Tamburro

**Cast**  
**Christian Slater**  
Mark Hunter  
**Scott Paulin**  
Brian Hunter  
**Ellen Greene**  
Jan Emerson  
**Samantha Mathis**  
Nora Diniro  
**Anthony Lucero**  
Malcolm  
**Andy Romano**  
Murdoch  
**Keith Stuart Thayer**  
Luis Chavez  
**Cheryl Pollack**  
Paige  
**Jeff Chamberlain**  
Mr Woodward  
**Billy Morrisette**  
Bazz Mazzilli  
**Lala Sloatman**  
Janie  
**Holly Sampson**  
Cheryl  
**Annie Ross**  
Loretta Creswood  
**Annie Rusoff**  
Annie  
**Jonathan Mazer**  
Jonathan  
**Alex Enberg**  
Alex  
**Ahmet Zappa**  
Jamie  
**Seth Green**  
Joey  
**Mimi Kennedy**  
Marta Hunter  
**Robert Gavin**  
Doug  
**Dan Eisenstein**  
Donald  
**Mark Ballou**  
Eric  
**Daryl Sebert**  
Cory  
**Gregg Daniel**  
Teacher Moore  
**Marc Siegler**  
Teacher Stern  
**Robert Schenkan**  
David Deaver  
**Ariana Mohit**  
Alissa  
**Jill Jarres**  
Mrs Kaiser  
**Nolan Hemmings**  
Chip  
**Justin Hessling**  
Holden Chu  
**Jay Lambert**  
Gordon  
**Allan Kolman**  
Postal Clerk  
**Clayton Landy**  
Shep Sheppard  
**David McKnight**  
Detective  
**Tony Auer**  
Police Officer  
**Paulette Ballock**  
Police Dispatcher  
**Robert Harvey**  
Detective Denny  
**Matt McGrath**  
Chris  
**Chris Jacobs**  
Matt  
**Vignia Keehne**  
Linda  
**Steve Archer**  
Harry Video  
**Larry Clardy**  
John K. Shull  
**Lin Shaye**  
Michelle Bernath  
PTA Parents  
**Stephen Duvall**  
**Sherri Shaffner**  
Reporters  
**Roger Scott**  
**Gary Dubin**  
TV Announcers  
**Nigel Gibbs**  
Marshall  
**David Glasser**  
Jack  
**James Hampton**  
Watts  
**John Pinero**  
Carlos Chavez  
**Juliet Landau**  
Joni  
**Ed Trotta**  
Gil  
**Kenny McMurphy**  
Mick  
**Roger Scott**  
Crispin  
**9,142 feet**  
**102 minutes**

## USA 1990

**Director: Allan Moyle**

New York teenager Mark Hunter, son of an ex-60s radical turned high-school commissioner, moves with his family to a suburb in Paradise Hills, Arizona. Bored and frustrated, Mark sets up a pirate radio station, broadcasting as "Hard Harry" and rapidly becoming an (anonymous) cult figure at his new school, Hubert Humphrey High. His broadcasts consist of hip and controversial pop songs interspersed with witty and sometimes obscene improvised monologues. Listening in are conformist cheerleader Paige, confused gay Matt, depressed boffin Malcolm, expelled punk rocker Mazz, and would-be avant-garde poet Nora, who works part-time as a librarian.

After Hard Harry reads out a letter from the suicidal Malcolm, bootleg tapes of his show begin selling at \$5.00 a piece. Malcolm's suicide is linked with tapes of Hard Harry's broadcast by school principal Mrs Creswood. Nora follows Mark to the PO box lockers, and when she reveals that she is the "Eat Me, Beat Me Lady" with whom he had a lewd on-air conversation the night before, Mark panics and flees. An emergency PTA meeting is called, police raid the PO box lockers, trouble-making students take forced psychological evaluation tests, and Hard Harry is accused of "criminal solicitation of suicide".

Nora insists that the silenced Hard Harry has a responsibility to his audience, but Mark is unable to speak, either on air or about his feelings for her. Nora is expelled for failing maths, cutting classes and swearing at the principal. Mrs Creswood announces that the school has the best exam results in the state. The Federal Communications Commission is called in to triangulate the position of Hard Harry's secret transmitter. When sympathetic English teacher Jan Emerson discovers that the principal deliberately weeded out students with low exam scores, expelling twenty students in the first thirty days of term in order to massage the figures, she informs Mark's father, who suspends Mrs Creswood pending an investigation.



**Shock jock: Christian Slater**

Students gather at the local park to await Harry's ten o'clock broadcast. Harry and Nora rig the radio transmitter to his mother's jeep and, when his voice disguise unit gives out, Harry broadcasts in his own voice. Pursued by police and FCC officials, Harry and Nora drive around inciting their listeners to seize the air waves, before finally being arrested... All over the country, pirate radio stations take to the air.

Like so many contemporary teen movies – Hugh Hudson's *The Road Home*, to name but one – this muffled *cri de coeur* is a curious mix of adolescent anger and middle-aged concern. Ostensibly a pirate broadcast on behalf of the 'Why bother?' generation, it in fact functions more like a split-frequency radio station: the anarchic DJ spouting slogans and playing raucous rock music on the FM band, counterbalanced by a discussion programme on medium wave in which parents, teachers and child psychologists discuss the harmful effects of Ice-T's obscene rap lyrics on impressionable youngsters.

Frustrated teenagers will no doubt respond with irresponsible relish to the scene in which Hard Harry incites his listeners to "Do something crazy", whereupon cheerleader Paige explodes her hairspray canister and hairdryer in her mother's microwave oven. Nevertheless, parents who are, like Moyle himself, children of the 60s, will be gratified to observe that Harry's father – once alerted to the headmistress' chicanery by liberal teacher Jan Emerson – is still hip enough to side with the expelled kids and exercise his authority justly. But Moyle's dialogue never matches the dark humour and sardonic bite of the very similar *Heathers*.

Examples of the film's schizophrenic approach are everywhere in evidence, from Hard Harry's Lenny Bruce-like attempts to talk dirty and influence people, through Nora's Patti Smith-derived persona, to Harry's theme tune, Leonard Cohen's "Everybody Knows" (not the original but, tellingly, a modern cover version by Concrete Blonde). Of course, Hard Harry scoffs at the values of the allegedly radical 60s, but the film as a whole wants to have its cake and eat it, drawing a dubious parallel between Hard Harry's shockjock sloganeering and the protest movements of the 60s. Thankfully, the eclectic soundtrack – which features thrash bands like Liquid Jesus, a controversial cut from the Beastie Boys, and The Descendants' seventeen-second song about whale sperm, "Weinershnitzel" – is often noisy enough to drown out the sound of a radical message being quietly fudged.

**Nigel Floyd**



# Recordações da Casa Amarela (Recollections of the Yellow House)



Beckett into Tati... João César Monteiro

## Certificate

18

## Distributor

Artificial Eye

## Production Company

Invicta Films  
With financial assistance from Instituto Português de Cinema/Rádiatelevisã o Portuguesa/EP Fundação Calouste Gulbenkian

## Producers

João Pedro Bénard

Joaquim Pinto

## Production Manager

Ângela Cerveira

## Assistant Directors

Manuel João Águas

Inês de Medeiros

Carlos Assis

Adão Gigante

## Screenplay

João César Monteiro

## Director of

Photography

José Antonio Loureiro

In colour

## Camera Operators

Vasco Sequeira

Carlos Santos

## Editors

Helena Alvis

Claudio Martinez

## Art Director

Luis Monteiro

## Music Extracts

"The Shepherd on the

Rock" by Franz

Schubert; "Stabat

Mater" by Antonio

Vivaldi; "Adagio op.

posth. 148 Nocturne"

by Franz Schubert;

Solo from K.622 by

Wolfgang Amadeus

Mozart, performed by

Lia Nascimento;

"Triumphal March"

from *Tannhäuser* by

Richard Wagner,

performed by Banda

Sinfonica da Policia

de Segurançao Pública

## Music Performed By

Clarinet:

Vasco Sequeira

## Songs

"Bacalhau à

Portuguesa do

tripeiro" performed

by Quim Barreiros

## Wardrobe

Lucha Villas Boas

## Make-up

Miguel Mendes

## Sound Editor

Vasco Pimentel

## Sound Recordists

Rui Henriques

Francisco Veloso

## Production

Assistants

Marina Meireles

Jeanne Waltz

## Cast

**Manuela de Freitas**

Dona Violeta

**João César Monteiro**

João de Deus

**Sabina Sacchi**

Mimi

**Inês de Medeiros**

Mimi's Voice

**Teresa Calado**

Menina Julieta

**Ruy Furtado**

Señor Armando

**Henrique Viana**

Policeman

**Duarte de Almeida**

Ferdinando

**Antonio Terrinha**

Medic

**Luís Miguel Cintra**

Lívio

**Maria Ângela de**

**Oliveira**

Deus' Mother

**Violeta Sarzedas**

Lonely Neighbour

**Madalena Lua**

Servant

**João Pedro Bénard**

Milkman's Employee

**Manuel Gomez**

Laurindo

**Maria Da Luz**

**Fernandez**

Simple Neighbour

**Vasco Sequeira**

Tobernoiro

**José Nunes**

Official

**Dona Ester Caldeira**

**Amália Banha**

**Antónia Terrinha**

**Dona Gina**

Neighbours

**João Santos**

Beggar

**Helena Ribas**

Policewoman

**Henrique Viana**

Deputy Chief of Police

**Adamastor Duarte**

Policeman

**11,015 feet**

**122 Minutes**

## Subtitles

## Portugal 1989

## Director: João César Monteiro

● Impoverished, middle-aged João de Deus lives in a Lisbon boarding-house, where he is plagued by bedbugs and his tyrannical landlady Dona Violeta. In love with her young daughter Julieta, a clarinet-playing police cadet, he spies on her and drinks her bathwater. João befriends Mimi, a young prostitute living in the house, and helps her to have her poodle put down. After Mimi's death, João finds her savings hidden in a doll. He asks Julieta to go away with him; when she refuses, he attempts to rape her, only to be interrupted by Dona Violeta. When João's mother dies, he is left destitute. After impersonating a military officer, he is committed to a lunatic asylum, but with the help of another inmate magically escapes, emerging finally from the Lisbon sewers.

● Few directors can ever have cast themselves so unflatteringly as João César Monteiro. His João de Deus is an emaciated malingering, self-centred, apparently heartless, fetishistic, an inept lover and attempted rapist, and narcissistic to an extreme, although his is a narcissism that verges on self-loathing. Monteiro originally offered the part to Roberto Benigni, but that would have made a very different film, and would certainly have made João a more likeable, more frivolous character. As it is, the director's presence here – he resembles a gangling, beaky Groucho Marx – dominates the tone of the film. Monteiro's jaundiced self-portraiture extends to Lisbon itself, whose touristic charms are effectively sabotaged during the opening shot – a long tracking view of the city, seen from a boat, accompanied by João's grumbling voice-over about bedbugs and his aching testicles.

Monteiro's shambling, poker-faced characterisation owes much to the anti-heroes of a literature of defiant introspection. There are echoes of Dostoevsky's *Underground Man* (the film's title, Monteiro has pointed out, also echoes his *House of the Dead*) and of Knut Hamsun's ascetic heroes, but more particularly of Beckett's early low-life novels, notably *Murphy*, and of Céline's amorally bitter incarnations of despair. What prevents the film from becoming the miserabilist testament it at first threatens to be is an extremely dry, poised sense of humour, much of it concentrated in Monteiro's performance which, with painstakingly slow pacing, defuses the seriousness of anything else on screen.

The leisurely effect is furthered at times by a Tati-like attention to the

arrangement of space within the frame – one scene has a group of neighbours scattered around a courtyard arguing, while João wanders curiously from one to another. Visually austere, and orchestrated in long slow takes, static framings and occasional languid tracking shots, the film lives up to its title with an all-pervading yellowness. 'Casa Amarela' is a Portuguese expression for the lunatic asylum, but Dona Violeta's house is also yellow, as apparently is all of Lisbon, and as is João's own desiccated frame.

João's world might be read as a portrayal of Portugal as an effete, isolated society living on the 'recollections' of its former glories – Dona Violeta protests that her house is not old, but 'baroque' – in which the creative classes have degenerated into jaundiced, amoral *flâneurs* like João. When arrested and asked what he does, he peers through his stolen officer's monocle and replies, "I'm a left-wing intellectual", but the only evidence of intellectual activity is the fact that his pocket contains a copy of Hölderlin's *Death of Empedocles* (which the officer mistakes for a whodunit), and an early scene in which he undertakes to write to order a piece of sensationalistic news copy.

The mystery of João's identity, and how he came to be in Dona Violeta's house, extends into a wider sense of dislocated history that underlies the film's whole structure. Both in characterisation and in plot, the film is built on ellipses and inconsistencies. As well as being anti-narrative, it is resolutely anti-spectacle: Monteiro cuts away just as we think we are about to see a striptease act with a crocodile and a giant tube of toothpaste; and as Mimi begins to undress, the camera tracks slowly up to a poster on the wall, depicting Erich von Stroheim in full military regalia (a guise João later ineffectually apes).

It is by refusing to show anything remotely extraordinary that the film sustains a surreal tone even while eschewing surrealism. It is only at the end that events take a fantastic turn, with João's magical escape and final apotheosis, grandly emerging from the sewers in a posture echoing Max Schreck in *Nosferatu*, and finally dissolving before our eyes (a woman's cryptic voice-over, and the sound of bird song, vaguely suggest that he might have metamorphosed into a blackbird).

It is a fittingly inconsequential ending for a film that steadfastly refuses to resolve itself into any sort of traditional coherence, and a final prank by the driest of pranksters at the expense of Lisbon, and the viewer.

**Jonathan Romney**



# Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves



Alien: Kevin Costner

**Certificate**  
PG  
**Distributor**  
Warner Bros  
**Production Company**  
Morgan Creek Productions  
**Executive Producers**  
James G. Robinson  
David Nicksay  
Gary Barber  
**Producers**  
John Watson  
Pen Densham  
Richard B. Lewis  
**Co-producer**  
Michael J. Kagan  
**Production Associate**  
Mark Stern  
**Production Supervisor**  
Malcolm Christopher  
**Production Controller**  
Sheldon M. Katz  
**Production Co-ordinators**  
Dena Vincent  
2nd Unit:  
Gillian Dawes  
**Production Manager**  
Michael Hartman  
**Location Managers**  
Peter Carter  
Neil Ravan  
Terry Blyther  
**Post-production Supervisor**  
Jody Levin  
**2nd Unit Directors**  
Mark Illsley  
Action Sequences:  
Max J. Kleven  
**Casting**  
UK:  
Noel Davis  
Jeremy Zimmerman  
US:  
Ilene Starger  
**Assistant Directors**  
David Tringham  
Lee Cleary  
Peter Heslop  
Adam Somner  
2nd Unit:  
John Bernard  
Nick Heckstall-Smith  
Cordelia Hardy  
Samantha Kirkeby  
**Screenplay**  
Pen Densham  
John Watson  
**Story**  
Pen Densham  
**Director of Photography**  
Douglas Milsome  
**Colour**  
Technicolor  
**2nd Unit Photography**  
Egil Woxholt

**Camera Operators**  
Mike Frift  
2nd Unit:  
Mike Brewster  
Video:  
Richard Patton  
**Steadicam Operator**  
John Ward  
**Matte Effects**  
Optical Film Effects  
**Editors**  
Peter Boyle  
Additional Sequences:  
Marcus Manton  
Carmel Davies  
Peter Hollywood  
Michael Kelly  
**Production Designer**  
John Graysmark  
**Supervising Art Director**  
Alan Tomkins  
**Art Directors**  
Fred Carter  
John F. Ralph  
**Set Decorator**  
Peter Young  
**Draughtspeople**  
Dave Allday  
Steve Bream  
Julie Pitt  
Patricia Johnson  
**Décor Artist**  
Bob Walker  
**Storyboard Artist**  
Bill Stallion  
**Special Effects Supervisor**  
John Evans  
**Special Effects Senior:**  
Peter Dawson  
Technicians:  
Barry Whitrod  
Ron Burton  
Raymond Lovell  
Robert Nugent  
Digby Milner  
Andrew Smith  
Kevin Draycott  
Stephen Hamilton  
Philip Clark  
Peter Pickering  
**Models**  
John Blakeley  
**Music/Music Director**  
Michael Kamen  
**Music Consultant**  
Jeff Pollack  
**Music Editors**  
Christopher Brooks  
Eric Reasoner  
**Songs**  
"Everything I Do I Do for You" by M. Kamen, B. Adams, R.J. Lange, performed by Bryan Adams; "Wild Times" by M. Kamen, J. Lynne, performed by Jeff Lynne

**Costume Design**  
John Bloomfield  
Manager:  
Reg Samuels  
**Wardrobe**  
Supervisor:  
Catherine Halloran  
Mistress:  
Ginny Luthwood  
**Supervising Make-up Artist**  
Paul Engelen  
**Make-up Artists**  
Linda Armstrong  
2nd Unit:  
Christine Allsopp  
**Titles/Opticals**  
Pacific Title  
**Supervising Sound Editor**  
Robert Grieve  
**Dialogue Editors**  
Allen Hartz  
Frank Smathers  
Jim Matheny  
Dave Arnold  
Wayne Griffin  
**ADR Supervisor**  
Beth Bergeron  
**ADR Editors**  
Joe Mayer  
Robert Heffernan  
Paul Huntsman  
Jessica Gallavan  
Jane Carpenter-Wilson  
Lily Diamond  
Kimberley Harris-Rivoli  
**Foley Editors**  
John Murray  
Michael Dressel  
Jonathan Klein  
Rocky Fontelleu  
**Sound Recordists**  
Chris Munro  
2nd Unit:  
David Allen  
Mike Harris  
Music:  
Stephen McLaughlin  
Orchestra:  
Bobby Fernandez  
**ADR Recordist**  
Jeff Courtie  
Dolby stereo  
**Sound Re-recordists**  
Chris Jenkins  
D.M. Hemphill  
Mark Smith  
Paul Massey  
**Sound Effects Editors**  
J.H. Arrufat  
Stu Bernstein  
Simon Coke  
Steve Mann  
John Haeney  
**Foley Artists**  
Dan O'Connell  
Alicia Stevenson  
John Roesch  
Ellen Heuer

**Consultants**  
Project:  
Stuart Baird  
Production:  
Kevin Costner  
**Production Assistants**  
Simon Oxenham  
Sara Desmond  
Kate Hazell  
Kristoffer Thykier  
Post:  
Sharon Smith  
David Mickel  
Kurt Rosensweig  
**Stunt Co-ordinator**  
Paul Weston  
**Stunts**  
Brian Bowes  
Ken Barker  
Del Baker  
Peter Brace  
Helen Caldwell  
Stuart Clark  
Abbi Collins  
Simon Crane  
Tim Condron  
Grahame Crowther  
Dave Cronnelly  
Clive Curtis  
Perry Davey  
Tom Delmar  
Sadie Eddon  
Terry Forrestal  
Dorothy Ford  
Elaine Ford  
Nick Gillard  
Reg Harding  
Nick Hobbs  
Dave Holland  
Paul Heasman  
Mark Henson  
Frank Henson  
Billy Horrigan  
Sy Holland  
Arthur Howell  
Paul Jennings  
Vincent Keane  
Ginger Keane  
Phil Loneragan  
Tom Lucy  
Sean McCabe  
Bronco McLoughlin  
Glen Marks  
Tina Maskell  
Chrissy Monk  
Val Musetti  
Lex Milloy  
Gerard Naprous  
Mark Newman  
Stuart St. Paul  
Mike Potter  
Dinny Powell  
Eddie Powell  
Terry Richards  
Billy Reilly Jnr  
Doug Robinson  
Denise Ryan  
Roy Street  
Tip Tipping  
Rocky Taylor  
Bill Weston  
Derek Ware  
Steve Whyment  
Nick Wilkinson  
Rob Woodruff  
**Swordmaster**  
Terry Walsh  
**Horsemaster**  
Tony Smart

**Cast**  
Kevin Costner  
Robin of Locksley  
Morgan Freeman  
Azeem  
Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio  
Marian  
Christian Slater  
Will Scarlett  
Alan Rickman  
Sheriff of Nottingham  
Sean Connery  
King Richard  
Geardine McEwan  
Mortianna  
Michael McShane  
Friar Tuck  
Brian Blessed  
Lord Locksley  
Michael Wincott  
Guy of Gisborne  
Nick Brimble  
Little John  
Soo Drouet  
Fanny  
Daniel Newman  
Wulf  
Daniel Peacock  
Bull  
Walter Sparrow  
Duncan  
Harold Innocent  
Bishop  
Jack Wild  
Much  
Michael Goldie  
Kenneth  
Liam Halligan  
Peter Dubois  
Marc Zuber  
Turk Interrogator  
Merelina Kendall  
Old Woman  
Imogen Bain  
Sarah  
Jimmy Gardner  
Farmer  
Bobby Parr  
Villager  
John Francis  
Courier  
John Hallam  
Red-headed Baron  
Douglas Blackwell  
Grey-bearded Baron  
Pat Roach  
Celtic Chieftain  
Andy Hockley  
Ox  
John Dallimore  
Broth  
Derek Deadman  
Kneelock  
Howard Lew Lewis  
Hal  
John Tordoff  
Scribe  
Andrew Lawden  
Sergeant  
Susannah Corbett  
Lady in Coach  
Sarah Alexandra  
Small Girl  
Christopher Adamson  
Soldier  
Richard Strange  
Executioner

12,870 feet  
143 minutes

## USA 1991

**Director: Kevin Reynolds**

1194 AD. During the Third Crusade, led by King Richard, Robin of Locksley is captured in Jerusalem, but escapes with his friend Peter and a Moorish prisoner, Azeem. Peter is killed, first making Robin promise to look after his sister Marian, and Robin returns with Azeem to England (Azeem insisting that he must stay until he has repaid Robin for saving his life). In Nottingham, however, Robin finds that his father (with whom he had quarrelled bitterly before leaving) has been killed and their castle sacked; an old servant, Duncan, now blinded, recounts how Lord Locksley was killed by the Sheriff of Nottingham, after being accused of devil-worship, for refusing to join his conspiracy to usurp Richard's throne.

Maid Marian, a cousin of King Richard's now sheltering other dispossessed victims of the sheriff, refuses to join Robin, whom she remembers as a spoiled bully. Robin, Azeem and Duncan take shelter in the supposedly haunted Sherwood Forest, and fall in with a band of outlaws, led by John Little - whom Robin bests in a duel with staves - and Will Scarlett. The latter persists in despising Robin as a 'rich boy', but when the victims of the sheriff's cruelty flock to the forest hideout, Robin sets about uniting them and training them in the arts of war.

They capture a treasure being raised by the sheriff to bribe nobles hostile to King Richard, and make a new recruit of its escort, Friar Tuck. Marian begins to warm to Robin as he shows her their stronghold and reveals how he wrongheadedly fell out with his father when the latter took up with a peasant woman after the death of Robin's mother. But the sheriff, who is now planning to establish his own royal lineage by marrying Marian, has her kidnapped, and at the suggestion of his resident witch, Mortianna, hires a band of savage Celts to destroy the Sherwood hideaway.

Several of the outlaws - including Will Scarlett - are taken prisoner, and Will declares his readiness to kill Robin in exchange for his freedom. While the sheriff plans a mass public hanging - as a prelude to his marriage to Marian - Will returns to Sherwood. His pact with the sheriff is exposed, and the reason for his hatred of Robin finally revealed: they are half-brothers, Will being the poor son of Lord Locksley and the peasant woman. Once more united, the remnants of Robin's band infiltrate Nottingham castle, forestall the executions and free the prisoners. The sheriff is killed in a duel with Robin, Azeem saves Robin's life when he is attacked by Mortianna, and





Unfazed: Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Kevin Costner

Robin and Marian's wedding in Sherwood is later attended by a surprise guest in the person of King Richard.

On the big screen, the Robin Hood story has always had a busier trans-Atlantic life than it has had in this country. But the simultaneous delivery of two new versions, one English and one American, makes for a fascinating study in comparative mythology, beginning with the differences implicit in star and production ethos. If John Irvin's way of making merry with the legend has been compared to *Carry On*, Kevin Reynolds' comes closer to *Indiana Jones*. But the

differences range beyond this to the sense of geography and landscape, of man and society, of good and evil. In many ways, it is hard to believe these two *Robin Hoods* are dealing with the same history, or are set in the same country.

Reynolds' film, for instance, makes no reference to the conflict between Norman overlords and Saxon peasants, to whatever political sub-text John Irvin and co-scenarist John McGrath tried to wring out of this exploitation. Pen Densham, co-scenarist of *Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves* – actually an Englishman working in Hollywood – has described his starting point: "Robin going off to the Crusades was something that so

many families could identify with. It is like a son going to Vietnam, saying to his father, \*\*\*\* you, and then returning to find his whole world had changed".

One consequence, however, of making *Robin Hood* a twelfth-century 'Viet vet' film is that it is hard to specify the social origins of the evil that the hero finds on his return. Kevin Costner's Robin returns with a clear sense that the Crusades were a bad thing ("It is a vanity to force another man to your religion"), but no reason to connect their misguidedness with the mischief that has flourished at home during his absence. Since this is a tale of a personal overcoming, of a young

man who rejected his father then returned, sadder and wiser, but also too late for a reconciliation, its natural conclusion is the appearance of King Richard – who led the Crusades – to give his fatherly blessing to Robin's marriage and the clinching of his manhood in the greenwood.

The very individual focus explains why the Norman/Saxon issue isn't one, and why even the business of taking from the rich to give to the poor can be seen as a matter of personal redemption. Before he went to the Crusades, and lost his inheritance, Robin – we are told more than once – was a spoiled, arrogant lordling (his quarrel with his father was to do with the latter taking up with a peasant woman). By becoming one of the people, he has 'got his comeuppance', making the film a twelfth-century *Magnificent Ambersons* as well. That this might not be twelfth-century England, or is an England seen very much from an outsider's perspective, is emphasised by the way Reynolds' camera swoops airily over breathtakingly empty landscapes – rather akin to Costner's own style in *Dances with Wolves*. Like that film, *Robin Hood* becomes a tale of alienated man finding himself in the wilderness. And Robin's sidekick, the Moor Azeem, has a touristy line of jokes about the weather.

To be sure, while finding himself in these wide-open spaces, Robin also discovers that there's something rotten in the state. But evil here is rather free-floating and loosely defined, and it's represented entirely by the Sheriff of Nottingham (there's no Prince John in this picture). The sheriff is first portrayed as an all-powerful necromancer, and then allowed to slide into something as camped-up as *Blackadder*. There's safety, presumably, in turning the film into such a romp, but it also suggests an inability to imagine a plausible evil.

Robin's quest is about overcoming the worst in ourselves, rather than in the world at large. There's a fatal blandness, however – as there was in *Dances with Wolves* – about a hero so fundamentally decent that he has little to overcome: he introduces racial tolerance to the greenwood, and is not fazed by a feminist Maid Marian. Lightweight dramatically and stylistically skittish, this *Robin Hood* does, however, have a way with symbols. Not least of these is the Famous Actor who pops up uncredited as King Richard, completing the father/son theme in terms of Costner's work (*The Untouchables*), while this most un-English *Robin Hood* is thereby passed back to the mother country, the native industry and a previous *Robin Hood*.

**Richard Combs**



**Certificate**  
U  
**Distributor**  
Rank  
**Production Company**  
Goldcrest  
In association with  
Sullivan Bluth Studios  
Ireland Ltd  
**Co-directors**  
Gary Goldman  
Dan Kuenster  
**Live Action:**  
Beau Van Den Ecker  
Victor French  
**Executive Producers**  
George A. Walker  
Morris F. Sullivan  
**Producers**  
Don Bluth  
Gary Goldman  
John Pomeroy  
**Live Action:**  
Robert Enrietto  
**Associate Producers**  
Thad Weinlein  
**Live Action:**  
Fred Craig  
**Production Supervisors**  
Russell Boland  
Cathy Carr-Goldman  
Olga Tarin-Craig  
**Production Co-ordinator**  
Lorraine Stierle  
**Production Managers**  
Jerry Shirren  
Thad Weinlein  
**Live Action:**  
David Murphy  
**Post-production Co-ordinator**  
Helene Blitz  
**Casting**  
Ruben Cannon and Associates  
Eileen Knight  
Monica Swann  
**Assistant Directors**  
Martin O'Malley  
Konrad Jay  
Moya Mackie  
Nuala O'Toole  
**Screenplay**  
David N. Weiss  
**Story**  
Don Bluth  
David N. Weiss  
John Pomeroy  
T.J. Kuenster  
David Steinberg  
Gary Goldman  
**Additional Dialogue**  
T.J. Kuenster  
**Director of Photography**  
**Live Action:**  
Robert Paynter  
**Colour**  
Technicolor  
**Animation**  
**Photography**  
Paddy Duffy  
Jeanette Maher  
Gary Hall  
Freddie McGavin  
Fiona Mackie  
John O'Flaherty  
Eric Ryan  
**Production Camera Supervisor**  
Clavan Morris  
**Camera Operator**  
Freddie Cooper  
**Special Visual Effects Director**  
Fred Craig  
**Visual Effects Supervisors**  
**Live Action:**  
Roy Field  
Peter Donen  
**Optical Effects**  
USA  
**Executive Producer:**  
Robert Shepherd  
**Project Producer:**  
Denny Kelly  
**Supervisor:**  
R. William Dorney  
**Co-supervisor:**  
Cosmas Paul Bolger  
**Jnr**  
**Camera:**  
Cosmas Paul Bolger  
**Jnr**



Spectacular perspectives...

Jerry Pooles  
UK  
**Printer:**  
Dick Dimbleby  
Philip Dimbleby  
**Rotoscope Artist:**  
Simon Leech  
**Rostrum Camera Supervisor:**  
Tim Field  
**Additional:**  
Peerless Camera Company  
Fotherley Ltd  
**Sequence Directors**  
Dick Zondag  
Ralph Zondag  
**Directing Animators**  
John Pomeroy  
Jeffrey J. Varab  
Jean Morel  
Linda Miller  
T. Daniel Hofstede  
Ken Duncan  
Lorna Pomeroy-Cook  
Jeff Etter  
**Special Effects:**  
David Tidgwell  
Stephen B. Moore  
Joey Mildenberger  
Dann Landau  
Tom Hush  
**Computer:**  
Jan Carlee  
Mark Swanson  
**Animators**  
**Character:**  
John Hill  
Ralph Palmer  
Anne-Marie Bardwell  
John Power  
Colm Duggan  
Alain Costa  
Cathy Jones  
Dave Kupczyk  
Silvia Hoefnagels  
Mark Pudleiner  
Gary Perkovic  
Doug Bennett  
John Hooper  
Jesper Moller  
David G. Simmons  
Jean-Jacques Prunes  
Piet De Rycker  
Chris Derochie  
Kim Hagen-Jensen  
Dan Harder  
Rob Koo  
Donnachada Daly  
Mark Koetsier  
Bruce Smith  
Dave Brewster  
Charlie Bonifacio  
**Computer:**  
Don Pierce  
Greg Maguire  
**Special Effects:**  
Peter Matheson  
Robert B. Cowan  
Michel Gagne  
Jeff Topping  
Garrett Wren  
Al Holter  
James Mansfield  
Peter Yamasaki  
**Additional Special Effects:**  
Joseph Gilland  
Bruce Heller

Kathleen Quaife-Hodge  
Brett Hisey  
Nike Oliva  
Janette Owens  
Bob Simmons  
**Animation Checking Supervisor**  
Michelle McKenna-Mahon  
**Layout Supervisor**  
Mark Swan  
**Layout Artists**  
Scott Caple  
Eddie Gribbin  
Amy Berenz  
Larry Leker  
John Byrne  
Giorgio Mardegan  
Kevin Gollagher  
Fred Reilly  
**Background Artists**  
Barry Atkinson  
Rick Bentham  
Rungsun  
Apinchapong  
David McCamley  
Ken Slevin  
Mannix Bennett  
Carl Jones  
Paul M. Kelly  
**Xerography**  
**Supervisor:**  
John Finnegan  
**Key Processors:**  
Anthony O'Brien  
Frank D. Richards  
**Processors:**  
Jackie Anderson  
Tommy Brennan  
Billy Colgan  
Philip Grogan  
Joanne McSherry  
Keith Murray  
John Walsh  
Kieron White  
**Checkers:**  
Gary Downey  
Andy Fitzgerald  
Brendan Harris  
Stuart Johnstone  
Michael Maher  
Siobhan O'Brien  
Paul Roy  
Pauline Walsh-Byrne  
**Mark-up Supervisor**  
Patricia Browne  
**Mark-up**  
Tom English  
Patricia Gordon  
Collette O'Brien  
Olivia Grogan  
David Hogan  
**Inking Supervisor**  
Jacqueline Hooks  
**Inkers**  
Sorcha Ni Chuimin  
Madeline Downes  
Mary Sheridan  
Karen Dwyer  
Ailish Mullally  
**Paint Lab Supervisor**  
Deborah Rykoff-Bennett

**Paint Lab Mix and Match**  
Debbie Gold  
Seamus Grogan  
Kevin Hand  
**Cel Painting Supervisor**  
Niamh McClean  
**Paint Checkers**  
Gerard Coleman  
Sinéad Murray  
Nicholas Connolly  
**Special FX Technicians:**  
Ron Hone  
Peter Skehan  
**Modellers:**  
Chrissie Owers  
Carol De Jong  
**Computer**  
**Technical Director:**  
Christine Zing Chang  
**Production Co-ordinator:**  
Kerri Swanson  
**Supervising Editor**  
Dan Molina  
**Editors**  
Bernard Caputo  
Animation:  
Fiona Trayler  
Lisa Dorney  
Joe Gall  
**Production Designer**  
Dave Goetz  
**Art Directors**  
Don Moore  
**Live Action:**  
Terry Pritchard  
**Set Design**  
William H. Frake III  
**Set Dresser**  
Bryony Foster  
**Supervising Artists**  
Tom Higgins  
Tamara Anderson  
Paul Kelly  
Jan Naylor  
**Storyboard Artists**  
Don Bluth  
Dan Kuenster  
Ralph Zondag  
Dick Zondag  
**Special Effects Supervisors**  
David Harris  
**Live Action:**  
Morris Foley  
**Cloud Tank Effects**  
Daryl Carstensen  
Mannix Bennett  
**Music**  
Robert Folk  
T.J. Kuenster  
**Music Performed by**  
Irish Film Orchestra  
Nashville Rhythm Section  
**Music Arrangements**  
Robert Folk  
Andy Miller  
**Orchestrations**  
Bill Whelan  
**Music Editors**  
Michael Connell  
Douglas Lackey  
**Songs**  
"Sun Do Shine",  
"Come Back to You",  
"Treasure Hunting Fever",  
"Back to the Country" performed by Glen Campbell;  
"We Hate the Sun",  
"Tweddle Te Dee",  
"The Owls Picnic" performed by Christopher Plummer;  
"Bouncers Theme Song" performed by The Don Bluth Players;  
"Sink or Swim" performed by Ellen Greene;  
"Kiss 'n' Coo" performed by Ellen Greene, Glen Campbell;  
"Tyin' Your Shoes" performed by Phil Harris  
**Choreographer**  
Susan Inouye  
**Wardrobe**  
Maevie Paterson  
**Make-up**  
Rosie Blackmore

**Sound Design**  
Additional:  
Ed Bannon  
**Sound Editors**  
Dennis Dutton  
Alan Schultz  
**Dialogue:**  
Thomas V. Moss  
Jim Fleming  
**ADR Editors**  
John K. Carr  
Dennis Dutton  
Sue Odjakjian  
**Foley Editors**  
Willy Allen  
Paul Heslin  
**Sound Recordists**  
Pat Hayes  
**Dialogue:**  
Jackson Schwartz  
Warren Kleiman  
**Music:**  
Brian Masterton  
Dolby stereo  
**Foley Recordist**  
Gregg Orloff  
**Sound Re-recordists**  
Bill Rowe  
Ray Merrin  
John Falcini  
**Foley**  
Taj Soundworks  
**Artists:**  
John Roesch  
Ellen Heuer  
**Production Assistants**  
Edel MacGinty  
Sharon Morgan  
Jonathan Martin  
Linda O'Carroll  
Tara Sheridan  
**Stunt Co-ordinator**  
Beau Van Den Ecker  
**Stand-ins**  
Graham Wilkinson  
Karen Winston  
Daragh Bolton  
Jason Bolton  
Conor Fitzgerald  
Ciaran Dempsey

**Voices**  
**Phil Harris**  
Narrator/Patou  
**Glen Campbell**  
Chanticleer  
**Eddie Deezen**  
Snipes  
**Kathryn Holcomb**  
Mother  
**Toby Scott Ganger**  
Edmond  
**Stan Ivar**  
Dad  
**Christian Hoff**  
Scott  
**Jason Marin**  
Mark  
**Christopher Plummer**  
The Duke  
**Sandy Duncan**  
Peepers  
**Will Ryan**  
Stuey  
**Charles Nelson-Reilly**  
Hunch  
**Ellen Greene**  
Goldie  
**Sorrell Booke**  
Pinky  
**Dee Wallace**  
Mother  
**Louise Chamis**  
Minnie Rabbit  
**Bob Galaco**  
Radio Announcer  
**Jake Steinfeld**  
Farmyard Bully/Max the Bouncer  
**The Don Bluth Players**  
  
6,680 feet  
74 minutes

## United Kingdom 1990

**Director: Don Bluth**

On a rainswept and flooding farm, young Edmond reads in a storybook of Chanticleer the rocking rooster, who raises the sun each morning with his bold voice. In the storybook, a stranger sent by the jealous Grand Duke (an owl who loves darkness and hates rock 'n' roll) scuffles with Chanticleer one morning and causes him to miss his dawn call; the sun rises all the same, and ridiculed by the other animals as useless, Chanticleer leaves to seek work in the city. Immediately, a torrential rainfall begins, and the sun ceases to rise on the farm.

Calling upon Chanticleer to return and stop the rain which is threatening his own farmyard home, Edmond is confronted by the enraged Grand Duke Owl. The latter turns him into a cat, and transports him into the realm of fantasy, before Edmond repels him with the bright beam of a flashlight. In the world of the storybook, Edmond teams up with Patou the dog, Peepers the mouse, and Snipes the magpie to journey to the city and find Chanticleer, leaving a group of distressed animals to await their return.

The friends trace Chanticleer to the Pink Palace night-club, where he has become a famous rock 'n' roll singer, surrounded by bodyguards and managed by an unscrupulous fox named Pinky. Back at the farm, a crowd of owls wait hungrily for the animals' flashlight batteries to run dry, while glamorous showgirl pheasant Goldie is enlisted by Pinky to seduce Chanticleer and prevent his chums from speaking to him. But a grief-stricken Goldie confesses all to Chanticleer, who rescues his friends from Pinky's henchman. A hectic chase back to the farmyard ensues, as the owls finally move in to devour the destitute animals.

The Grand Duke's magical powers stun Edmond into a coma, as Chanticleer realises that he can no



... pelvis-shaking, shoulder-shrugging



longer crowd. But the animals reassert their faith in him by chanting his name, and with a mighty crowd the Duke is shrivelled and the sun comes up. As the animals mourn Edmond, he turns back into a little boy, and wakes up in his own bedroom to discover that the rain has subsided and his family's farm is saved.

As with *All Dogs Go to Heaven*, the problem with Don Bluth's latest animation spectacular is one of storytelling. Despite the dazzling visual flair, *Rock-a-Doodle* manages to make the simplest of narratives obscure and unfathomable. A failure to establish thematic points and distinguishing character quirks leaves the audience frequently baffled as to the purpose of apparently irrelevant detail. Most damagingly, a central theme about life being "just like tying your shoes" (it goes "over, around, under and through") is barely established, becoming clear only in a closing-titles song which would have been far better placed *within* the narrative. Lacking the restrained, disciplined structure which made Disney's work so universally accessible, *Rock-a-Doodle* is simply crammed too full of distracting minutiae.

Yet despite such major flaws, *Rock-a-Doodle* reaffirms Bluth as an animator of extraordinary potential. Now armed with up-to-the-minute computer technology which facilitates spectacular perspective work, Bluth's already extravagantly kinetic style here ascends to a new level of deranged frenzy. From the opening shot, which zooms from an outer-space scan to an extreme close-up of Chanticleer's warbling larynx (taking in all the relevant scenery en route), the screen is alive with a breath-taking sense of movement.

Bathed in shocking pinks and blues, the chaos is curtailed only by the subtleties of Christopher Plummer and Glen Campbell's voice-overs. Plummer is in particularly fine form, breathing a genuine sense of villainy into the Grand Duke's character, while Campbell's impression of Elvis Presley is spot on. T.J. Kuenster's original songs, too, are far superior to the bland, tuneless moaning which accompanied *All Dogs Go to Heaven*, and it is disappointing that Bluth has kept the music largely in the background, allowing characters to talk over many of the foot-stomping numbers. Similarly, the pelvis-shaking, shoulder-shrugging movements in which Chanticleer indulges every time he sings the blues are wonderfully observed and animated, and should perhaps have been dwelt on rather than observed fleetingly as the film zips on to the next rocket-speed action sequence.

**Mark Kermode**

## The Rocketeer

### Certificate

PG

### Distributor

Walt Disney

### Production Company

Walt Disney Pictures  
In association with  
Silver Screen  
Partners IV

### Executive Producer

Larry Franco

### Executive-in-charge of Production

Jim Morris

### Producers

Lawrence Gordon  
Charles Gordon  
Lloyd Levin

### Co-producer

Dave Stevens

### Associate Producer

Lisa Bailey

### Production

### Co-ordinator

Angela Heald

### Unit Production

### Manager

Ian Bryce

### Location Managers

Robbie Goldstein  
Laura Sode-Matteson

### Executive-in-charge of Post-production

Ed L. Jones

### 2nd Unit Directors

Ken Ralston  
M. James Arnett

### Casting

Nancy Foy

### Extras:

Central Casting  
Santa-Maria:

Marshall Peck

### Assistant Directors

Betsy Magruder  
Michele Panelli-Venetis

Kenneth Silverstein

2nd Unit:

J. Tom Archuleta

### Screenplay

Danny Bilson

Paul De Meo

### Story

Danny Bilson

Paul De Meo

William Dear

Based on the graphic

novel by Dave Stevens

### Director of Photography

Hiro Narita

Panavision

### Colour

Technicolor

### 2nd Unit

### Photography

Frank Holgate

Rexford Metz

### Visual Effects

### Photography

Patrick Turner

### Optical Photography

### Supervisors

John Ellis

Bruce Vecchitto

### Camera Operators

Kim Marks

Visual Effects:

Peter Daulton

Pat Sweeney

Terry Chostner

Optical:

Kenneth Smith

Jon Alexander

Pat Repola

James Lim

Jeff Doran

Keith Johnson

Effects:

Charlie Clavdetscher

Patrick Myers

### Visual Effects

Industrial Light

& Magic

Supervisor:

Ken Ralston

Producer:

Patricia Blau

Co-ordinators:

Penny Runge

Anne Calanchini



**Overshadowing**

### Optical Line-up

Tom Rosseter

David Karpman

John Whisnant

Peg Hunter

Lori Nelson

Jennifer Lee

### Matte Painting

Supervisor:

Bruce Walters

Chief:

John Berger

Mark Sullivan

### Computer

### Graphics/Digital

### Supervisors

Sandra R. Ford

Stuart Robertson

### Animation

### Supervisor

Wes Ford Takahashi

### Animators

Crispy Green

Gordon Baker

Kevin Coffey

Anthony Stacchi

Charlie Canfield

Loring Doyle

### Nazi Animation

Director:

Mark Dindal

Layout:

Jim Beihold

Backgrounds:

Phil Phillipson

### Stop Motion

### Animator

Tom St Amand

### Rotoscope

### Supervisor

Tom Bertino

### Rotoscopers

Jack Mongovan

Rebecca Heskes

Ellen Mueller

Sandy Houston

Joanne Hafner

Terry Molatore

### Editors

Arthur Schmidt

Film:

Michael A. Stevenson

Additional:

Peter Lonsdale

Visual Effects:

Tim Eaton

### Production Designer

Jim Bissell

### Art Director

Christopher Burian-

Mohr

Visual Effects:

John Bell

### Set Design

Supervisor:

Carl J. Stensel

Paul Sonski

John Berger

### Set Decorator

Linda DeScenna

### Production

### Illustrators

George Jensen

David Lowery

Edward Eyth

James Hegedus

### Special Effects

Supervisor:

Jon G. Belyeu

Foremen:

Chris Burton

Jim D. Schwalm

Larry L. Fuentes

### Models Supervisor

Steve Gawley

### Chief Modelmakers

Charlie Bailey

Richard Miller

Larry Tan

Mike Fulmer

Ira Keeler

Randy Ottenberg

### Music

James Horner

### Music Extracts

"Der Holle Rache",

Queen of the Night's

Aria by Wolfgang

Amadeus Mozart,

performed by Berlin

Radio Symphony

Orchestra

### Orchestrations

John Neufeld

Elliot Kaplan

Additional:

Billy May

### Music Editor

Jim Henrikson

### Songs

"You're a Sweet Little

Headache" by Ralph

Rainger, Leo Robbin,

performed by Artie

Shaw and his

Orchestra, Helen

Forrest; "Drum

Majorette" by and

performed by Arnold

Steck; "Amboss Polka"

by A. Parlow; "Vilia"

by Franz Lehar, Paul

Francis Webster,

performed by Artie

Shaw and his

Orchestra; "Begin the

Beguine" by Cole

Porter, performed by

Melora Hardin; "Any

Old Time" by Artie

Shaw, performed by

Artie Shaw and his

Orchestra, Billie

Holiday; "In a

Sentimental Mood"

by Duke Ellington;

"When Your Lover Has

Gone" by E.A. Swan,

performed by Melora

Hardin; "Night and

Day", "Easy to Love"

by Cole Porter; "Barrage"

by and performed by

Charles Williams;

"All Dressed Up and

No Place to Go" by

Oscar Levant, Edward

Heyman, performed

by Artie Shaw and

his Orchestra

### Costume Design

Marilyn Vance-Straker

### Supervising

### Costumers

Men:

Dan Lester

Women:

Winnie D. Brown

### Costumers

Karen M. Davis

Jim Cullen

Alan Martin

Bill Tiegs

### Make-up

### Supervisor:

Brad Wilder

### Artist:

Michael Mills

Lothar:

Rick Baker

Greg Nelson

### Main Titles

Saxon/Ross Film

Design

### Titles/Opticals

Pacific Title

### Supervising Sound

### Editors

Charles L. Campbell

Don Malouf

### Sound Editors

Louis L. Edemann

Fred Judkins

Doug Jackson

Gary Mundheim

Gary Krivacek

### Supervising

### ADR Editor

Larry Singer



**Stunt Co-ordinator**

M. James Arnett  
**Stunts**  
 Michael De Luna  
 Michael John Sarna  
 J.N. Roberts  
 Gary Epper  
 Pat Romano  
 Justin DeRosa  
 Steve Chambers  
 R.J. Chambers  
 Mike Runyard  
 Danny Wynands  
 Jimmy Medearis  
 Maria Kelly  
 Gary Combs  
 Mark De Alessandro  
 Linda Feters  
 J. Suzanne Rampe  
 Janet Brady  
 John Branagan  
 Matt Franco  
 Marian Green  
 Peter Rocca  
 Seth Arnett  
 Jake Brake  
 Ron Thiele  
 R.A. Rondell  
 Janet Lee Orcutt  
**Aerial Co-ordinator**  
 Craig Hosking

**Cast**

**Bill Campbell**  
 Cliff Secord  
**Jennifer Connelly**  
 Jenny  
**Alan Arkin**  
 Peevy  
**Timothy Dalton**  
 Neville Sinclair  
**Paul Sorvino**  
 Eddie Valentine  
**Terry O'Quinn**  
 Howard Hughes  
**Ed Lauter**  
 Fitch  
**James Handy**  
 Wooly  
**Tiny Ron**  
 Lothar  
**Robert Guy Miranda**  
 Spanish Johnny  
**John Lavachielli**  
 Rusty  
**Jon Polito**  
 Bigelow  
**Eddie Jones**  
 Malcolm  
**William Sanderson**  
 Skeets  
**Don Pugsley**  
 Goose  
**Nada Despotovich**  
 Irma  
**Margo Martindale**  
 Millie  
**America Martin**  
 Patsy  
**Max Grodenchik**  
 Wilmer  
**Michael Milhoan**  
 Jeff  
**Daniel O'Shea**  
 Mike  
**Joseph D'Angerio**  
 Stevie  
**Clint Howard**  
 Monk  
**Thomas J. Huff**  
 Lenny  
**Paul De Souza**  
 Pauly  
**Pat Crawford Brown**  
 Mrs Pye  
**Julian Barnes**  
 Charlie  
**Sam Vincent**  
 Filmstage Director  
**Lisa Pedersen**  
 Noblewoman  
**Peter Bromilow**  
 Nobleman  
**Tom Kindle**  
 Clapperboy  
**Charlie Stavola**  
 Assistant Director  
**William Boyett**  
**William Frankfather**  
 Government Liaisons  
**Heinrich James**  
 Nazi Agent  
**Herman Poppe**  
 Zeppelin Captain  
**Norbert Weissner**  
 Zeppelin Pilot

**Michael Francis**

**Clarke**  
**Darryl Henriques**  
 G-Men  
**Scanlon Gail**  
 G-Man at Chaplin  
 Field  
**Melora Hardin**  
 South Seas Singer  
**Bob Leeman**  
 W.C. Fields  
**Rick Overton**  
 South Seas Patron  
**Gene Daily**  
 Clark Gable  
**Richard Warlock**  
 FBI Agent  
**Thomas Lee Tully**  
**Mike Finneran**  
**Doug McGrath**  
**Dave Adams**  
 Reporters  
**Arlee Reed**  
 Cameraman  
**Kim Sebastian**  
 Nurse  
**David Pressman**  
 Hospital Guard  
**Lila Finn**  
 Clothesline Woman  
**Perry Cook**  
**Tiny Ron**  
 Good Old Boys  
**Taylor Gilbert**  
 Stewardess  
**Ele Keats**  
**Danielle Bedau**  
 Girls at Newsstand  
**Chance Michael**  
**Corbitt**  
 Newspaper Kid  
**Bob Sandman**  
 South Seas  
 Bandleader  
**Lori Lynn Ross**  
 South Seas Mermaid  
**Kathleen Michaels**  
 South Seas Camera  
 Girl  
**Merritt Yohnka**  
 Nazi Crewman  
**Peter Frankland**  
**Kristopher Logan**  
**Paul Forsyth**  
 Nazi Commandos  
**Craig Hosking**  
**Steve Hinton**  
**Jim Franklin**  
**Richard T. Brickert**  
**Chuck Wentworth**  
**Bill Turner**  
 Airshow Pilots

**9,756 feet**  
**108 minutes**

**USA 1991**

**Director: Joe Johnston**

Los Angeles, 1938. While escaping from the FBI, a gangster drives on to an airfield and brings down racing pilot Cliff Secord, who is testing a new plane for competition in the Nationals, with a stray bullet. He then stashes a package in the cockpit of an old aeroplane before crashing in his car. Cliff and his engineer/mentor Peevy find the package, which contains a rocket-pack designed to be strapped on to a man's back. This also excites the interest of fiendish film star Neville Sinclair (in whose new movie, *The Laughing Bandit*, Cliff's girlfriend Jenny has a small part). He despatches gangster Eddie Valentine to locate the pack, and resolves to seduce Jenny after overhearing Cliff telling her of his discovery.

At an air show, Cliff saves a distressed plane with the rocket-pack (using a piece of gum to plug a fuel leak in the pack), and the legend of "The Rocketeer" is born. Neville's associate Lothar steals a diagram of the rocket's machinery from Cliff's house, before being chased off by the FBI. Cliff evades Valentine's men and rockets to the South Seas Club, where he sees Neville trying to woo Jenny. His rescue attempt is a failure and a drugged Jenny is taken to Neville's mansion, where she resists seduction and locates a secret room containing evidence that Neville is a Nazi spy.

Cliff is ordered to bring the rocket-pack to the Griffith observatory at 4am. But he is first picked up by the FBI and taken to meet Howard Hughes, inventor of the pack, who reveals that the Nazis are planning to use it for world domination. Cliff escapes in time to make the 4AM rendezvous, and a shoot-out ensues between a platoon of Nazis, Eddie Valentine's men, and the FBI. Neville and Lothar escape with Jenny in a zeppelin. Cliff rockets to her rescue, and after a struggle swaps the rocket-pack for Jenny (having removed the chewing gum). Neville explodes when he tries to use it, and Cliff and Jenny are saved by

Peevy in a small plane. Some time later, Hughes presents Cliff and Peevy with a new racing plane in time for the Nationals.

When graphic artist Dave Stevens created *The Rocketeer* in 1981, his intention was to reproduce and pastiche the comic-strip style of the 1930s, considered by some to be the Golden Age of graphic adventure. In bringing Stevens' vision to the screen, director Joe Johnston and production designer Jim Bissell faced a doubly problematic task: to evoke on celluloid a period milieu which, rather than an authentic picture of Los Angeles in the 1930s, reproduced the town as it would have appeared in a contemporary comic strip. It is no surprise, then, that *The Rocketeer* emerges as a film in which design is everything, wherein plot, characters and even special effects are overshadowed by the scenery.

From the minute details of the Rocketeer's helmet, which Peevy fashions from an old radio set, to the lavish airfield and night-club settings, Johnston's film is a visual feast, a treat for cinematic genre-philas and comic-book devotees alike. The price one pays for this is the flimsy narrative, which occasionally becomes confused in its attempts to tie together the disparate elements thrown up by the three-man storywriting team: Howard Hughes, Errol Flynn (thinly disguised as Neville Sinclair), the FBI, W.C. Fields...

The cast remain suitably two-dimensional throughout: the strangely faceless Bill Campbell and the plastically smiling Jennifer Connelly make an ideal central couple. Ironically, the only real disappointment is the special effects, with some clumsy superimposition and ragged matte work in the flying sequences. With enough in-joke ingenuity to make up for the narrative shortcomings, *The Rocketeer* remains a hugely enjoyable romp which, despite the Disney label, may well have more to offer adults than children. Perhaps comic books have finally grown up.

**Mark Kermode**



Golden age: Bill Campbell, Alan Arkin

## Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles II: The Secret of the Ooze

**Certificate**  
 (Not yet issued)  
**Distributor**  
 20th Century Fox  
**Production Company**  
 Golden Harvest  
 In association with  
 Gary Proper  
**Executive Producer**  
 Raymond Chow  
**Producers**  
 Thomas K. Gray  
 Kim Dawson  
 David Chan  
**Co-producer**  
 Terry Morse  
**Production**  
**Executive**  
 Marlene Pivnick  
**Production**  
**Associate**  
 Peter D. Steinbroner  
**Production**  
**Supervisor**  
 Daniel Hank  
**Production**  
**Controller**  
 John W. Stuart  
**Production**  
**Co-ordinators**  
 Miriam Holder Jacobs  
 New York:  
 Jeanne Brennan  
**2nd Unit Directors**  
 Terry Leonard  
 Additional:  
 Ewton Dennis Arnold  
**Casting**  
 Associate:  
 Michael Orloff  
 Location:  
 Fincannon  
 & Associates  
 Action Casting  
 Extras:  
 Karen Etcoff  
 Kee Casting  
**Assistant Directors**  
 Rob Corn  
 Jeff Rafner  
 2nd Unit:  
 Gary M. Strangis  
 Stephanie Adams  
 New York:  
 David Ticotin  
**Screenplay**  
 Todd W. Langen  
 Based on characters  
 created by  
 Kevin Eastman  
 Peter Laird  
**Director of**  
**Photography**  
 Shelly Johnson  
 In colour  
**2nd Unit**  
**Photography**  
 Jon Kranhouse  
**Camera Operators**  
 Frank Perl  
 2nd Unit:  
 Jeff Moore  
**Video Technicians**  
 Rich Whitfield  
 2nd Unit:  
 George Denson  
**Editors**  
 John Wright  
 Steve Mirkovich  
**Production Designer**  
 Roy Forge Smith  
**Supervising Art**  
**Director**  
 Mayne Schuyler Berke  
**Art Director**  
 Geoffrey S. Grimsman  
**Art Department**  
**Co-ordinator**  
 Dorian Raye Brinson  
**Set Decorators**  
 Brendan Smith  
 New York:  
 Kosmo Houlton-Vinyl  
**Set Dressers**  
 Cory Woiculevich  
 Ferman Judd Jnr  
 Eric Skipper  
 William Alford  
 Rick Saporito  
 Jerry Layton  
 On-set:  
 Russell Jones  
**Draughtsperson**  
 Dawn Derody  
**Lead Scenic Artists**  
 Mike Daigle  
**Scenic Artist**  
 Foreman





All for one... and pizza

Joe Cooper  
**Scenic Artists**  
 Peter Durand  
 Liz Prejean  
 Karen Luzius  
**Special Effects**  
**Co-ordinator**  
 Joe P. Mercurio  
**Special Effects**  
 Special Effects  
 Unlimited Inc  
 David Fletcher  
 Vincent Montefusco  
 Werner Hahnlein  
 Lorenzo Hall  
**Animatronic**  
**Puppeteers**  
 Chief/Michaelangelo:  
 Mak Wilson  
 Raphael:  
 David Greenaway  
 Leonardo:  
 Robert Tygner  
 Donatello:  
 Robert Mills  
 Splinter:  
 Kevin Clash  
 Susan Dacre  
 Richard Boyd  
 Rahzar:  
 Gordon Robertson  
 Tokka:  
 Rick Lyon  
**Jim Henson's**  
**Creature Shop**  
 Creative Supervisor:  
 John Stephenson  
 Production Supervisor:  
 William Plant  
 Visual Supervisor:  
 Jane Gootnick  
 Rahzar Designer:  
 Ray Scott  
 Tokka Designer:  
 Nigel Booth  
 Super-Shredder  
 Designers:  
 Ray Scott  
 Vin Burnham  
 Splinter Designer:  
 Pete Brooke  
 Mechanical Designers:  
 Jamie Courtier  
 Verner Gresty  
 Neal Scanlan  
 Foam Lab Supervisor:  
 Mike Osborn  
 Machine Shop  
 Supervisor:  
 Geoff Paige  
 Mould Shop  
 Supervisor:  
 Kenny Wilson  
 Suit Fabrication  
 Supervisors:  
 Xenia Beith  
 Marian Keating  
 Lesja Liber  
 Day Murch  
 Jill Thraves  
 Darryl Worby  
 Computer Control  
 Supervisor:  
 Quentin Plant  
 Mould Makers:  
 Phil Babbage  
 Kenny Barley  
 Melvyn Coleman  
 Barry Fowler

Paul James  
 Terry Sibley  
 Suit Makers:  
 Claire Flewin  
 Tracy Kneale  
 Clare Johnson  
 Connie Peterson  
 Helen Pitcher  
**Music**  
 John Du Prez  
**Orchestrations**  
 Brad Dechter  
**Music Co-ordinator**  
 Pat Lucas  
**Music Supervisors**  
 Murray Deutch  
 Stu Cantor  
**Music Editor**  
 Tom Kramer  
**Songs**  
 "Ninja Rap" by Vanilla  
 Ice, Earthquake, Todd  
 W. Langen, performed  
 by Vanilla Ice,  
 Earthquake; "Creatures  
 of Habit" by Steve  
 Harvey, Renee Geyer,  
 performed by  
 Spunkadelic; "Find the  
 Key to Your Life" by  
 and performed by  
 Cathy Denis, David  
 Morales; "This World"  
 by Micky Mahoney,  
 Troy Duncombe,  
 Rosano Martinez,  
 performed by  
 Magnificent VII;  
 "Awesome (You Are My  
 Hero)" by D. Poku,  
 Manuela Kamosi,  
 performed by Ya Kid  
 K"; "Moov" by  
 Winston Jones, Karen  
 Bernod, Pierre Salandy,  
 performed by Tribal  
 House; "Back to  
 School" by Solomon  
 Forbes, Duane Daniel,  
 Brian Daniel, Gene  
 Parker, performed by  
 Fifth Platoon; "(That's  
 Your) Consciousness"  
 by John Du Prez, Dan  
 Hartman, Charlie  
 Midnight, performed  
 by Dan Hartman  
**Choreographer**  
 Myrna Gawryn  
**Costume Design**  
 Lynn Stalmaster  
**Wardrobe Supervisor**  
 Faye Sloan  
**Key Set Costumers**  
 Fred Lloyd  
 Peggy Stamper  
**Make-up Artist**  
 Del Armstrong  
**Title Design**  
 Saxon/Ross Film  
 Design  
**Titles/Opticals**  
 Pacific Title  
 Technicolor Film  
 Laboratories  
**Supervising**  
**Sound Editor**  
 Michael Kilkene  
**Sound Editors**

Richard Burton  
 Diggy  
 Richard Dwan Jnr  
 Eric Warren  
 Lindemann  
 C.T. Welch  
 John O. Wilde  
**ADR Supervisors**  
 Marvin I. Kosberg  
 Jeremy J. Gordon  
**ADR Editors**  
 J. Christopher Jargo  
 Joe Mayer  
**Sound Recordists**  
 Matt Patterson  
 David Kirschner  
 Music:  
 Larry Mah  
 John Richards  
 2nd Unit:  
 Carl Rudisill  
**ADR Recordists**  
 Charleen Richards  
 Gary Gegan  
 David Jobe  
 Robin Johnston  
**Foley Recordists**  
 Gregg Orloff  
 Randy Singer  
**Sound Re-recordists**  
 Gregg Landaker  
 Steve Maslow  
 Rick Kline  
**Sound Effects**  
**Co-ordinator**  
 Odin Benitez  
**Additional Sound**  
**Effects**  
 Ken J. Johnson  
**Foley Artists**  
 Dan O'Connell  
 Alicia Stevenson  
**Production**  
**Assistants**  
 Elena Santaballa  
 Steve Olson  
 Chris Keating  
 Mac McCachern  
 Nicole Silverstein  
 Leo Poxon  
 Frank Waldeck  
 Christopher Brinson  
 Jim Wright  
 Greg Dean  
 2nd Unit:  
 Gabrielle Holder  
 Erick Leiber  
 Wardrobe:  
 Anne Rudden  
 Set:  
 Sean Fergeson  
 Hermant Patel  
**Stunt Co-ordinator**  
 Pat Johnson  
**Stunts**  
 Brian Smrz  
 William Morts  
**Stunt Doubles**  
 Raphael:  
 Hosung Pak  
 Michaelangelo:  
 Nick Palma  
 Leonardo:  
 Larry Lam  
 Donatello:  
 Steven Ho  
 Additional:  
 Hoyoung Pak  
 David Wald  
 Curtis Evans  
 Turtles:  
 Tom De Wier  
 Rahzar:  
 Hamilton Perkins  
 Tokka:  
 David Rowden  
**Martial Arts**  
**Choreographer**  
 Pat Johnson  
**Cast**  
**Paige Turco**  
 April O'Neil  
**David Warner**  
 Professor Jordan Perry  
**Michelan Sisti**  
 Michaelangelo  
**Leif Tilden**  
 Donatello  
**Kenn Troum**  
 Raphael  
**Mark Caso**  
 Leonardo  
**Kevin Clash**  
 Splinter  
**Ernie Reyes Jnr**  
 Keno  
**François Chau**

Shredder  
**Toshihiro Obata**  
 Tatsui  
**Raymond Serra**  
 Chief Sterns  
**Mark Ginter**  
 Rahzar  
**Kurt Bryant**  
 Tokka  
**Kevin Nash**  
 SuperShredder  
**Joseph Amodei**  
 Parlor Owner  
**Nick DeMarinis**  
 Parlor Assistant  
**Kelli Rabke**  
 Teenage Girl  
**Keith Coulouris**  
 Thug  
**Michelan Sisti**  
 Soho Man  
**Susan Essman**  
 Soho Woman  
**Lee Spencer**  
**Gianpaolo Bonaca**  
**Leif Tilden**  
 Foot  
**Mark Doerr**  
 Freddy  
**Tim Parati**  
 Crew Member  
**John Brady**  
**Bill Luhrs**  
 TGRI Assistants  
**Jon Thompson**  
 TGRI Worker  
**Michael Pressman**  
 News Manager  
**Mark Caso**  
 Newsroom Staff  
**Rick Colella**  
 Teenage Thug  
**Dewey Weber**  
 Foot Recruiter  
**Sasha Pressman**  
 Old Woman  
**David Pressman**  
 Old Man  
**Sheik Mahmud-Bey**  
 Audience Man  
**Lisa Chess**  
 Audience Woman  
**Vanilla Ice**  
 Himself  
**Earthquake**  
 Disc Jockey  
**Mark Grinage**  
**John Henry**  
**Huffman IV**  
**Everett Fitzgerald**  
 Dancers  
**Gregg Salata**  
 Promoter  
**Mak Wilson**  
 Promoter's Aide  
**Raul S. Brewster**  
**Keith A. Coulouris**  
**Chris Cox**  
**Richard Divizio**  
**Dale L. Frye**  
**Danny E. Glover**  
**Char Hee Downing**  
**Kent Ezzell**  
**Daniel Pesina**  
**Ronald W. Herndon**  
 Jnr  
**Johnny Holbrook**  
**Terry D. Rich**  
**Scott A. Surgenor**  
**Charles R. Knowles**  
**Jeffrey P. Thompson**  
**Kenny L. Morrison**  
**Michael G. Norris**  
**Charles H. Page Jnr**  
**Steven M. Simma**  
 Principal Foot Soldiers  
**Voices**  
 Raphael:  
 Laurie Faso  
 Michaelangelo:  
 Robbie Rist  
 Leonardo:  
 Brian Tochi  
 Donatello:  
 Adam Carl  
 Splinter:  
 Kevin Clash  
 Rahzar/Tokka:  
 Frank Welker  
 Tatsui:  
 Michael McConnohie  
 Shredder:  
 David McCharen  
**7,830 feet**  
**87 minutes**

## USA 1991

**Director: Michael Pressman**

● Keno, a pizza delivery boy, surprises robbers with his martial-arts skills but, outnumbered, is saved only by the timely arrival and superior skills of four teenage mutant ninja turtles. They take Keno back to the home of ace TV reporter April O'Neil, where they live with their ninja master, a mutant rat named Splinter, until they can find accommodation underground more suited to their sewer-dwelling needs.

Meanwhile, their evil adversary, Shredder, rises from the rubble where they last left him for dead, reassembles a band of delinquent youth called the Foot, steals a last canister of mutation-generating ooze from Professor Jordan Perry, and captures Michaelangelo, the impetuous turtle of the foursome. The others attempt to rescue him, but are ambushed by Shredder and witness the unveiling of Tokka and Rahzar, monsters mutated by the ooze from an Alsatian pup and a tortoise. The turtles escape after a fight, and stumble on a disused subway station, complete with luxury 1930s carriage, which they subsequently convert into a home.

As a training exercise, Shredder sets his immature monsters on a playful rampage in the city streets, which the police, led by Chief Sterns, are powerless to prevent. In response, Professor Jordan, released from Shredder's clutches, prepares an antidote to the ooze. This the turtles proffer to the monsters in the form of doughnuts. Playing for time while the antidote takes effect, the turtles blunder into the Dockshore Club, join an on-stage group to perform the Ninja Rap, and lay waste to the Foot. Shredder is blasted from the building by pumping up the volume on a speaker. Tokka and Rahzar revert to their original state, and all seems well until Shredder is transformed into Super-Shredder by the last of the ooze. In a final confrontation on the dockside, Shredder buries himself under a collapsing pier while the turtles escape by taking to the water.

● The turtle phenomenon was already peaking when *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles* opened here last December, and proved far less popular at the British box office than in the US. As supermarkets began to remainder their turtle stock, one lesson which was drawn from the sudden decline in overseas market interest was that the first film had contributed to it by failing to hit the right note of comic interchange and benign action that characterised the television cartoon series. The result is that, for *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles II*, the turtles have been taken to the

cleaners, their act made more anodyne to reassure waning family audiences and the moral detractors who accuse them of stimulating copycat violence. Even so, the turtles manage to retain much of their untidiness, as if they have an independent life, safe in part from the exigencies of their producers.

Most importantly, some of the exploitation qualities so remarkable in the original feature – perhaps the only expressionist mainstream movie intended for a family audience – remain in the sequel. But a budget of over twenty million dollars (more than twice that of the original film) means that much else has been lost, while a more uniform look has been imposed on the film. Whereas before the turtles and their adversaries seemed to inhabit a subterranean world of threat and fear, one that could perversely change into a grainy minimalism at the drop of a flashback, someone has turned all the lights on in number two. The turtles now look like the small men dressed up in costumes we always knew they were but rarely acknowledged in the scary fictional world of the first film.

Another result of the high-key lighting is that, combined with the A-feature set dressing, it connotes classy Hollywood melodrama or even MGM musicals. The most spectacular example is the subway station platform, which looks very expensive but is never used as a narrative space. The turtles thus wander around what feels like a reception area rather than a colonised home. In choosing to delineate the characters of the turtles more carefully this time round, the producers have also lost some of the collective camaraderie that previously made them such *social* mutants. Moreover, while the earlier turtles behaved younger than the eponymous teenage, here they are given dialogue and exchanges which manage to infantilise them even more. Squabbling amongst themselves, the turtles appear rather mean-spirited and selfish; no longer pre-teens but tots.

This effect is exaggerated by turning April (played here by Paige Turco, from American children's television) into a yuppie worker who harasses the turtles into cleaning up their pizza mess. April is changed from playmate into mother. But the narrative line has the same strong episodic structure as before, and the characters are inventive, varied and distinctive enough to sustain the interest of even very young children. If watching the first *Turtles* film was like chewing a good pizza, watching *II* is more like munching on the cardboard packaging, but – as fast food goes – even that can taste good enough in parts.

**David Lusted**



Original US title:  
**The Marrying Man**

**Certificate**  
15  
**Distributor**  
Warner Bros  
**Production Company**  
Hollywood Pictures  
In association with  
Silver Screen Partners  
IV  
Odyssey Entertainment  
**Producer**  
David Permut  
**Co-producer**  
David Streit  
**Associate Producer**  
Donald Kreiss  
**Production Supervisor**  
Richard Stenta  
**Production Co-ordinators**  
Michelle Wright  
Additional  
Photography:  
Brett Aronowitz  
**Unit Production Managers**  
Jerry Sobul  
Additional  
Photography:  
Sharon Mann  
**Location Manager**  
Charles Harrington  
**2nd Unit Director**  
John A. Moio  
**Casting**  
Ronnie Yeskel  
Associate:  
Donna DeCarl  
Extras:  
Central Casting  
**Assistant Directors**  
David Householter  
Richard Oswald  
Seth Cirkner  
Additional  
Photography:  
Hope Goodwin  
Cathy A. Rossell  
David M. Katz  
**Screenplay**  
Neil Simon  
**Director of Photography**  
Donald E. Thorin  
**Colour**  
Technicolor  
**Camera Operators**  
Rob Hahn  
Chris Squires  
Michael Gershman  
**Opticals**  
Robert Bailey  
**Editors**  
Michael Jablow  
Film:  
Michael Tronick  
Michael R. Miller  
**Production Designer**  
William F. Matthews  
**Art Directors**  
Mark Mansbridge  
Additional  
Photography:  
Dan Maltese  
**Set Design**  
Dawn Snyder  
Lauren Polizzi  
**Set Decorators**  
Jim Duffy  
Additional  
Photography:  
Jeff Haley  
**Scenic Artist**  
Sharleen Bright  
**Storyboard**  
Illustrators:  
David J. Negron Snr  
Robert Branham  
Artist:  
Chris Lane  
**Special Effects**  
**Co-ordinator**  
Roland Tantin  
**Music**  
David Newman  
**Music Director/Co-ordinator**  
Sidney James  
**Tenor Saxophone solo performed by**  
Stan Getz  
**Orchestrations**  
David Newman  
**Song Producers**  
Associate:  
John Cutcliffe  
Soundtrack:  
Tim Hauser  
**Music Editor**  
Tom Villano

**Songs**  
"Let's Do It", "Why Can't You Behave" by Cole Porter, "Murder, He Says" by Frank Loesser, "Honeysuckle Rose" by Andy Razaf, Thomas Waller, "Satisfy My Soul" by Buddy Johnson, "Love Is the Thing" by Ned Washington, Victor Young, performed by Kim Basinger; "Stompin' at the Savoy" by Benny Goodman, Edgar Sampson, Chick Webb; "L.D.'s Bounce" by Tim Hauser; "You're Driving Me Crazy (What Did I Do?)" by Walter Donaldson, performed by Alan Paul; "Mama Look a Boo Boo" by Lord Melody (Fitzroy Alexander), performed by Tim Hauser; "You Can't Be Mine (and Someone Else's Too)" by J.C. Johnson, Chick Webb, performed by Billie Holiday; "Yardbird Suite" by and performed by Charlie Parker  
**Choreographer**  
Jeffrey Hornaday  
**Costume Design**  
Ruth Myers  
**Costume Supervisor**  
Linda Matthews  
**Costumers**  
Mitchell Kenney  
Armand B. Coutu Jnr  
Marjorie K. Chan  
Kim Basinger; Linda Henrikson  
**Make-up Artists**  
Jim Kail  
Lisa Pharrren  
Monty Westmore  
Kim Basinger; Stephen A. Abrums  
Body:  
Jane English  
**Additional Photography**  
**Make-up**  
Key:  
Rick Sharp  
Kim Basinger/Alec Baldwin;  
John A. Freeman  
**Title Design**  
Michael Bavaro  
**Titles**  
Buena Vista Visual Effects  
**Supervising Sound Editors**  
Louis L. Edemann  
Charles L. Campbell  
Donald J. Malouf  
**Sound Editors**  
Richard C. Franklin  
Chuck Neely  
Paul Timothy Carden  
Nils C. Jensen  
Gary Mundheim  
**Supervising ADR Editor**  
Larry Singer  
**ADR Editor**  
Alan Nineberg  
**Sound Recordists**  
Tim Cooney  
Music:  
Tim Boyle  
Joel Moss  
Gary Lux  
Brian Malouf  
Additional  
Photography:  
Jacob Goldstein  
**ADR Recordists**  
Jeff Courtie  
Doc Kane  
**Foley Recordest**  
James Ashwill  
Dolby stereo  
**Supervising Sound Re-recordest**  
Jeffrey Perkins  
**Sound Re-recordest**  
Eric Gotthelf  
Shawn Murphy  
**Foley**  
Taj Soundworks  
Artists:  
Kevin Bartnof  
Hilda Hodges  
**Vocal Consultant**  
Kim Basinger;  
Seth Riggs

**Production Assistants**  
Michael Sean Fitzpatrick  
Randy Runkle  
Alexander Reid  
Sandra Holden  
Robert Bolger  
**Stunt Co-ordinator**  
John A. Moio  
**Stunts**  
Kenny Alexander  
Roydon Clark  
Everett Creach  
Lauri Creach  
Mark Donaldson  
Corey Eubanks  
Orwin Harvey  
Larry Holt  
Paul M. Lane  
Dave LeBell  
John A. Moio  
Paula Moody  
Beth Nufer  
George Marshall Ruge  
Tom Sarmiento  
Jack West  
George Wilbur  
Allan Wyatt Jnr

**Cast**  
**Kim Basinger**  
Vicki Anderson  
**Alec Baldwin**  
Charley Pearl  
**Robert Loggia**  
Lew Horner  
**Elisabeth Shue**  
Adele Horner  
**Armand Assante**  
Bugsy Siegel  
**Paul Reiser**  
Phil  
**Fisher Stevens**  
Sammy  
**Peter Dobson**  
Tony Madden  
**Steve Hytner**  
George  
**Jeremy Roberts**  
Gus  
**Big John Studd**  
Dante  
**Tony Longo**  
Sam  
**Tom Milanovich**  
Andy  
**Tim Hauser**  
Woody  
**Carey Eidel**  
Cab Driver  
**Marla Heasley**  
Sheila  
**Karen Medak**  
Sherry  
**Rebecca Staab**  
Arlene  
**Melissa Behr**  
Dee  
**Paul Collins**  
Butler  
**Dave Florek**  
Gas Attendant  
**Geof Prysirr**  
Bartender  
**Teresa Gilmore-Capps**  
Bugsy's Blonde  
**Alan Mandell**  
**Don Keefer**  
Justices  
**Elly Enriquez**  
Woo Ling  
**Joe Guzaldo**  
Announcer/Manager  
**Shanti Kahn**  
Nurse  
**Clarke Gordon**  
Charley's Father  
**Gretchen Wyler**  
Gwen  
**Susan Kellermann**  
Bobbie  
**Kathryn Layng**  
Emma  
**Janni Brenn**  
Liz  
**Joe Bellan**  
Waiter  
**Jules I. Epstein**  
Maitre' d  
**Robin Frates**  
Grace  
**Kristen Cloke**  
Louise  
**10,463 feet**  
**116 minutes**

## USA 1991

**Director: Jerry Rees**

1948. Charley Pearl, a handsome, cocky playboy due to get married in six days to Adele, daughter of Hollywood mogul Lew Horner, sets out with four friends for his bachelor party in Las Vegas. At the El Rancho Vegas, Charley is smitten by Vicki Anderson, a sultry lounge singer revealed to be the girlfriend of mobster Bugsy Siegel. After the club closes, Charley recklessly visits her house for a passionate one-night stand; by the morning, Siegel gets his revenge by forcing the pair into a shotgun wedding. They immediately prepare for an annulment and part.

Horner, reluctantly accepting Charley's explanations, schedules another wedding date. But an accidental meeting with Vicki at a Los Angeles club rekindles Charley's passion, and they marry for a second time. Horner's enmity dashes Vicki's hopes for a big movie career. When Charley moves to Boston to tackle the affairs of his late father's toothpaste company, Vicki accompanies him, fretful and bored among the socialites. By 1951, the pair are divorced. In Las Vegas for the bachelor party of his songwriter friend Sammy, Charley finds Vicki singing at the El Rancho under the auspices of Gus, one of Siegel's old henchmen. After a bruising fight and car chase, Charley and his friends rescue Vicki; the pair's old feelings for each other resurface, and they marry a third time.

Charley sinks his money into building his own movie studio. Vicki starts having babies, but returns to the clubs when the studio goes bankrupt. As her star rises, Charley's falls: Horner has made him unemployable in Los Angeles. The difference in their status prompts a third divorce, triggered by an acrimonious argument at the engagement party of another friend, singer Tony Madden. In 1956, Charley's friends find Vicki singing at a San Francisco club. They are joined, coincidentally, by a dishevelled, lovelorn Charley, clutching a wedding ring and hoping for a fourth try. Vicki agrees; this time, their marriage lasts.

In *The Brave Little Toaster*, Jerry Rees proved he could chronicle the animated adventures of household objects with surprising visual wit and even charm. But the live-action humans of *Too Hot to Handle* – the flat, elongated tale of a chanteuse and a toothpaste heir playboy, released in America as *The Marrying Man* – defeat him utterly. The story lacks purpose and direction; jokes are thin on the ground; while neither Alec Baldwin



Stop-go: Kim Basinger...



... Alec Baldwin

nor Kim Basinger prove as endearing or romantic as they believe. The much-publicised sparring matches between the stars could not have improved matters, though Rees hardly helps the comedy to shine by choosing a dark, shadowy photographic style.

Post-production cutting and reshooting probably make Neil Simon's script appear more of a stop-go affair than intended. Characters who seem to be major players – Lew Horner, daughter Adele, or Bugsy Siegel himself – vanish as the film lurches down the years. Charley Pearl's internecine amours, in any case, do not seem to have stimulated Simon's funnybone beyond a few reflex twitches. What jokes there are come mostly from Pearl's band of kibitzing pals – vaguely modelled, to no particular purpose, on Phil Silvers, songwriter Sammy Cahn, MGM singer Tony Martin, and baseball luminary Leo Durocher.

The film might be less of an ordeal if the principal players exuded some natural spark. But Basinger cuts an entirely synthetic figure, particularly when warbling and wriggling through Cole Porter and company in a wardrobe of tight black dresses. Assigned the role of a quick-talking cad who belatedly discovers he has a heart, Baldwin masters the patter, but never suggests there is a real person beneath the glib poses. On this showing, Rees should stick with animated toasters.

**Geoff Brown**



# Video

William Green reviews every retail video and John Marriott every rental/rental premiere video released this month

★ **Highlights**  
Reviews in **Monthly Film Bulletin (MFB)** and **Sight and Sound** are cited in parentheses

## Rental

### The Adventures of Ford Fairlane

CBS/Fox 1840

1990

*Certificate 18* Director Renny Harlin Cliché-ridden comic thriller which sends detective Andrew Dice Clay (aka controversial comedian "The Diceman") on the trail of a killer. (MFB No. 686)

### Air America

Guild 8647

1990

*Certificate 15* Director Roger Spottiswoode CIA special pilots – Mel Gibson and Robert Downey Jnr – in wartime Vietnam; when not airlifting rice and refugees, they allow their selfish ambitions to be invaded by moral qualms. (MFB No. 684)

### Blue Heat

20:20 Vision VOR 035

1990

*Certificate 15* Director John MacKenzie Brian Dennehy as an obsessive LA cop squeezed between drug barons and faceless police greysuits. (MFB No. 680)

### The Comfort of Strangers (Cortesie per gli ospiti)

20:20 Vision NVT 12450

1990

*Certificate 18* Director Paul Schrader ★ While in Venice, Natasha Richardson and Rupert Everett are pursued and charmed by a charismatic psychopath (Christopher Walken) and his wife (Helen Mirren). A study in voyeurism and the breakdown of love. (MFB No. 684)

### Fear

First Independent VA 20131

1989

*Certificate 18* Director Rockne S. O'Bannon

★ A psychological chiller. Ally Sheedy helps the police catch serial killers with her psychic powers, but finds herself turning victim when the latest murderer proves to be equally psychic. (MFB No. 686)

### Frankenstein Unbound

Warner 12043

1990

*Certificate 18* Director Roger Corman After twenty years absence from

directing, Corman returns with this oddball mélange of historical heroes and cheapo effects. (MFB No. 684)

### Home Alone

Fox 1866

1990

*Certificate PG* Director Chris Columbus A cut above most 'cute kid' films, this comedy about a child accidentally left at home while his family goes on holiday is written and produced by John Hughes. (MFB No. 684)

### The Hot Spot

RCA/Columbia CVT 12818

1990

*Certificate 18* Director Dennis Hopper ★ Romance smolders between enigmatic drifter Don Johnson and femme fatale Virginia Madsen. Hopper directs this contemporary film noir with mesmerising languor. (MFB No. 683)

### Love at Large

RCA/Columbia VOR 037

1990

*Certificate 15* Director Alan Rudolph Rudolph's quirky meanderings are given full expression. Private detective Tom Berenger, hired to follow someone, ends up being trailed himself. (MFB No. 682)

### The Miracle

Palace PVC 2191R

1990

*Certificate 15* Director Neil Jordan ★ Shot in Bray (where Jordan lives), *The Miracle* homes in on two teenagers (Niall Byrne, Lorraine Pilkington) and the fantasies they weave around a mystery woman (Beverly D'Angelo). (MFB No. 687)

### Perfectly Normal

Palace PVC 2197R

1991

*Certificate 15* Director Yves Simoneau ★ A work of fetching barminess. Robbie Coltrane as an Italian restaurateur with a passion for wine and opera. (S & S July 1991)

### Postcards from the Edge

RCA/Columbia CVT 12457

1990

*Certificate 15* Director Mike Nichols Meryl Streep gives a soulful performance as an actress stifled by a domineering Hollywood mother (Shirley MacLaine). (MFB No. 685)

### Q & A

MCEG/Virgin MVP 891

1990

*Certificate 18* Director Sidney Lumet ★ Detailing the story of a racist cop

(Nick Nolte) and an idealistic Assistant DA (Timothy Hutton), Lumet tightens the screws as effectively as ever. (MFB No. 687)

### Reversal of Fortune

20:20 Vision NVT 12127

1990

*Certificate 15* Director Barbet Schroeder

An uneven mixture of flashbacks of a marriage and build-up to a trial, this is nonetheless a compelling look at the supposed crime of Claus von Bulow (Jeremy Irons). (MFB No. 685)

### The Rookie

Warner 12061

1990

*Certificate 18* Director Clint Eastwood In a spirit of self-parody perhaps, Clint casts himself (and grabs centre stage) as the vengeful cop whose gun-happy antics are hindered by new recruit Charlie Sheen. (MFB No. 685)

### Vampire's Kiss

20:20 Vision NVT 11642

1989

*Certificate 18* Director Robert Bierman ★ As a Manhattan yuppie literary agent who believes he is turning into a vampire, Nicolas Cage takes urban alienation to its comic limit. (MFB No. 683)

## Rental premiere

### Aftermath

ITC 9143

USA 1991

*Certificate 15* Director Glenn Jordan Producers Judie Gregg, Helena Hacker Screenplay Gregory Goodell Lead Actors Richard Chamberlain, Michael Learned 92 minutes Focusing on the splintered lives of various family members after a killing in the local store, Jordan manages to let profound emotions still emerge through a fast-lane treatment.

### The Bride in Black

High Fliers HFV 2061

USA 1990

*Certificate 15* Director James Goldstone Producer Brook Kennedy Screenplay Claire Labine Lead Actors David Soul, Susan Lucci, Tom Signorelli 91 minutes Rich artist David Soul marries local shop assistant and is gunned down outside the church. A glum rehash, which pays due respects to neither Truffaut nor Hitchcock



### The Death Merchants

Warner 12225

USA 1991

*Certificate 15* Directors Peter Warner, Colin Bucksey, David Jackson, Mark Sobel Producer Michael Ahneman Screenplay Richard Dilello Lead Actors Jenny Gago, Tom Mason, Byron Keith-Minns 119 minutes

Revelling in the world of drugs and violence, this follows the antics of a group of cardboard cut-out agents as they try to control a motley crew of unhinged drug barons.

### Eve of Destruction

Guild 8644

USA 1990

*Certificate 18* Director Duncan Gibbins Producer David Madden Screenplay Duncan Gibbins, Yale Udoff Lead Actors Gregory Hines, Renee Soutendijk 96 minutes

In a film that wavers between scripted humour and unintended mirth, research scientist Soutendijk – having designed a military robot in her own image (Eve VIII) – discovers that it has embarked on a mission of all-out murder.

### Fatal Sky

RCA/Columbia CVT 13143

USA 1991

*Certificate 18* Director Frank Shields Producers Anthony Ginnane, Stephen Strick Screenplay Anthony Able Lead Actors Michael Noure, Maxwell Caulfield, Darlanne Fleugel, Charles Durning 88 minutes

UFOs, a plane crash and alien diseases all vie for space in a tale of government cover-ups.

### Ganglands

Braveworld 10123

USA 1991

*Certificate 18* Director Larry Peerce Producer Richard Maynard Screenplay Pete Hamill Lead Actors Gary Busey, Ray Sharkey, Martin Landau 117 minutes

In the early days of Las Vegas, mobster Sharkey wants to open up casinos – but first he has to stub out non-mafia casino operator Busey.

### Hi Honey I'm Dead

CBS/Fox 1909

USA 1991

*Certificate U* Director Alan Myerson Producer Paula Rudnick Screenplay Carl Kleinschmitt Lead Actors Curtis Armstrong, Kevin Conroy, Catherine Hicks 88 minutes

Only as effective as its best jokes, this is strong on clownish gags. A deceased high-flyer's spirit enters the body of a tramp and ends up rejoining his family as a housekeeper.

### Hometown Boy Makes Good

Warner 25003

USA 1989

*Certificate 15* Director David Burton-Morris Producer Amanda Digiulio Screenplay Alan Rucker Lead Actors Anthony Edwards, Grace Zabriskie 85 minutes

★ Laced with humour and witty one-liners – an ambitious L.A. waiter, whose mother thinks he's a big-time shrink, returns home to discover he's a community hero.

### Impulse

Warner 11887

USA 1990

*Certificate 18* Director Sondra Locke Producers Albert S. Rudy, Andre Morgan Screenplay John DeMarco, Leigh Chapman Lead Actors Theresa Russell, Jeff Fahey 104 minutes

★ A convincing evocation of grubby urban reality and searing personal crisis. Russell, as a narcotics cop and vice squad decoy, creates fantasies around the criminals she arrests to counter her own insecurity.

### Ladies' Game

SGE 1008

USA 1990

*Certificate 18* Director Jag Mundhra Producer Ashok Amritraj Screenplay Barry Roberts Lead Actors Robert Davi, Tanya Roberts, Morton Downey Jr 90 minutes

Tough saloon owner Roberts, in an attempt to pay her brother's medical bills, becomes embroiled in an endless run of gun-waving and car-crashing.

### Midnight

Braveworld 10125

USA 1989

*Certificate 15* Director Norman Thaddeus Vane Producers Gloria J. Morrison, Norman Thaddeus Vane Screenplay Norman Thaddeus Vane Lead Actors Lynn Redgrave, Tony Curtis 82 minutes

★ Amusing horror spoof with Redgrave as a satanic TV hostess who rises from her coffin, Bloody Mary in hand. Redgrave is delightfully mad while Curtis oozes sweat as the sleazy studio head.

### On the Block

Capital CHV 1010

USA 1990

*Certificate 18* Director/Producer Steve Yeager Screenplay Linda Chambers, Steve Yeager Lead Actors Marilyn Jones, Jerry Whiddon, Michael Gabel 95 minutes

An inept attempt to examine a stripper's loneliness (Marilyn Jones) in the heart of Baltimore's red-light district.

### She'll Take Romance

High Fliers HSV 2062

USA 1990

*Certificate PG* Director Piers Haggard Lead Actors Linda Evans, Tom Skerritt, Larry Poindexter 90 minutes

An affectionate spoof on the world of TV news. Pragmatic presenter Linda Evans ignores the possibility of romance until she is offered as first prize in a station promotion.

### Somebody Has to Shoot the Picture

CIC VHA 1482

USA 1991

*Certificate 18* Director Frank Pierson Producer Alan Barnette Screenplay Doug Magee Lead Actors Roy Scheider, Bonnie Bedelia 99 minutes

A race-against-time thriller which may see Arliss Howard frying in the chair, this includes a pleasing star turn from Scheider as a well-meaning photographer.

### Stop at Nothing

First Independent VA 20130

USA 1991

*Certificate 15* Director Chris Thompson Producer George W. Perkins Screenplay Stephen W. Johnson Lead Actors Veronica Hamel, Lindsay Frost, Annabella Price 94 minutes

Social-conscience TV movie. An abused child is handed back to the abusing father due to the mother's outburst in court.

### Taste of Hemlock

Braveworld 10124

USA 1988

*Certificate 15* Director Geoffrey Darwin Producer/Screenplay Eric Tynan Young Lead Actors Randy Harrington, Eric Tynan Young, Anne Elizabeth Ramsay 90 minutes

Harrington exudes a convincing blend of determination and panic as a bored waiter thrown into a world of fear, while some welcome touches of black humour have been tossed into the pot.

## Retail

### Alien Private Eye

Polygram/Guild GLD 50842

USA 1987 Price £10.20

*Certificate 15* Director/Producer Screenplay Vik Rubinfeld Lead Actors Nikki Fastinetti, Cliff Aduddell, John Alexander 95 minutes

Extra-terrestrial vigilante Nemro parades his super-weapon around the underworld, happily using it at a moment's notice. Big on black-leather-jacket and mirror-shades style.

### American Graffiti

CIC VHR 1469

USA 1973 Price £12.99

*Certificate PG* Director George Lucas

A film in love with 60s hits, vintage cars and burger bars. With then teen actors Richard Dreyfuss, Harrison Ford, Cindy Williams and Ron Howard. (MFB No. 481)

### An Angel at My Table

Artificial Eye ART 002

New Zealand 1990 Price £15.99

*Certificate 15* Director Jane Campion

★ Drawing on New Zealand writer Janet Frame's autobiographical trilogy, Campion sensitively directs the story of the painfully shy artist. Originally a three part TV series, the film traces Frame's life from childhood in rural NZ to her self-discovery as a young woman in Europe. (MFB No. 682)

### L'Atalante

Artificial Eye ART 004

France 1934 Price £15.99

*Certificate PG* Director Jean Vigo

★ Recently restored version of Vigo's magical tale of two newlyweds (Jean Daste, Dita Parlo) travelling on a barge down the Seine. The surreal touches and sly humour make this a fascinating and beautiful film. Michel Simon steals the show as the cantankerous, feline-loving ship's mate. B/W (MFB Nos. 23 & 673)

### Broken Lance

CBS/Fox 1226

USA 1954 Price £12.99

*Certificate U* Director Edward Dmytryk

Dmytryk's patriarchal Western, shot in CinemaScope, just about survives being squeezed on to the TV screen. With Spencer Tracy, Richard Widmark and Robert Wagner. (MFB No. 250)

### Bull Durham

Virgin VVD 826

USA 1988 Price £10.20

*Certificate 18* Director Ron Shelton

Hit-and-miss baseball movie. Susan Sarandon trains the young men and Kevin ("Crash") Costner wanders around as the minor league misfit who never made the big time. (MFB No. 668)

### Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid

CBS/Fox 1061

USA 1969 Price £12.99

*Certificate PG* Director George Roy Hill

★ A 60s crowd-pleasing pop Western that only occasionally looks dated. Outlaws Paul Newman and Robert Redford set the standard for the buddy-movie. (MFB No. 435)



### Jackie Chan Collection

RCA/Columbia/Genesis Video

Price £7.99 each

#### Dragon Fist

CVR 13426

Hong Kong 1978

Certificate 18 Director/Producer Lo Wei

92 minutes

#### Eagle Shadow Fist

CVR 13576

Hong Kong 1971

Certificate 18 Director Heng Tsu

Producer Hoi Ling 85 minutes

#### Fantasy Mission Force

CVR 13577

Hong Kong 1978

Certificate 15 Director Chu Yen Ping

Producer Fung Ming 85 minutes

#### Half a Loaf of Kung-Fu

CVR 13578

Hong Kong 1978

Certificate 18 Director Chan Chi Hwa

Producer Lo Wei 91 minutes

Of interest to hardcore martial arts fans and students of the lively Hong Kong cinema, these four are classics from a youthful Chan.

### Chicago Joe and the Showgirl

Palace PVC 2161S

UK 1989 Price £10.99

Certificate 18 Director Bernard Rose  
Emily Lloyd goes on the rampage through wartime England with GI deserter Kiefer Sutherland à la Bonnie and Clyde. It has the look (and the depth to match) of a pop video. (MFB No. 675)

### Cops

Polygram/Guild GLD 50862

France 1989 Price £10.20

Certificate 18 Director/Producer  
Alexander Arcady Screenplay Daniel  
Saint Hamont Lead Actors Richard  
Berry, Patrick Bruel, Claude Brasseur  
96 minutes  
Hollywood-style tale of drug squads  
and organised terrorism. A charge of  
racism could be hinted at as all  
the streets of Paris and Lyon seem to  
be full of immigrant Arabs.

### A Cry in the Dark

Warner/MGM/UA PES 31102

Australia 1988 Price £10.20

Certificate 15 Director Fred Schepisi  
Downplaying the dingo mystery  
aspect of the story, Schepisi presents  
Lindy Chamberlain as a devoted  
mother having to battle against the  
Australian press. (MFB No. 665)

### Dad

CIC VHR 1408

USA 1989 Price £10.40

Certificate PG Director Gary David  
Goldberg

Sickening tear-jerker with Ted  
Danson trying to come to terms with  
the idea that his cancer-suffering

father (Jack Lemmon) will die.  
(MFB No. 675)

### Death in a French Garden

(Péril en la demeure)

Artificial Eye ART 003

France 1985 Price £15.99

Certificate 18 Director Michel Deville

★ A sophisticated psychological  
thriller. A young man (Christophe  
Malavoy) is hired to teach the guitar  
to the daughter of a rich couple and  
becomes entangled in a complex  
web of seduction and murder.  
(MFB No. 625)

### Deathstalker II

Polygram/Medusa MED 11822

USA 1986 Price £10.20

Certificate 18 Director Jim Wynorski

Producer Frank Isaac Jnr Screenplay

Neil Ruttenberg Lead Actors John

Terlesky, Monique Gabrielle, John

La Zar 85 minutes

A tall tale of princesses and hero  
warriors. The magic monsters and  
sorcerers do not, fortunately, take  
themselves too seriously.

### The Dream Team

CIC VHR 1406

USA 1989 Price £10.20

Certificate 15 Director Howard Zieff

★ A group of psychiatric patients  
find themselves loose in Manhattan.  
The gang wander through the clever  
and funny script with all the  
innocence of children. (MFB No. 665)

### Fatherland

Palace PVC 2100S

UK/Germany/France 1986 Price £10.20

Certificate 15 Director Kenneth Loach

An East German singer (Gerulf  
Pannach) defects to the West in the  
hope of tracking down his missing  
father. Loach's difficult thesis about  
freedom and state intolerance is all  
but buried by glum performances.  
With a screenplay by Trevor Griffiths.  
(MFB No. 638)

### The French Lieutenant's Woman

Warner PES 99246

USA 1981 Price £10.20

Certificate 15 Director Karel Reisz

The romantic Victorian period  
beauty of the film is disrupted and  
questioned by self-conscious film-in-  
a-film episodes in which Jeremy Irons  
and Meryl Streep are shown as  
contemporary actors having their  
own affair. (MFB No. 573)

### Glorry

RCA/Columbia CVR 21573

USA 1989 Price £10.99

Certificate 15 Director Edward Zwick

★ The story of America's first black  
regiment, which was created for

propaganda purposes during the  
Civil War. Denzel Washington,  
Morgan Freeman and Andre  
Braugher impress as the soldiers.  
(MFB No. 675)

### Good Morning Babylon

(Good Morning Babilonia)

Palace PVC 2103S

Italy/France/USA 1986 Price £14.99

Certificate 15 Directors Paolo Taviani,  
Vittorio Taviani

Two itinerant stonemasons (Vincent  
Spano, Joaquim De Almeida) travel  
the world, marry, but never shake off  
their family past. The Tavianis' most  
cherished theme – conflict between  
fathers and sons – is richly explored.  
(MFB No. 643)

### The Great Gatsby

CIC VHR 2088

USA 1974 Price £10.20

Certificate PG Director Jack Clayton

Robert Redford and Mia Farrow  
disappoint in this further attempt by  
Hollywood to film F. Scott Fitzgerald's  
novel of privilege and melancholy.  
(MFB No. 484)

### The Gunrunner

New World SNW 2024

USA 1988 Price £10.20

Certificate 15 Director Nardo Castillo

Producers Richard Sadler, Robert  
J. Langevin Screenplay Arnie Gelbart  
Lead Actors Kevin Costner, Sara  
Botsford, Paul Soles 79 minutes  
Cashing in on Costner's recent  
box office success, hitherto  
unreleased films of the star are now  
surfacing. *The Gunrunner* deals with  
the gangster world in 20s Montreal –  
it's not *The Untouchables*, but it passes.

### ★ Werner Herzog Collection:

Palace Video

Price £14.99 each

Director Werner Herzog

**Aguirre, Wrath of God**  
(Aguirre, der Zorn Gottes)

Palace PVC 4056A

Germany 1972

Certificate PG

Herzog's finest film. Conquistadors  
raft up the Amazon in search of gold,  
succumbing to disease and madness.  
(MFB No. 492)

**The Enigma of Kaspar Hauser**

(Jeder für sich und Gott gegen alle)

Palace PVC 4084A

Germany 1974

Certificate PG

After being chained to the floor in  
a darkened cellar for most of his life,  
Hauser emerges to face a 19th  
century Germany. A sober retelling  
of the myth of the Innocent Savage.  
(MFB No. 503)

**Even Dwarfs Started Small (Auch**

**Zwerge haben klein angefangen)**

Palace PVC 4088A



The music man: Klaus Kinski

Germany 1970

Certificate PG

Midgets confined like lepers on an  
island penal colony revolt against  
their captors. Critical opinion is  
divided as to whether the grotesque  
humour was intentional. A film like  
no other. (MFB No. 466)

### Fitzcarraldo

Palace PVC 2006A

USA 1982

Certificate 15

A magnificent epic. Klaus Kinski  
winches a steamship over a hill  
between two Amazonian rivers, all  
in the cause of grand opera.  
(MFB No. 582)

### Heart of Glass (Herz aus Glas)

Palace PVC 4985A

Germany 1976

Certificate PG

The coming of the Industrial  
Revolution destroys a community  
of glass-makers. Herzog reportedly  
hypnotised his entire cast.  
(MFB No. 524)

### Land of Silence and Darkness (Land des Schweigens und der Dunkelheit)

Palace PVC 4090A

Germany 1971

Certificate U

The mystery of our sensory  
apprehension of the world is  
explored in this documentary by  
reference to those who are deprived  
of sight and hearing. (MFB No. 593)

### Stroszek

Palace PVC 4086A

Germany 1977

Certificate 15

The director sees the immigrant  
experience of coming to America in  
terms of cultural disintegration –  
Bruno S. and Eva Mattes leave Berlin  
for the New World, where they circle  
aimlessly. (MFB No. 529)

### Woyzeck

Palace PVC 4087A

Germany 1979

Certificate 15

Faithful adaptation of Georg  
Buchner's stage play about a Prussian  
army private who suspects that his  
wife is being romanced by an officer,  
and kills her. (MFB No. 550)



**Jesse James**

CBS/Fox 1485

USA 1938 Price £12.99

*Certificate U* Director Henry King  
Tyrone Power, assisted by Henry Fonda (as Frank), brings a swashbuckling charm to the dusty trails of the Old West. An uncomplicated matinee outing. B/W (MFB No. 63)

**Little Big Man**

CBS/Fox 7130

USA 1970 Price £12.99

*Certificate 15* Director Arthur Penn  
★ Penn puts to shame the publicity claims that *Dances with Wolves* is the first Hollywood film to do right by the American Indian. Dustin Hoffman, despite an impressive performance as the last witness of the Old West, is upstaged by Chief Dan George. (MFB No. 447)

**Macaroni**

Palace PVC 2093S

USA 1985 Price £10.20

*Certificate PG* Director Ettore Scola  
Jack Lemmon and Marcello Mastroianni are mismatched to make tempting billboards (and bad comedy). The acting is never less than respectable, the laughs never more than perfunctory. (MFB No. 638)

**A Man Called Horse**

CBS/Fox 7019

USA 1970 Price £10.20

*Certificate 15* Director Elliott Silverstein  
A film that appears to side with the Indians against the cowboys but ends up being voyeuristic. The film's pretensions extend to the use of Indian language dialogue, but blood and guts do most of the talking. (MFB No. 440)

**The Milagro Beanfield War**

CIC VHR 1340

USA 1988 Price £10.20

*Certificate 15* Director Robert Redford  
Despite Redford's sympathetic liberal conscience, Hollywood populism wins out. Here, with a community of Mexican-American peasants battling the golf-course developers for irrigation water, the obvious outcome is hardly refreshing. (MFB No. 655)

**Mrs Miniver**

Warner PES 50804

USA 1942 Price £10.20

*Certificate U* Director William Wyler  
Winner of six Oscars – but the only memorable thing about this long, trite village life drama is the splendid spectacle of Greer Garson and Richard Ney trying to play mother

and son while madly in love with each other. B/W (MFB No. 103)

**Moon Over Parador**

CIC VHR 1371

USA 1988 Price £10.20

*Certificate 15* Director Paul Mazursky  
A New York theatre actor has the role of a lifetime thrust upon him when he has to impersonate a feared tinpot dictator. Cheap laughs at the expense of the suffering in Central America. (MFB No. 665)

**National Velvet**

Warner PES 50480

USA 1945 Price £10.20

*Certificate U* Director Clarence Brown  
The original heartwarming story with a teenage Elizabeth Taylor and her horse. Mickey Rooney and Angela Lansbury supply additional sugar cubes. B/W (MFB No. 136)

**Physical Evidence**

Warner PES 90070

USA 1988 Price £10.20

*Certificate 18* Director Michael Crichton  
Disgraced ex-cop Burt Reynolds struggles to escape the frame of a murder rap. Theresa Russell plays his attorney who finds and fights off the real killer. A routine crimebuster picture. (MFB No. 668)

**Rush Week**

Polygram/Guild GLD 50852

USA 1990 Price £10.20

*Certificate 18* Director Bob Balaban  
Producer Michael W. Leighton  
Screenplay Michael W. Leighton, Russell V. Manzatt  
Lead Actors Dean Hamilton, Pamela Ludwig, Courtney Gebhart 92 minutes  
Student pranksters on the campus provide the cover for yet another manic killer of women. Poorly done and unsuspenseful.

**Scarecrows**

Polygram/Medusa MED 11942

USA 1988 Price £10.20

*Certificate 18* Director William Wesley  
Producers Cami Winikoff, William Wesley  
Screenplay Richard Jefferies, William Wesley  
Lead Actors Ted Vernon, Michael Simms, Richard Vidan 79 minutes  
A gang of quarrelling bankrobbers land in a field defended by a platoon of zombie scarecrows. Preposterous enough to amuse.

**sex, lies and videotape**

Virgin VVD 862

USA 1989 Price £10.20

*Certificate 18* Director Steven Soderbergh  
★ Hollywood was taken aback by the

**Grace Jones: heavy-metal vamp**

success of Soderbergh's very 90s film where sex is sold in a safe, hygienic package of repression, celibacy and sneaky voyeurism. (MFB No. 668)

**Shadow Makers**

CIC VHR 2391

USA 1989 Price £10.20

*Certificate PG* Director Roland Joffé  
Despite fascinating characters (Paul Newman as General Groves and Dwight Schultz as J. Robert Oppenheimer) and an absorbing subject, the narrative lacks life. (MFB No. 674)

**Slap Shot**

CIC VHR 1452

USA 1977 Price £10.20

*Certificate 18* Director George Roy Hill  
Macho ice skate-and-smash tour of yet another sporting life which nearly led Paul Newman to give up the movies. (MFB No. 523)

**The Stars Look Down**

Odyssey ODY 146

United Kingdom 1939 Price £10.20

*Certificate U* Director Carol Reed  
Adapted from A.J. Cronin's popular novel of the Depression, with Michael Redgrave as a coalminer's son who grows up to be a scholarship boy and falls for Margaret Lockwood. B/W (MFB No. 120)

**Troop Beverly Hills**

RCA/Columbia CVR 21664

USA 1989 Price £10.99

*Certificate PG* Director Jeff Kanew  
The Girl Guides of Beverly Hills in their designer hiking boots have Shelley Long as their 'den-mother'. Thin jokes are spread to feature length. (MFB No. 678)

**Trop Belle Pour Toi**

Artificial Eye ART 001

France 1989

*Certificate 18* Director Bertrand Blier  
Elegantly framed, distantly amused

study in human desire. Gérard Depardieu rejects the charms of his beautiful 'perfect' wife Carole Bouquet for those of his plump and plain secretary Josiane Balianko. (MFB No. 674)

**Vamp**

New World SNW 1016

USA 1986 Price £10.20

*Certificate 18* Director Richard Wenk  
★ Camp campus-horror with Grace Jones wearing an extraordinary brassière (two spiral steel rings borrowed from an oven grill). (MFB No. 636)

**The Video Dead**

Polygram/Medusa MED 12002

USA 1986 Price £10.20

*Certificate 18* Director/Producer/Screenplay Robert Scott  
Lead Actors Roxanna Augesen, Rocky Duvall, Michael St Michaels, Jennifer Miro 86 minutes  
Horror to scare the children away from watching TV (legions of walking dead begin to emerge from the box), but it won't convince many adults.

**The Year My Voice Broke**

Palace PVC 2145S

Australia 1987 Price £10.20

*Certificate 15* Director John Duigan  
Risking boredom rather than failure, Australian writer-director John Duigan goes back to 1962 in this Antipodean version of *The Last Picture Show*. The film pleases mostly by the freshness of new faces (Noah Taylor, Loene Carmen). (MFB No. 664)

**Young Einstein**

Warner PES 11759

Australia 1988 Price £10.20

*Certificate PG* Director Yahoo Serious  
Yahoo Serious, whose sense of humour veers between Jerry Lewis and Pee Wee Herman, invents fizzy beer, falls in love with Marie Curie, and applies the theory of rock 'n' roll to the universe. (MFB No. 669)



Letters are welcome, and should be addressed to the Editor at Sight and Sound, British Film Institute, 21 Stephen Street, London W1P 1PL. Facsimile 071-436 7950

## Art or trash?

From Rob Watson

Tom Carson's tribute to Pauline Kael (S&S, June) is generous to her virtues and clear-sighted about her weaknesses, but the claim that her "great originality was to view everything personally" is just silly. James Agee was one of the liveliest of those who preceded her, and among her contemporaries, if not in age then certainly in Mr Carson's 'Rosetta Stone' period, were Susan Sontag, the *Cahiers* critic/directors and Britain's *Movie* critics. All were enthusiasts whose work can still be enjoyed for its percipience, occasional nuttiness and its willingness to equate popular movies with art house fare, and to argue through both for film's centrality.

What distinguishes Ms Kael is not so much a flashier style or a greater irresponsibility, as a curious refusal to regard film as art, combined, albeit contrarily, with a film-illiterate's stubborn determination to see the scriptwriter as the guiding creative spirit. Her celebration of films as "trash" was fashionable when kitsch and camp were fashionable, but this kind of hip middlebrow reading was, I think, ultimately destructive. It may have done something to persuade guilty moviegoers that their indulgences were after all legitimate, but it still perceived films as transparent social barometers without a distinct aesthetic which might repay understanding.

Perhaps this wouldn't matter if the reviews had proved ephemeral, but they've been collected into a corpus whose influence is, I'm sure, significant: to the extent that they promulgate film as a diversion one can take seriously without knowing much about, they continue to deflect attention from the implications of responding to film as art. Had she learnt enough about aesthetic form to argue that mass-produced, commercial, popular film (and TV) were artworks, sometimes of great sophistication and resonance - had she learnt what most internationally acclaimed film-makers have readily understood, from Eisenstein onwards, critics generally trailing along some way behind - then Pauline Kael's retirement might have caused a sense of loss, rather than mild and muted regret. As it is, much of the work remains to be done.

## Things left unsaid

From S. Black

I was staggered by the cold, pragmatic review of Tavernier's *These Foolish Things* (S&S, June). Unlike your critic, I did not find it a lightweight film and was profoundly moved by the death of the father, as I am sure his filmic daughter was. Some people around me were openly weeping.

I do not care for the French tradition of voice-over but in this case it had a certain justification. Surely it was meant to point up the difference between the coldness of the outside world compared with the comparative and potential warmth of fam-

The scene in which Gumb masquerades as a grotesque parody of a woman makes him truly monstrous, if he were not already so in our minds



Jodie Foster as Clarice Starling: an ambivalent wish to be up there with the men?

ily relationships, however sadly lacking. Surely the daughter was *unable* to speak, so distressed was she by her father's death.

The film was *not* about everyone being "a bit bland", but about the heavy weight of things left unsaid or unheard between people who are very close - profound things - contrasted with the "foolish things" of the title. This reflects the way most relationships are as opposed to what the human heart longs for them to be.

## Programmed

From Adam Whitmore

Amy Taubin (S&S, July) is not correct to assert that the Sean Young character (Rachel) in *Blade Runner* is "a robot whose sexuality is programmed by the Harrison Ford character". The Sean Young character has been programmed by the corporation that made her: when they first meet, the Harrison Ford character is not even aware that she is a 'replicant' and tests her to determine this.

Furthermore, I would argue that *Blade Runner's* treatment of the emergence of humanity within the replicants shows both female and male characters transcending their programming. This includes the Harrison Ford character, shown explicitly to be a replicant in Ridley Scott's original cut (and seen as such by implication in the release version); the Sean Young character; and, most memorably, the character played by Rutger Hauer.

## Mirror images

From Melanie Bird

Howard Feinstein argues (S&S, July) that the portrayal of the homosexual serial killer Jame Gumb/Bufalo Bill in Jonathan Demme's *The Silence of the Lambs* as a "classical deviant" disqualifies the film from being a "progressive text". One assumes that in his eyes such a text would represent gays, ethnic minorities, women and the working classes positively, without resorting to demeaning stereotypes.

While I disagree with Feinstein about the merits of such cleaned-up representations and their capacity to fend off homophobia, misogyny or any other retrograde audience responses, on one level he clearly has a point. The notorious scene in which Gumb masquerades as a grotesque parody of a woman renders him truly monstrous, if he were not already so in our minds. In

the process of condensation, Ted Tally's script has sacrificed details from Harris' novel which would have fleshed out the character, endowing him with pathos as the victim of a decaying society. Harris works in a classical Gothic mode, engendering compassion for his monsters (even though his depiction of Gumb does, by the way, contain most of the elements to which Howard Feinstein objects).

On another level, however, Feinstein's argument misses the point completely. *The Silence of the Lambs* is a women's picture which, like many of its classic forerunners, such as *Suspicion* (1941), rests on its heroine's paranoid fantasy about the hostile intentions of men towards women. This fantasy locks neatly into a feminist analysis of women's position as colonised beings in a male-dominated society.

In the spectrum of male attitudes offered by the film, Jame Gumb's represents the extreme. His desire literally to penetrate, inhabit and possess women's bodies, to colonise and eliminate feminine difference, is a metaphor for the probing, controlling impulses towards Clarice Starling exhibited by the other male characters from Chilton to Lecter to Crawford. He is also, in Gothic tradition, the distorted mirror image of the heroine's own crisis of identity in her ambivalent wish to be up there with the men. The heroine of Kathryn Bigelow's *Blue Steel* has a similar relationship with her serial killer lover/adversary, with more devastating results.

What emerges from all this is a profound critique of American society's fractured, illusory ideals of sexual equality, making *The Silence of the Lambs* one of the great feminist-influenced movies. It is no coincidence that women writers such as Amy Taubin have welcomed it, while some men, discomfited no doubt by its view of the world, find it more difficult to swallow.

● Don Siegel Filmography (S&S, Vol.1, Issue 2): *The Black Windmill* was made in Britain under the title *Drabble* but was not released with that title. *Death of a Gunfighter* was started by director Robert Toten, completed by Siegel, and released under the pseudonym Allen Smithee.

● *Paura e amore/Three Sisters* (reviewed MFB No. 685, p.53): This film should be dated 1988 and not as printed.



# An unkind cut

Benjamin Woolley

Television recognises the existence of at least two types of editor: VT editors and film editors. A simple distinction, one might think – film editors obviously edit film; VT editors edit videotape. These two processes are very different. Editing film is about literally cutting the film into little pieces and sticking them back together again in a new order, minus the bits left on the cutting room floor. VT editing is about copying the bits you want from one tape on to another. That is why they are distinct jobs.

But not in the Wonderland of the BBC, where the distinction has nothing whatsoever to do with the recording medium used. Here, film editors do not just work with film, they work with video too, and do so alongside VT editors. And this is no mere administrative oddity, no quaint corporation anachronism like *Thought for the Day*. Rather it reflects the observance of a very real difference in attitudes, a difference about much more than the technical distinction between chemical and electronic storage media.

Most of us can probably spot the difference between film and video on screen: film usually yields a richer image; video tends towards a clinical, plastic look. The difference is partly the result of the physical characteristics of film and partly because film and video are used in different contexts: film on location, video in the studio.

But used under similar conditions, film and videotape are becoming indistinguishable, at least on the sort of badly tuned, inaccurately adjusted TV sets most of us watch. In any case, film will not, say the technologists, survive the introduction of high definition TV as a mainstream production medium. Who needs all those wet chemicals when the same effects can be achieved using clean circuits?

The real difference between film and video, then, is a matter of values. When you want to make a piece of art television, you call it a film. And there's no question of anyone wanting to produce a video: videos are for porn and pop promos. That's why you still need film editors. They are the upholders of traditional craft values, carrying a torch for art through an

There's no question of anyone wanting to produce a video: videos are for porn and pop promos

increasingly technological production process. Film editors represent protection from the VT engineers with all their devilish devices for putting windows over news-readers' shoulders and turning the screen image into pieces of origami.

'Film' has become a media word that expresses a nostalgic warmth towards 'natural', camera-created imagery. Video is all post-production; something goes wrong with the pictures and the cameraman will half-jokingly say, "that's all right, they'll fix it in post". Images captured by the camera are losing their special status: the man with the maths degree can simply jerk an ADO joystick or push a Harry Paddle and change them out of all recognition. While film editors stick to cutting films, VT editors are engaged in a process of synthesising them.

But these are days when demarcations arouse corporate disapproval, and even the madcap world of the BBC may not be able to escape the sullen logic of consolidation. And if there should be such a consolidation, it's easy to imagine which type of editor, and which set of values, will have to go. An unkind cut, indeed.

## Professor Potemkin's competition

Your postcards are improving, and the wall beside my desk is now plastered with views of ruined Scottish castles, studies of obscure religious icons from Cumbria, a photograph of a North Sea ferry (thank you, Mr Scott of Barnsley), and many amusing film stills. I particularly enjoyed the sensitively coloured snippet from *Rubber Racketeers* (Monogram 1942), sent in by Tony Paley of Kentish Town. It features Ricardo Cortez on a street corner, trying to present his credentials to B movie starlet Rochelle Hudson.

I was much less satisfied with the quality of your answers to Episode 2 of our 'Faceless Film Stars' competition. You were asked to give particulars of a uniformed police sergeant and the scantily-clad maiden giving him the once over. Puzzled by the long-haired violinist bowing and scraping in the background, some of you 60s freaks suggested John and Yoko in 'Let it Be', or Michael Crawford and Rita Tushingham in 'The Knack'. C. R. Williams of Weymouth – where magic mushrooms grow in every school playing field – imagined he (or she) could see Tim Pigott-Smith, Jeremy Irons, the



late Dame Peggy Ashcroft, and Sir Alec Guinness in drag.

The correct and more boring answer, of course, was Edward Woodward and Britt Ekland in Robin Hardy's 1973 film 'The Wicker Man'. Many of you got the facts right but blotted your copybook with unprintably obscene captions. The month's prize goes to Paul Cemmick of Hove, who gave this line to the arresting officer: "I 'ave

reason to believe, Miss, that your boyfriend's on the fiddle".

Now to the present. Once again, we urge you to assist the National Film Archive's hard-pressed restorers by naming the actors whose faces have been white-wiped by a celluloid virus. A single witty line of appropriate dialogue should be submitted, and will act as a tie-breaker. The winner gets a videocassette copy of 'Cyrano de

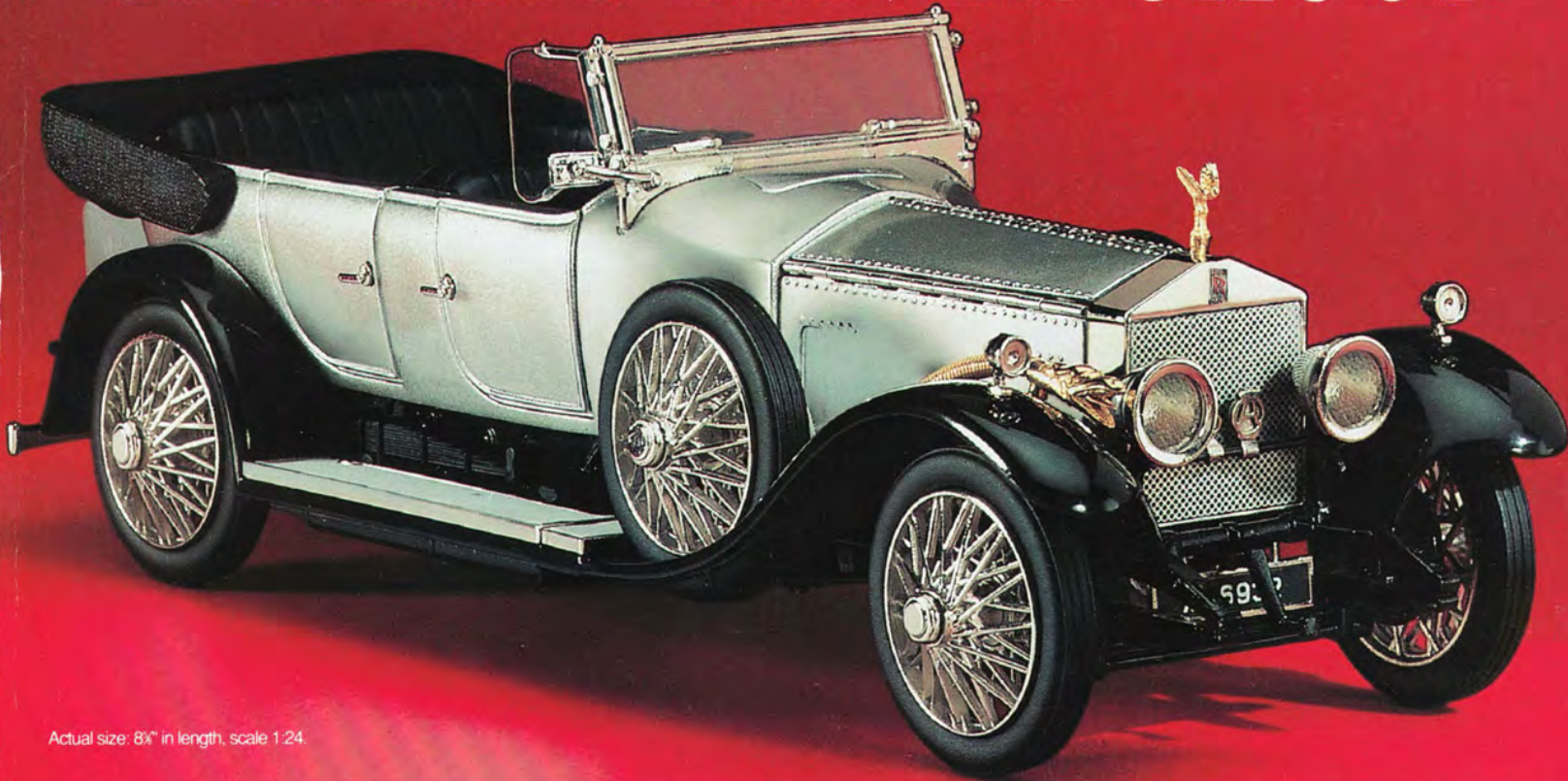
Bergerac' released on Artificial Eye's new label and available to rent from 20 July.

Entries by postcard or fax to Professor Potemkin at Sight and Sound, British Film Institute, 21 Stephen Street, London W1P 1PL (Fax: 071 436 2327) by 15 August. Waste no time. (Professor Potemkin is a Senior Lecturer in Cinema Studies at the Fitzrovia Film Foundation.)



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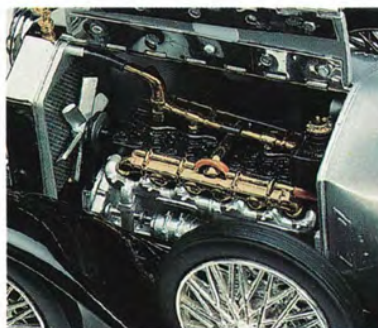
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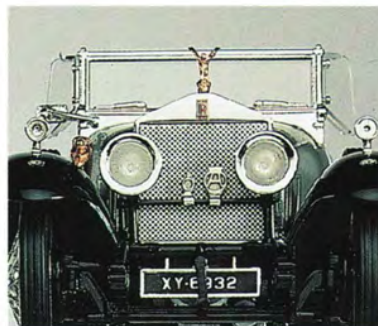
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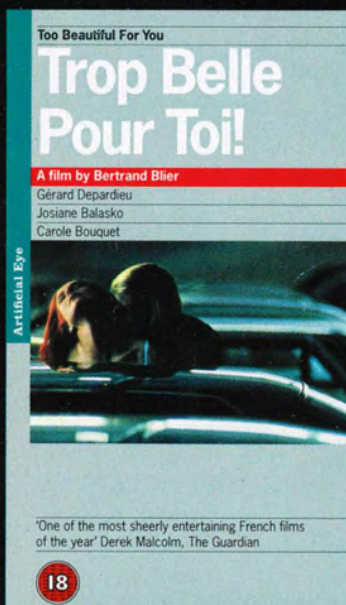
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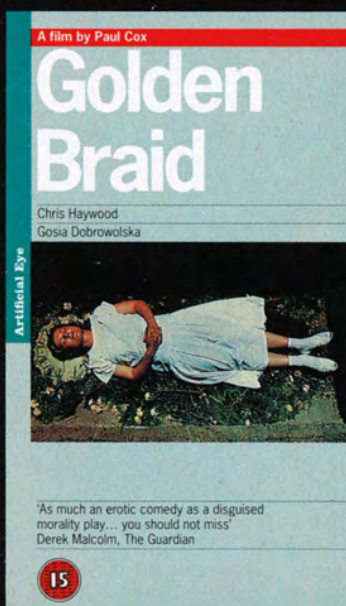


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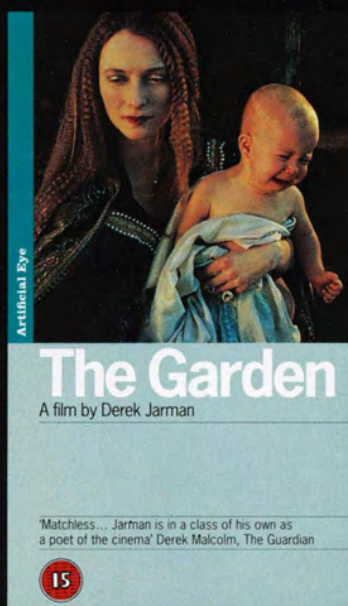


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